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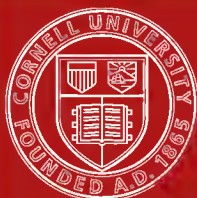
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A ramble on the coast of Sussex. (1782.)



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Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana.



THE

OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S

MISCELLANY.



THE
OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S
MISCELLANY:

OR, A
COLLECTION OF READABLE REPRINTS

OF
LITERARY RARITIES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY, LITERATURE, MANNERS,
AND BIOGRAPHY OF THE ENGLISH NATION

DURING THE
Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.

EDITED BY CHARLES HINDLEY, ESQ.

VOL. VI.

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ARRANGEMENT AND CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME VI.

- 1.—Taylor's—A Short Relation of a Long Journey.
- 2.——————The Certain Travailes of an Uncertain Journey.
- 3.—George Peele's Mery Jests.
- 4.—Vinegar and Mustard, or Wormwood Lectures.
- 5.—Jackson's Recantation.
- 6.—The Character of a Town Gallant.
- 7.—Usher's Prophecies and Predictions.
- 8.—The Character of a Town Miss.
- 9.—A True and Faithful History of the Redoubtable Prince Radapanthus.
- 10.—A Ramble on the Coast of Sussex.

A SHORT
RELATION
OF A LONG
JOURNEY

Made *ROUND* or *O V A L L*

By encompassing the Principalltie of *Wales*, from *London*, through and by the Counties of *Middlesex* and *Buckingham*, *Berks*, *Oxonia*, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Chester*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Anglesey*, *Carnarvan*, *Merioneth*, *Cardigan*, *Pembrooke*, *Caermarden*, *Glamorgan*, *Monmouth*, *Glocester*, &c.

This painfull circuit began on Tuesday the 13 of *July* last, 1652. and was ended (or both ends brought together) on Tuesday the 7. of *September* following, being nearly 600 Miles.

Whereunto is annexed an Epitome of the Famous History of *WALES*.

Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running, and Writing of *John Taylor*, dwelling at the Sign of the *Poets Head*, in *Phenix Alley*, near the midle of *Long Aker* or *Covent Garden*.

To all my Honourable, Worshipful, and honest Friends, that have subscribed to this following Bill; I humbly desire them to read it again, and consider the contents of it, and content me accordingly.

A Taylors Bill, with few or no *Items*: by
or for *John Taylor*.

 *OW in the seventy fourth year of mine age,
I take an English and Welsh Pilgrimage:
From London first I bend my course to
Chester,*

*And humbly I to all men am requester ;
That when I have past over hills and dales,
And compast with my travels famous Wales,
That when to you that I a book do give,
Relating how I did subsist and live,
With all my passages both here and there,
And of my entertainment everywhere.
Write but your names and dwellings in this bill,
I'll find you, for the book give what you will.
Twelve voyages and journeys I have past,
And now my age says this may be my last.
My travels story shall most pleasant be
To you that read, though painful unto me.*

 *N this Bill I did promise to give to my friends (Subscribers) a true relation of my journey, and entertainment, (which I*

have done) and I do give to them more than I promised, which is a brief Chronicle of *Wales*,* which I did not mention in my bill) I know there are four or five sorts of adventurers with me in this wearisome journey, some of them have paid me already (before I went) and their pain is past ; If all the rest do pay me (being near 3000) I am deceived ; If none do pay me I am miserably cozened ; For those that have paid, or can and will pay, I thank them ; for such as would if they could or will when they can, I wish them ability to perform their wills for their own sakes, and mine both : But for those that are able to reward me and will not, I will not curse them, though I fear they are almost past praying for.

*CHRONICLES OF WALES.—We have not deemed it necessary to reprint "*Cambria Britannica: or, a Short Abbreviation of the History and Chronieles of Wales*, by John Taylor," which is by no means *Taylorie*, and merely appended to the book as a sort of "make-weight," and to compensate the "near 3000" subscribers for the very meagre description of a journey of 600 miles. It is but a lengthy extract from Lloyd's *Historie of Cambria* now called *Wales*, translated into English, corrected, augmented and continued by David Powell, D.D., London 1584. To which Taylor adds: "*Those who are desirous to read more largely, let them make use of their larger Book: But for such as love brevity, or cheapness, let them read this which followeth.*"





A SHORT RELATION OF A LONG JOURNEY, &c.



*TRAVELLER that loves to see strange
lands,*

*May be a man or not a man of's hands:
But yet 'tis very requisite and meet,
He should be furnish'd with good brains
and feet ;*

*For he that wants legs, feet, and brains, and wit,
To be a traveller is most unfit:*

*And such am I by age of strength bereft,
With one right leg, and one lame left leg left.*

*Beggars on their backs their brats do rear ;
But I my issue in my leg do bear:*

*I dress it often and impatiently
It lies and cries not, though it make me cry;
Yet I dare challenge Scottish Jock or Jackey,
Or any light-heel'd nimble footed lacquey,
To travel such a jaunt as I have done,
With th' right leg going, and the left leg run:*

*Or if I please, the case I'll alter so,
To make the worst leg run, the best to go.
And sure my heart was stout, men may suppose,
To venture travel with such legs as those.
But there be some few that do understand,
'Tis merry walking with a horse in hand.
Such was my lot, I had a stately courser,
None coarser quality'd, and for a worser,
There's neither Halifax, or Hull, nor Hell,
That for good parts my horse can parallel;
He was a beast, had heated been and cheated,
Too much hard over rid and under meated,
That he as gaunt as any greyhound was,
And for a horses skeleton might pass :
You might have told his ribs, he was so thin,
And seen his heart and guts, but for his skin ;
He was not pursy foggy, cloy'd with grease,
And like his rider lov'd rest, ease, and peace :
Dun was, and is the dumb beast, and was done,
E're I begun, or he with me begun.
He had a black list, from the mane to tail,
Which is a colour that doth seldom fail :
To change of paces he had been inur'd,
But yet not one t'endure, or be endur'd ;
His trot would fling a dagger out o'th sheath,
Or jolt a man to death, or out of breath.
His ambling was invisible to me,
From such smooth easy garbs his feet were free :*

*His common pace in sunshine or in shower,
Was (as he pleas'd) about two mile an hour.
I never yet could put him in a sweat,
For he was never free, but at his meat.
Thus John upon Dun's back, were both Dun John,
And thus the tedious way we wandered on.
Now to proceed in order duly, truly,
I London left the thirteenth day of July :
The ways as fair as man could well desire,
'Cause I had none to draw Dun out o'th mire :
I fifteen miles (to Rislip) that day went,
Baited at Edgworth, to give Dun content ;
There my acquaintance, of good fame and worth,
Did welcome me : the next day I set forth,
With boots, sans, spurs with whip, and switch of
birch,
I got on twenty miles to Stoken Church :
The fifteenth day, St. Swithin, I and Dun,
Did shuffle sixteen miles to Abingdon ;
There till the Tuesday following I abode,
From thence sixteen miles to great Tue rode,
There at the Swan mine host was free and kind,
He had but one eye, t'other side was blind ;
But surely he a right good-fellow was,
And there one night my Dun did eat good grass.
On July's twenty one from Tue I went,
And unto Warwick straight my course I bent,*

*There did I find another sign o'th Swan,
Mine hostess kind, mine host a Gentile man,
And for your love to me, good Master Venner,
With humble thanks I am your praises penner.
My gratitude to Master Jacob Harmer,
His drapers shop could never make me warmer,
Then high and mighty Warwick's drink did there,
It made my brains to caper and career,
It was of such invincible strong force,
To knock me (in five miles) twice from my horse :
And sure I think the drink was certainly
Infused with the conqu'ring ghost of Guy.
On July's two and twentieth day I came
Unto an ancient house call'd Hunningham,
There were two ladies of good worth and fame,
Whom for some reasons I forbear to name :
Their son and grandson (John) I'll not forget,
He's nobly minded as a baronet ;
Four days they kept me with exceeding cheer,
And gave me silver because travels dear,
From thence my journey 5 miles I pursue,
To Coventry, most famous for true blue ;
There the fair cross of ancient high renown
Stands firm, though other crosses all are down.
'Tis a dry city, and dry let it be,
'Twas not made dryer one small drop for me :
Like a chameleon there I break my fast,*

*And thence I twenty miles to Lichfield past ;
There at the George I took my lodging up,
I well was lodg'd, and well did sup and cup,
When there by chance, I cast my wandering eye on
The ruin'd church, with grief I thought on Sion :
I sigh'd to see that sad confusion,
Like th' Hebrews by the brook of Babylon.
On July's twenty seventh I rode alone
Full sixteen miles unto a town call'd Stone.
Next day to Nantwich sixteen long miles more,
From thence to Chester near the Cambrian shore :
There was my welcome in such noble fashion,
Of which in prose I'll make some brief relation.*

MY lodging at *Chester* was in the Watergate-street, at the sign of the Feathers, I lay on a feather bed, and in the same house I met with two brothers of mine acquaintance thirty years, they brought me to the chamber of a reverend *Italian* physician, named *Vincent Lancelles*, he was more than 80 years of age, yet of a very able body, and vigorous constitution. The young mens names were *Thomas Morrine* and *Francis Morrine*, the people were pleased (out of their ignorance, or in small wit) to call the old gentleman a mountebank; but I am sure he was deservedly well reputed and reported of, for many maladies and diseases which he cured, whereof divers were judged incurable. He

helped such as were grieved for three several considerations—

First, He cured the rich, for as much as he could get.

Secondly, He healed the meaner sort for what they could spare, or were willing to part withal.

Thirdly, He cured the poor for God's sake, and gave them money and other relief, as I myself (with thankful experience) must ever acknowledge : For he looked upon my lame leg, and applied such medicine, as did not only ease me, but I am in hope will cure me, the grief being nothing but a blast of lightning and thunder, or planet stroke, which I received nine years past at *Oxford*.

For a further courtesy, when I was taking my leave of *Chester*, I demanded what I had to pay for lodging, diet, and horse-meat, mine host said, that all was fully paid and satisfied by the good old physician. My humble thanks remembered to Captain *Vincent Corbet*, but more especially to Captain *John Whitworth* at *Chester*.

On Friday, the 30 of *July*, I rode (and footed it) ten miles to *Flint* (which is the shire town of *Flintshire*) and surely war hath made it miserable, the sometimes famous Castle there, in which *Richard* the Second of that name, King of *England*, was surprised by *Henry* of *Bolingbroke*, is now almost buried in it's own ruins, and the town is so spoiled,

that it may truly be said of it, that they never had any market (in the memory of man) they have no saddler, tailor, weaver, brewer, baker, botcher, or button-maker ; they have not so much as a sign of an ale-house, so that I was doubtful of a lodging, but (by good hap) I happened into the house of one Mr. *Edward Griffith*, where I had good meat and lodging for me and my dumb *Dun* beast, for very reasonable consideration, and this (methinks) is a pitiful description of a shire town.

Saturday, the last of *July*, I left *Flint*, and went three miles to *Holy-well*, of which place I must speak somewhat materially. About the length of a furlong, down a very steep hill, is a well (full of wonder and admiration), it comes from a spring not far from *Rhuddlan* Castle ; it is, and hath been many hundred years, known by the name of *Holy-well*, but it is more commonly and of most antiquity called Saint *Winifreds* Well, in memory of the pious and chaste Virgin *Winifred*, who was there beheaded for refusing to yield her chastity to the furious lust of a Pagan Prince ; in that very place where her blood was shed, this spring sprang up ; from it doth issue so forcible a stream, that within a hundred yards of it, it drives certain mills, and some do say that nine corn mills and fulling mills are driven with the stream of that spring : It hath a fair chapel erected over it called Saint *Winifreds* Chapel, which

is now much defaced by the injury of these late wars. The well is compassed about with a fine wall of free stone, the wall hath eight angles or corners, and at every angle is a fair stone pillar, whereon the west end of the chapel is supported. In two several places of the wall, there are neat stone stairs to go into the water that comes from the well, for it is to be noted that the well itself doth continually work and bubble with extreme violence, like a boiling cauldron or furnace, and within the wall, or into the well very few do enter : The water is crystalline, sweet and medicinable, it is frequented daily by many people of rich and poor, of all diseases, amongst which great store of folks are cured, divers are eased, but none made the worse. The hill descending is plentifully furnished (on both sides of the way) with beggars of all ages, sexes, conditions, sorts, and sizes, many of them are impotent, but all are impudent, and richly embroidered all over with such hexameter proudded *ermings* (or vermin) as are called lice of *England*.

Monday, the second of *August*, when the day begun, I mounted my *Dun*, having hired a little boy (to direct me in the way) that could speak no English, and for lack of an interpreter, we travelled speechless eight miles, to *Rhuddlan*, where is an old wind and war-shaken castle ; from that town, after my horse, and the boy, and myself had dined with

hay, oats, and *barraw causs*,* we horsed and footed it twelve miles further, to a fine strong walled town, named *Aberconway*; there I lodged at the house of one Mr. *Spencer* (an English man) he is post-master there, and there my entertainment was good, and my reckoning reasonable: there is a good defensive castle which I would have seen, but because there was a garrison, I was loath to give occasion of offence, or be much inquisitive.

*The next day when the clock stroke two and four,
I mounted Dun, Dun mounted Penmaen Mawr;
And if I do not take my aim amiss,
That lofty mountain seems the skies to kiss:
But there are other hills accounted higher,
Whose lofty tops I had no mind t' aspire:
As Snowdon, and the tall Plinlymmon,
Which I no stomach had to tread upon.
Merioneth Mountains, and Shire Cardigan
To travel over, will tire horse and man:
I, to Beaumaris came that day and din'd,
Where I the good Lord Buckley, thought to find:
But he to speak with me had no intent,
Dry I came into 's house, dry out I went.
I left Beaumaris, and to Bangor trac'd it,
Ther's a brave Church, but Time and War defac'd it:
For love and money I was welcome thither,
'Tis merry meeting when they come together.*

*BARA'R CAUS.—i.e., bread and cheese.

Thus having travelled from *Aberconway* to *Beaumaris* and to *Bangor*, Tuesday 3 *August*, which in all they are pleased to call 14 miles, but most of the Welsh miles are large *London* measure, not any one of them but hath a hand breadth or small cantle at each end, by which means, what they want in broadness, they have it in length; besides the ascending and descending almost impassable mountains, and break-neck stony ways, doth make such travellers as myself judge that they were no misers in measuring their miles; besides, the land is coarser than it is in most parts about *London*, which makes them to afford the larger measure, for coarse broadcloth is not at the rate of velvet or satin.

Wednesday the 4. of *August* I rode 8 miles from *Bangor* to *Caernarvon*, where I thought to have seen a Town and a Castle, or a Castle and a Town; but I saw both to be one, and one to be both; for indeed a man can hardly divide them in judgment or apprehension; and I have seen many gallant fabrics and fortifications, but for compactness and completeness of *Caernarvon*, I never yet saw a parallel. And it is by Art and Nature so fitted and seated, that it stands impregnable, & if it be well manned, victualled, and ammunitioned, it is invincible, except fraud or famine do assault, or conspire against it.

I was 5. hours in *Caernarvon*, and when I thought that I had taken my leave for ever of it, then was I merely deceived ; for when I was a mile on my way, a trooper came galloping after me, and enforced me back to be examined by Colonel *Thomas Mason*, (the governor there) who after a few words, when he heard my name, and knew my occasions, he used me so respectfully and bountifully, that (at his charge) I stayed all night, and by the means of him, and one Mr. *Lloyd*, (a Justice of Peace there) I was furnished with a guide, and something else to bear charges for one weeks travel; for which courtesies, if I were not thankful, I were worth the hanging for being ungrateful.

The 5 of August I went 12 miles to a place called *Climenie*, where the noble Sir *John Owen* did, with liberal welcome, entertain me.

The 6 day I rode to a town called *Harlech*, which stands on a high barren mountain, very uneasy for the ascending into, by reason of the steep and uneven stony way; this town had neither hay, grass, oats, or any relief for a horse ; there stands a strong Castle, but the town is all spoiled, and almost inhabitable by the late lamentable troubles.

So I left that town (for fear of starving my horse) and came to a place called *Barmouth* (12 miles that day, as narrow as 20). That place was so plentifully furnished with want of provision, that it

was able to famish 100 men and horses. I procured a brace of boys to go two miles to cut grass for my *Dun*, for which I gave them two groats; for myself and guide, I purchased a hen boiled with bacon, as yellow as the cowslip, or gold noble. My coarse lodging there was at the homely house of one *John Thomson*, a Lancashire Englishman.

Saturday, the 7 of August, I horsed, footed, (and crawling upon all 4) 10 slender miles to *Aberdovey*, which was the last lodging that I had in Merionethshire, where was the best entertainment for men, but almost as bad as the worst for horses in all *Merionethshire*.

August 9 I gat into *Cardiganshire*, to a miserable market town called *Aberystwith*, where, before the late troubles, there stood a strong Castle, which being blown up, fell down, and many fair houses (with a defensible thick wall about the town) are transformed confused into heaps of unnecessary rubbidge; within four miles of this town are the silver mines, which were honorable and profitable, as long as my good friend *Thomas Bushell* Esquire, had the managing of them, who was most industrious in the work, and withal by his noble demeanour, and affable deportment, deservedly gained the general love and affection of all the country, of all degrees of people: but since he hath left that important employment, the mines are neglected.

From *Aberystwith*, I went to the house of Sir *Richard Price*, knight and baronet, where my entertainment was freely welcome, with some expression of further courtesies at my departure, for which I humbly thank the noble knight, not forgetting my grateful remembrance to Mr. *Thomas Evans* there : that whole days journey being 9. miles.

Tuesday, the 10 of August, having hired a guide, for I that knew neither the intricate ways, nor could speak any of the language, was necessitated to have guides from place to place, and it being harvest time, I was forced to pay exceeding dear for guiding, so that some days I paid 2s., sometimes 3s., besides bearing their charges of meat and drink, and lodging ; for it is to be understood that those kind of labouring people had rather reap hard all the day for sixpence, than to go ten or twelve miles easily on foot for two shillings. That day, after sixteen miles travel, I came to the house of an ancient worthy and hospitable gentleman, named *Sir Walter Lloyd*, he was noble in bountiful house-keeping, and in his generosity, caused his horse to be saddled, and the next day he rode three miles to *Conway*, and showed me the way to *Caermarthen*, which they do call 18 small miles, but I had rather ride 30 of such miles as are in many parts of *England* ; the way continually hilly, or mountainous and stony, insomuch that I was forced to alight and walk 30 times, and when the sun

was near setting, I having four long miles to go, and knew no part of the way, was resolved to take my lodging in a reek of oats in the field, to which purpose, as I rode out of the stony way towards my field-chamber, my horse and I found a softer bed, for we were both in a bog, or quagmire, and at that time I had much ado to draw myself out of the dirt, or my poor weary *Dun* out of the mire.

I being in this hard strait, having night (of God's sending,) owl-light to guide me, no tongue to ask a question, the way unknown, or uneven, I held it my best course to grope in the hard stony way again, which having found, (after a quarter of an hours melancholy paces) a horseman of *Wales*, that could speak English, overtook me and brought me to *Caermarthen*, where I found good and free entertainment at the house of one Mistress *Oakley*.

Caermarthen, the shire town of *Caermarthenshire*, is a good large town, with a defencible strong Castle, and a reasonable haven for small barks and boats, which formerly was for the use of good ships, but now it is much impeded with shelves, sands, and other annoyances : it is said that *Merlin* the prophet was born there ; it is one of the plentifullest towns that ever I set foot in, for very fair eggs are cheaper than small pears ; for, as near as I can remember, I will set down at what rates victuals was there.

Butter as good as the world affords, two pence halfpenny, or three pence the pound.

A salmon two foot and a half long, twelve pence.

Beef, three half pence the pound.

Oysters, a penny hundred.

Eggs, twelve for a penny.

Pears, six for a penny.

And all manner of fish and flesh at such low prices, that a little money will buy much, for there is nothing scarce, dear, or hard to come by, but tobacco pipes.

My humble thanks to the Governor there, to *William Gwynn* of *Taliaris*, Esquire; to *Sir Henry Vaughan*; and to all the rest, with the good woman mine hostess.

Concerning *Pembrokeshire*, the people do speak English in it most generally, and therefore they call it little *England* beyond *Wales*, it being the farthest south and west county in the whole principality. The shire town, *Pembroke*, hath been in better estate, for as it is now, some houses down, some standing, and many without inhabitants; the Castle there hath been strong, large, stately, and impregnable, able to hold out any enemy, except hunger, it being founded upon a lofty rock, gives a brave prospect a far off. *Tenby* town and Castle being somewhat near, or eight miles from it, seems to be more useful and

considerable. My thanks to Mistress *Powell* at the *Hart* there.

Tenby hath a good Castle and a Haven, but in respect of *Milford* Haven, all the havens under the heavens are inconsiderable, for it is of such length, breadth, and depth that 1,000 ships may ride safely in it in all weathers, and by reason of the hills that do enclose it, and the windings and turnings of the Haven from one point of land to another, it is conjectured that 1,500 ships may ride there, and not scarce one of them can see another. The Haven hath in it 16 creeks, 5 bays, and 13 roads, of large capacity, and all these are known by several names.

The goodly Church of *St. Davids* hath been forced lately to put off the dull and heavy coat of peaceful lead, which was metamorphosed into warlike bullets. In that church lies interred *Edmund* Earl of *Richmond*, father to King *Henry* the Seventh, for whose sake the grandson (K. *Henry* the Eighth) did spare it from defacing, when he spared not much that belonged to the church.

Thus having gone and ridden many miles, with too many turning and winding mountains, stony turning ways, forward, backward, sideways, circular, and semicircular, upon the 17. of *August* I rode to the house of the right Honorable, *Richard Vaughan* Earl of *Karbery*, at a place called *Golden Grove*;

and surely that house, with the fair fields, woods, walks, and pleasant situation, may not only be rightly called the *Golden Grove*, but it may without fiction be justly styled the *Cambrian Paradise*, and *Elysium of Wales*; but that which graced it totally, was the nobleness, and affable presence and deportment of the Earl, with his fair and virtuous new married Countess the beautiful Lady *Alice*, or *Alicia*, daughter to the Right Honourable the late Earl of *Bridgwater*, deceased: I humbly thank them both, for they were pleased to honour me so much, that I supped with them, at which time a gentleman came in, who being sat, did relate a strange discourse of a violent rain which fell on the mountains in part of *Radnorshire*, and into *Glamorganshire*; the story was, as near as I can remember, as followeth:

That on Saturday the 17 of *July* last, 1652, there fell a sudden shower of rain in the counties aforesaid, as if an ocean had flowed from the clouds to overwhelm and drown the mountains; it poured down with such violent impetuosity that it tumbled down divers houses of stone that stood in the way of it; it drowned many cattle and sheep, bore all before it as it ran, therefore a poor man with his son and daughter forsook their house, and the father and son climbed up into a tree for their safety; in the mean time the merciless waters took hold of the

poor maid, and most furiously bare her away down between two mountains, rolling and hurling her against many great stones, till at last it threw her near the side of the stream, and her hair and hair-lace being loose, it caught hold of a stump of an old thorn bush, by which means she was stayed, being almost dead ; but as she lay in this misery she saw a sad and lamentable sight, for the water had fiercely unrooted the tree, and bore it down the stream with her father and brother, who were both unfortunately drowned ; the maid, as I was certified, is like to live and recover.

My humble thanks to the good young hopeful Lord *Vaughan*, and to all the rest of the noble olive branches of that most worthy tree of honour, their father, not omitting or yet forgetting my gratitude to Mr. *Steward* there, with all the rest of the gentlemen and servants attendant, with my love to Mr. *Thomas Ryves*, unknown, and so *Golden Grove* farewell.

The 18 of *August* I hired a guide who brought me to *Swansea* (16 well stretch'd Welsh mountainous miles), where I was cordially welcome to an ancient worthy gentleman, *Walter Thomas*, Esquire, for whose love and liberality I am much obliged to him and the good gentlewoman his wife ; he staid me till the next day after dinner, and then sent his man with me a mile to his sons house, named *William*

Thomas Esquire : There, as soon as I had rewarded my guide he slipped from me, leaving me to the mercy of the house, where I found neither mercy nor manners ; for the good gentleman and his wife were both rode from home ; and though they were people old enough, and big enough, yet there was not one kind enough, or good enough to do me least kind of courtesy or friendship ; they did not so much as bid me come into the house, or offer me a cup of drink ; they all scornfully wondered at me, like so many buzzards and woodcocks about an owl, there was a shotten thin sculled shadow brained simpleton fellow, that answered me, that he was a stranger there, but I believed him not, by reason of his familiarity with the rest of the folks, there was also a single-souled gentlewoman, of the last edition, who would vouchsafe me not one poor glance of her eye-beams, to whom I said as followeth.

Fair gentlewoman, I was sent hither by the father of the gentleman of this house, to whom I have a letter from a gentleman of his familiar acquaintance ; I am sure that the owner of this place is famed and reported to be a man endowed with all affability and courtesy to strangers as is every way accommodating to a gentleman of worth and quality ; and that if I were but a mere stranger to him, yet his generosity would not suffer me to be harbourless, but by reason of his fathers sending his servant with

me, and a friends letter, I said that if Mr. *Thomas* had been at home I should be better entertained.

To which Mrs. *Fumpkins*, looking scornfully askew over her shoulders, answered me with (*it may be so*), then most uncourteous Mistress, quoth I, I doubt I must be necessitated to take up my lodging in the field, to which the said ungentle gentlewoman (with her posterior, or but end towards me) gave me a final answer, that I might if I would.

Whereupon I was enraged and mounted my *Dun*, and in a friendly manner I took my leave, saying, that I would wander further and try my fortune, and that if my stay at that house, that night, would save either Mr. *Shallow-pate*, or Mrs. *Fullock* from hanging, that I would rather lie, and venture all hazards that are incident to horse, man, or traveller, than to be beholding to such unmannerly mongrels.

Thus desperately I shook them off, that would not take me on, and riding I know not whither, with a wide wild heath under me, and a wider firmament above me. I road at adventure, betwixt light and darkness, about a mile, when luckily a gentleman overtook me, and after a little talk of my distress and travel, he bade me be of good cheer, for he would bring me to a lodging and entertainment; in which promise he was better than his word, for he brought me to a pretty market town called *Neath*

where he spent his money upon me; for which kindness I thank him. But one doctor (as they call him) *Rice Jones*, (or doctor *Merryman*) came and supped with me, and very kindly paid all the reckoning. That days journey being but 6 miles sterling.

The 19. of *August* I hired a guide for 3s. (16 miles) to a place called *Penlline*, where sometime stood a strong castle, which is now ruined; adjoining to it, or in the place of it, is a fair house, belonging to *Anthony Turberville* Esquire, where although the Gentleman was from home, the good gentlewoman, his wife, did with hospitable and noble kindness bid me welcome.

Friday, the 20. of *August*, I rode a mile to an ancient town, named *Cowbridge*, from whence I scrambled two miles further to *Llantrisant*, where the noble gentleman Sir *John Aubrey*, and his virtuous lady kept me three days, in the mean space I rode two miles to the house of the ancient and honorable Knight, Sir *Thomas Lewis* at *Penmark*, to whom and his good lady, I humbly dedicate my gratitude: The same day after dinner, I returned back to *Llantrisant*, which was to me a second Golden Grove or Welsh Paradise, for building, situation, wholesome air, pleasure and plenty, for my free entertainment there, with the noble expression of the gentleman's bounty at my departure; I

heartily do wish to him and his, with all the rest of my honorable and noble, worshipful and friendly benefactors, true peace and happiness, internal, external, and eternal.

Monday, the 23. of *August*, I rode eight miles to the good town of *Cardiff*, where I was welcome to Mr. *Aaron Price* the Town Clerk there, with whom I dined, at his cost and my peril, after dinner he directed me two miles further, to a place called *Llanrumney*,* where a right true bred generous gentleman, *Thomas Morgan* Esquire, gave me such loving and liberal entertainment, for which I cannot be so thankful as the merit of it requires.

Tuesday, being both Saint *Bartholowews* Day, my Birth day, the 24, of the month, and the very next day before Wednesday, I arose betimes, and travelled to a town called *Newport*, and then from thence to *Caerleon*, and lastly to *Usk*, in all 15 well measured Welsh *Monmouthshire* miles: at *Usk* I lodged at an inn, the house of one Master *Powell*.

The 25. of *August* I rode but 12 miles, by an unlooked for accident, I found *Bartholomew* fair at *Monmouth*, a hundred miles from Smithfield; there I stayed two nights upon the large reckoning of nothing to pay, for which I humbly thank my hospitable host, and hostess, Master *Reigald Rowse* and his good wife.

*Qy., Landaff.

Monmouth, the shire town of *Monmouthshire*, was, the last Welsh ground that I left behind me ; *August* 27. I came to Gloucester, were though I was born there, very few did know me ; I was almost as ignorant as he that knew no body : my lodging there was at the sign of the *George*, at the house of my namesake, Master *John Taylor*, from whence on Saturday the 28. I rode 16. miles to *Barnsley*.

Of all the places in *England* and *Wales* that I have travelled to, this village of *Barnsley* doth most strikingly observe the Lords day on Sunday, for little children are not suffered to walk or play ; and two women who had been at church both before and after noon, did but walk into the fields for their recreation, and they were put to their choice, either to pay sixpence apiece (for profane walking), or to be laid one hour in the stocks ; and the peevish wilful women (though they were able enough to pay), to save their money and jest out the matter, lay both by their heels merrily one hour.

There is no such zeal in many places and parishes in *Wales* ; for they have neither service, prayer, sermon, minister, or preacher, nor any church door opened at all, so that people do exercise and edify in the churchyard at the lawful and laudable games of trap, cat, stool-ball, racket, &c., on Sundays.

From *Barnsley* on Monday, the 30 of *August*, I rode 30 miles to *Abingdon*, from thence, &c., to *London*, where I brought both ends together on Tuesday, the 7 of *September*.

Those that are desirous to know more of *Wales* let them either travel for it as I have done, or read Mr. *Camdens Britannia*, or Mr. *Speeds* laborious history, and their geographical maps and descriptions will give them more ample, or contenting satisfaction.



THE CERTAIN
TRAVAILES
OF AN UNCERTAIN
JOURNEY,

Begun on Tuesday the 9. of *August*,
and ended on Saturday the 3.
of *September* following,
1653.

Wherein the Readers may take notice, that the
Authors purpose was to Travell, and Write
this following Relation, for no other intent or
purpose, but to pleasure himself, and to please
his Friends in the first place.

By *John Taylor*, at the Signe of the
Poets Head, in Phoenix Alley, near the Globe
Tavern in the middle of Long Acre, nigh
the Covent-Garden.

Those twelve following lines I gave to divers
Gentlemen and Friends, before I went, and
as they have kindly subscribed to my Bill, I
do humbly expect their courteous acceptation
of this Booke,



A merry Bill of an uncertain Journey, to be performed by *John Taylor*, by Land, with his *Aqua Musa*.

TO all my Friends, and courteous Gentlemen,
Know, that my journey is, I know not when:
Unto the parts I go. I know not where,
Or of my Entertainment far or near;
Thus neither knowing when, or where, or whether,
Begun, or done, or both ends brought together,
When I this unknown Walk have put in print,
Each man to's pocket, put your fingers in't,
And, for my Book then give me what you list,
To which end, to this Bill take pen in fist,
And write your names and habitations down,
I'll find you when again I come to Town.





*The certainty of the uncertain Travels of John
Taylor, performed in year 1653.*



IS laudable to read well pen'd Relations,
Of foreign Countries, and their situations,
That by the judgment of the eye and
brain

Some knowledge to discourse we may attain,
For Histories, and learn'd Cosmographers ;
And diligent acute Geographers ;
One hath survey'd celestial lofty spheres,
How all the Planets run in their careers ;
The stars, the signs, and every influence
In every Heavenly Orbs circumference,
And were it not for high Astronomy
(Whose lofty painful steps have scal'd the sky)
For times and seasons we might grope and seek,
Not knowing years, or quarters, month or week,
Or hours, or minutes, nor the Sabbath day,
Nor when to eat, or sleep or debts to pay.
Millions of people would this knowledge lack
Except directed from the Almanack.

Thus Art, (with pains and travel of the Mind)
Taught mean capacities, these things to find.
He travels far that goes beyond the Moon,
Or thinks this skill may be attained soon,
Their overweening thoughts fly high and quick
But such mad fools are only lunatic.
Geographers have travel'd land and seas
Each Coast, and opposite the Antipodes ;
And the description of all lands and parts
Described are, in several Maps and Charts.
The Sun and Moon have seldom shew'd their faces
On any Empire, Kingdom, place, or places,
Which Travellers have not view'd and survey'd
And by rare Geographie Art displayed
By either sea or land, by night or day,
Geography hath chalk'd us out the way :
That with Maps, Compass and indifferent weather
True men or Thieves may travel any whither.
And thus through thick and thin, ways hard or soft,
Thousand and thousand miles I travel'd oft.
Some men do travel in their contemplations,
In reading Histories and strange Relations:
Some few do travel in the ways Divine,
Some wander wildly with the Muses nine ;
For every man would be a Poet gladly,
Although he write and Rhyme, but badly madly.
Sometimes the wit and tongues do most unfit
Travel when tongues do run before the wit .

But if they both keep company together,
Delight and profit is in both, or either.
Discretion gravely goes a gentle pace,
When speech, a gallop, runs a heedless race :
Mans earthly portion's travel, pain, and care,
(Of which I make a shift to get my share.)
Some do disdain, and hold it in high scorn
To know thatched cottages where they were born,
Some cross the sea to see strange lands unknown
And here, like strangers, do not know their own.
Their own, 'tis fit work for a golden pen
To write the names down of such knowing men ;
Should each one know and have his own, 'twere
rare

Right owners would be rich, and knaves stark bare,
He's counted wise, with the Italians ;
That knows his own wife from another mans.
But he's more wise that knows himself to be
Frail, mortal, and a map of Misery.
But wisest he, that patient takes his lot,
And use the world as if he used it not.
Some seem to know most, yet know almost nothing,
For man, in knowledge, is a very slow thing.
Nosce teipsum, Know thyself, and then
Each one will know himself the worst of men.
Many of foreign travels boast and vaunt,
When they, of *England*, are most ignorant.
But yearly I survey my Country Native,

And, 'mongst 6, cases, live upon the *Dative*.
I travel hard, and for my lifes supply,
I every year receive a Subsidy.
(Or else to come more near unto the sense)
'Tis fit to call it a Benevolence.
Thus (travelling) a toiling trade I drive,
By reason of mine age, near seventy five :
It is my earthly portion and my lot,
(The Proverb says, *Need makes the old wife trot*.)
Seven times at sea I serv'd *Elizabeth*,
And 2. Kings forty five years, until death
Of both my Royal Masters quite bereft me,
That nothing now but age and want is left me,
This makes me travel, and my friends to try,
Else I might (like my fellows) starve and die,
Had the last State, had consciences so tender
To think on Oxford siege, with that surrender,
Had they kept Articles and Covenants,
In some sort, then they had reliev'd our wants,
But they were in the land of Promise born
Perform'd, and paid as nothing, but their scorn,
Chamelion like we had *Air, Words, and Wind*,
With these three empty dishes oft we din'd.
And with light Suppers, and such breaking Fast,
With meagre Famine, many breath'd their last.
We ne'er bare arms, but household servants menial
We waited, if 'twere sin, it was but venial.
These thirteen years no wages I could get,

Which makes me thus to try my friends and wit
 Unto the Kings Revenues, great Committee
 We oft Petitioned, and implored their pity ;
 And first and last, we gave Petitions plenty,
 I'm sure in number, near two hundred twenty.
 Two thousand Books and Bills then printed were,
 Wherein our woes and wants we did declare :
 Lord *Fairfax* was himself Lord General then,
 He pitied us (poor miserable men :)
 And he in person, more than one time went
 And told our griefs unto the Parliament,
 Besides, for us, to them he Letters wrote,
 For all which, only, promises we got,
 I will not curse those men, but this I say,
 If need and want afflict them, I do pray
 They may be comforted, and fed, and clad
 With promises, as we from them have had.



H' year sixteen hundred fifty, with 3. added
 Old *Tib* my Mare and I, a Journey
 gadded :

I *London* left, the 9. day I remember
 Of August, near 3 weeks before September.
 In 4. hours riding Post I got to *Croydon*
 And so hath many a Man, and many a boy done,
 There was the George a horseback day and night,
 And there I, from my mares back did alight.

At Water there wine was, but that's a Riddle,
At *Croydon*, you may know both ends a middle,
To *Mitcham*, from my way full 3. miles wide,
A Gentleman, I thank him, was my guide.
Holland my sheets, and *Holland* was mine Host,
My entertainment good for little cost.
August the tenth, my bonny Beast and I,
From Surrey travelled to South Saxony,
Now called Sussex, where to *Billingshurst*
Six days I felt no hunger, cold, or thirst.
There at a sign, and no sign, but a Frame,
'Twas the Kings arms, but shattering shot and flame
Did beat them down, as useless, of small stead,
For arms are of no use without a Head.
Mine Host was mighty good, and great withal
And amongst Hosts, may be a General,
He's friendly, courteous, although big and burly,
A right good fellow, no way proud or surly,
Six nights at *Billingshurst* I freely staid
And all the charge of mare and man was paid
By a Gentleman, to name whom I'll refrain,
Whose love, my thankful mind still retain.
Thus in one week I rode Post 30 mile,
And neither man or mare tired all that while.
A Reverend Preacher preached on Sunday twice
Directing souls to th' Heavenly Paradise,
And if we could but do as he did say,

His Doctrine told us all the ready way.
Thus *Billingshurst* thy bounty I extol
Thou featest me in body and in soul,
There was rare Music, and sweet gentle *Airs*
For undeserved favours, *I am theirs*.
My love to Mr. *Fist* and to mine Host,
But love and thanks T. H. deserveth most,
From *Billingshurst*, August the sixteenth day
I took my leave before I took my way.
The way indifferent good, the welkin smiles
I rode to *Petworth*, 7 good Sussex miles
To set forth *Petworth*, its worth more worth is
Than I am worth, or worthy ; but know this
Northumberland the Noble, there doth dwell
Whose good housekeeping, few Lords parallel
There Honourable bounty is expressed
With daily Charity to th' poor distressed,
I speak not this for any thing I got
Of that great Lord, I felt or saw him not
For had I seen him, my belief is such
I should have felt and found his bounties touch,
But I, for my part, never was so rude,
To flatter, fawn, or basely to intrude,
Yet I declare him liberal, Honourable,
And there I din'd well, at his Stewards Table,
Thanks Mr. *Williams* there, the Cook exact
By his good friendship there, I nothing lack'd

Thanks to my Hostess kind, good Mrs. *Martin*
 Who welcom'd me with good white wine a quart in
 And last of all, but not of all the least,
 I was kind Mr. *Barnards* costly Guest
 To me he shew'd his bounty from the Mint
 For which I gave him here my thanks in Print
 He pay'd the chinque, and freely gave me drink
 And I return my gratitude with Ink
August the 18 twelve long miles to *Steyning*
 I rode, and nothing saw there worth the Kenning
 But that mine Host there was a jovial Wight
 My Hostess fat and fair ; a goodly sight :
 The Sign the Chequer, eighteen pence to pay
 My Mare eat mortal meat, good Oats and Hay
 Twelve miles from *Steyning* I jog'd on to *Lewes*
 And there I found no Beggars, Scolds, or Shrews
Lewes hath no Bailiff, Mayor, or Magistrate
 For every one there lives in quiet state :
 They quarrel not for wagging of a straw
 For each man is unto himself a Law
 They need no bridle (like the Horse or Mule)
 Where every one himself can wisely rule
 At the terrestrial Star¹ (a glist'ring Sign)

¹THE STAR is still one of the principal inns in the good old fashioned town of Lewes. The cellar is a very antique vaulted apartment, in which, according to tradition, were imprisoned the "Sussex Martyrs," who were afterwards brought to the stake and burnt in front of the house during the Marian persecutions. Several relics in connection with the circumstance, and

I lodg'd, and found good Diet, and good Wine
 Mine Host and Hostess Courteous, free, and kind,
 And there I sip'd and sup'd but seldom din'd :
Lewes is an ancient Town, as may be seen
 In *Camden*, page three hundred and thirteen :
 Twelve men they choose, the most substantiallest
 Most rich and wise, to govern all the rest
 And out of that discreet and honest dozen
 Two (as it were) high Constables are chosen
 These have no power themselves to hang or draw
 Or on offenders to inflict the Law
 But to a Justice of the Peace, or Coram
 They bring the parties, and their cause before 'em,
 From Friday unto Friday I did stay
 But in the mean time I did take my way
 Five miles to *Tarring*¹ where my old friend there
 The Parson welcom'd me with Country cheer
 His name is *John*, or honest Master Rice

of the period, are shown to the curious in such matters, on application being made fee-in-hand to "Boots," who is craftily and well read-up in Foxe and "The whole army of Martyrs."

"In the reign of Queen Mary, Lewes, as the county town, was the scene of many of those *holocausts* which disgraced her times. Sixteen martyrs to the cause of the Reformation were burnt in the *forum* of Lewes—the local Smithfield, opposite the Star inn—between 1555 and 1557, the last "burnt-offering to a good conscience" being the well-known iron-master, Richard Woodman, and nine others, five of whom were women."

M. A. Lower's History of Sussex.

¹TARRING, *i.e.*, Tarring Neville, or East Tarring, to distinguish it from Tarring Peverell or West Tarring in the Western Division of the County, 2 miles W. of Worthing.

Six meals he meated me, and lodg'd me thrice
 He Preached on Sunday *August* twenty-one
 Two Sermons, tending to Salvation :
 His Doctrines good and he himself doth frame
 To live in conversation like the same.
 I thank him, and his Wife and Family,
 For making of so much (too much) of me,
 Thus when he could no longer me retain,
 With love and thanks, I rode to *Lewes* again
 This Town contains six Churches, and at least
 It is a mile in length from West to East :
 A strong and spacious Castle there hath been
 As by its moulder'd ruins may be seen
 Thence 12 miles I was on my female beast borne
 T'an unknown feast borne, at a Town call'd
 Eastbourne

I at an Inn alighted, and foud there
 Unlook'd for welcome, and good *Sussex* cheer
 Sir *Thomas Dike*, Sir *Thomas Parker*, Knights
 With kind Esquires, whose names and Epithites
 I mention not, because I know them not
 But to them all my thanks is unforgot
 For undeserved unlook'd for, and unthought
 From thee my purse and person both were fraught
 This was on *August* twenty-six, a Friday
 Near *Dogs days end*, a very fair and dry day
 The next day, and the next I felt the bounty
 Of the high Sheriff of *Sussex* famous County !

He entertain'd me Saturday and Sunday,
And would have kept me 20 days past Monday
There was a high and mighty drink call'd *Rug*¹
Sure since the Reign of great King *Gorbodug*
Was never such a rare infus'd confection
Injection, operation, and ejection,
Are *Hogen Mogen*² *Rugs*, great influences
To provoke sleep, and stupify the senses
No cold can ever pierce his flesh or skin
Of him who is well lin'd with *Rug* within

¹EASTBOURNE RUG on which our *Water-Poet* is "so sweet and voluble in his discourse" upon, must have been some "high and mighty" *local* drink, with which he was previously unacquainted, as he makes no mention of it in a work which he published in 1637, entitled "DRINK AND WELCOME: or the Famovs Historie of the most part of Drinks in use now in the Kingdoms of *Great Brittain*e and *Ireland*; with an especial declaration of the potency, vertue, and operation of our *English ALE*." From the description given of its qualities it would appear that *Eastbourne Rug* possessed sufficient of narcotic principle—

"To provoke sleep, and stupify the senses."

Singular enough we find in Captain Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, Edition 1811: "RUG; asleep. The whole gill is safe at *Rug*: *i.e.*, the people of the house are fast asleep."

But as smuggling—wholesale and retail; and in all its various branches—was most extensively carried on at this part of the Sussex coast, and from what we in our youth have heard our Grandmother say—and she was clever—we are inclined to think that *Eastbourne Rug*, though having ale, or elder and blackberry wines, or *tria juncta in uno*, for its basis, was nevertheless well mixed with French brandy, Dutch Hollands, and other spirituous liquors that had never been contaminated by the Exciseman's "stick," in the proportion of—

"A pint of the first to two quarts of the latter daily."

²HOGAN MOGAN, a corruption of *Hooch mogedige*—high and mighty *Belg*. A Title of the States of the United Netherlands."—*Bailey*.

Rug is a Lord beyond the Rules of Law
 It conquers hunger in the greedy maw
 And (in a word) of all the drinks potable
Rug is most puissant, potent, notable
Rug was the Capital Commander there
 And his Lieutenant General was strong beer
 Wine plenteous both in Bottles and in flagons
 Whose strength would quell St. George and 20
 dragons

But *Ahasuerus* Laws were there enrol'd
 No man was forc'd to drink more than he would
 There was good *will*, good *wills son* and good
 Willia

As free as was the Emp'ror Maximilian
 Beasts, fowls and fish, from earth and sea and air
 Unto the Table, well cook'd did repair
 There were rare Birds I never saw before
 The like of them, I think to see no more :
 Th'are called *Wheat-ears*,¹ less than Lark or Sparrow

¹WHEATEARS.—In July and August great quantities of those delicious birds, wheatears—*sylvia oenanthe*—arrive at Eastbourne, and are scattered over the extensive Downs in vast numbers, but not in flocks, as they are almost invariably seen singly. It is a great perquisite to the shepherds to catch them, which they do by cutting out lines of traps in the turf in the form of a T, and inverting the turf over a couple of horse-hair nooses. Pennant states, that in his time the numbers snared about Eastbourne amounted annually to about one thousand eight hundred and forty dozen. They are called the English ortolan, from their being so fat and plump and of such delicious flavour. They are a great delicacy potted. They are, however, gradually lessening in numbers, year after year, so that it hardly pays the shepherds now, for their time and trouble to get their traps ready.—*Erredge's History of Bright-helmston.*

Well roasted, in the mouth they taste like marrow
When once 'tis in the teeth it is involv'd
Bones, flesh, and all, is lusciously dissolv'd
The name of *Wheat-ears*, on them is ycleped
Because they come when wheat is yearly reap'd
Six weeks, or thereabouts, they are catch'd there
And are wellnigh 11. months, God knows where
My humble gratitude is here expresed
To Mr. Sheriff, and his beloved best
His kindness join'd with hers, and hers with his
Doth merit my unfeigned thankfulness
Unto my Cousin *Thomas Taylor* there
My love rememb'red, and for my Samphire
He promised me, I thank'd him thrice before
And when I have it, I will thank him more
Twelve miles on August 9. and 20 day
From *Bourne* to *Battle* 4 miles on my way
At *Pevensey* doth a ruin'd Castle stand
And there the Norman Conqueror did land
Since his invading power arriv'd there
'Tis now 500, 60, and 6 year
Eight miles from thence, the Battle fierce was
strook
Where blood of 70000 like a Brook
Or rather I may say like *Sanguin* Rivers
Which down hills, it impetuously delivers
Into the Vales : and where that blood was spilt
The Conqueror caus'd an Abbey to be built

Of stately structure, and what it hath been
By great extended ruins may be seen
When Norman forces *England* overcame
From bloody Battle, *Battle* had its name
This Abbey now is kept, by right and due
By the Honourable Viscount *Montague*
That Lord repair'd some part magnificent
And ther's good house kept, when he's resident
That noble Lord is, in account most famous
Though many miserable Lords do shame us
Arth' Imperial crest, or Eagle spread
My self and mare, were stabled lodg'd and fed
About the reckoning I did not contend
My friend T. H. paid all, and there's an end
August the thirtieth, I rode to *Hastings*
Where was relief for men of several tastings
Our Sundry palates, put them altogether
Or relished appetites, take all or neither
At *Hastings* I staid not, but hastily
I ambled six miles into *Winchelsea*
Which hath been counted in the days of yore
(Until the seas contended with the shore)
A famous sea Town, rich in merchandize
But buried in the Ocean now it lies.
A Castle stands i'th sands, enduring flaws
Gusts, tempests, storms, and times devouring jaws
In twice twelve hours, 'tis twice embraced round
In th' arms of *Neptune*, seeming to be drowned

And when the floods are ebb'd into the main
 Three miles in sands 'tis compast round again
 In *Winchelsea* that now is I could ken
 Nothing worth observation of my pen
 Two miles from thence, upon a hill stands *Rye*
 And there I, at the Star, did lodge and lie
 More odds there is 'twixt singing sounds and crying
 Than was betwixt my lodging, and my lying
 I lodg'd by night, and I did lie by day
 And as upon my bed I musing lay
 The chamber hang'd with painted cloth¹ I found
 Myself with sentences beleaguered round
 There was Philosophy and History
 Poetry, Enigmatic mystery.
 I know not what the Town in wealth may be
 But sure, I on that chambers walls did see
 More wit than all the town had, and more worth
 Than my unlearned Muse can well set forth

¹PAINTED CLOTH.—Cloth or canvas painted in oil, a cheap substitute for tapestry. It was frequently the receptacle of verses, devices, proverbial sayings, and mottoes. Such cloths are often made the subject of allusion by our old authors.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orlando.—Not so; but I answer you right *painted cloth*, from whence you have studied your questions."—*As You Like It*, act iii., sc. 2.

"I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall,

In *painted cloth*, the story of the prodigal."

The Muses' Looking Glass.

"I know you'll weep, madam, but what says the *painted cloth*?"

The Honest Whore.

I will not hold my Reader in dilemma
 Thus truly, lying I transcribed them a'



*No flower so fresh, but frost may it deface
 None sit so fast, but he may lose his place
 'Tis Concord keeps a Realm in stable stay
 But Discord brings all Kingdoms to decay
 No Subject ought (for any kind of Cause)
 Resist his Prince, but yield him to the Laws
 Sure God is just, whose stroke, delayed long,
 Doth light at last, with pain more sharp and strong
 Time never was nor ne'er I think shall be,
 That (unshent) might speak, in all things free.*



This is the Sum, the Marrow and the Pith
 My lying Chamber was Adorned with :
 And 'tis supposed, those lines written there
 Have in that Room been, more than 40 year.
 Now, Reader take this notice more of *Rye*
 'Tis worth Remembering, and I'll tell you why :
 If to unload your Bellies, Nature drive ye,
 In all the Town you'll scarcely find a Privy
 For as our Sectaries, in Tubs preach here
 They make (Sir' Reverence) Reverend Jakeses there,
 Of Pulpits of Profanity, and these
 When they are full, are empti'd in the Seas

My fare was good at *Rye*, my Reck'ning small
 I thank my noble friend, that paid for all
 Near unto *Rye*, 2 dirty Ferrys be
 So Muddy, that they mir'd my Mare and me
 I past them, And on *ultima Augusti*
 Well meated, Mounted, man and beast both lusty
 I cross'd o'er *Guldeford* ferry, and I went
 From *Rye* in *Sussex* unto *Hythe* in *Kent*
 Septembers first day, *Sol* with golden eye
 Gilt *Neptune* with celestial Alchymy
 With sovereign splendour, kissing meadows green
 And mantled hills tops were coruscant seen
 When *Phæbus* mounted was in glorious pride,
 I mounted too, and rode away from *Hythe*
 Still as I past through Sea Towns first and last
 I did enquire how business had past
 The people said that Guns did bounce and thump
 Betwixt our *English* ships and Dutch *Van Tromp*¹
 At *Romney*, and at *Hythe*, they were in sight
 Folks heard the drums to beat, and saw the fight

¹VAN TROMP.—Martin Harpertzoon Van Tromp, a Dutch Admiral; born 1597; destroyed the Spanish Fleet off Gravelines, Feby, 1639; defeated by Admiral Blake off Dover, 29 May, 1652; victorious over the English fleet at the mouth of the Thames, 10 Dec., 1652; on which occasion Van Tromp clapped a broom to his mast-head to intimate that he meant to sweep the English Navy from the seas. On the 18th of February 1653, Admiral Blake again brought Van Tromp to action in the Channel. At the end of this "three days fight" the English admiral humbled the great Dutch Van Tromp, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Scheveningen 10 Aug. 1653.

Thus little was the News from sea or shore.
Our weekly News books¹ will tell 3 times more
From *Hythe* to Dover, and to *Canterbury*
Full 25. miles, dirty, wet and weary,
I took my lodging up, and down I lay
Till Friday came, Septembers second day
Then with the Lamb I arose, and with the Lark
I got to Gravesend when 'twas almost dark
But I mistake, from sleep I rous'd my head
And rose with th' Lark, but went with Lamb to bed
On th'way I was not vexed with Gates or Stiles
But three and thirty dirty Kentish miles
With washing dashing ways, and rain well sours'd
It made my Mare and I glad to be hous'd
The sign was *Welsh* his pie-bald English *Bull*
I there was welcome empty, welcome full
But at the high and mighty *Gravesend Whale*
I found most potent admirable Ale
'Tis second to no drink, but *Eastbourne Rug*
Put it in Pot or Flagon, Can or Jug
You'll find it is the grand Ale, and you'll grant
That 'tis Ale Paramount, Predominant
'Twas given me by a Friend; but let him end
With hanging, that loves Ale more than his friend . . .
For from *Gravesend* (Saturday Septembers third)
I rode without spurs, as I had been spurr'd

¹NEWS BOOK.—A Newspaper.

I came to *London* when the Clock struck one
And so my Journey and my Book is

DONE.

*Among the Muses where the number Nine is,
The learned Poets end their Works with Finis ;
But when unlearned I have Volumes penn'd,
Finis is Latin, English Done's an End.*



A

POSTSCRIPT

Of some parts of Sussex and Kent that I
Travelled, which I have borrowed
out of Mr. Speed.

SUSSEX.



*THE North part of this Shire confronts upon
Surrey, and Kent : the West butteth upon
Hampshire and all the rest of the County
lieth stretched along the British sea. The City
of most account within this County is Chichester,
a beautiful, and large town ; yet for the stateli-
ness of buildings Lewes doth seem to contend
with it, where William de Warren built a strong
Castle, whereunto the Barons in time of those civil
broils resorted in war-like manner, and fought a great*

Battle against their Sovereign and his son wherein King Henry the third had his horse slain under him ; Richard King of the Romans the King's Brother was surprised, and taken in a Wind-mill, and Prince Edward (who was after that King Edward the first, or Longshanks) delivered unto them upon unequal terms of peace Places of other note are these, Shore whence King Harold going upon the sea for his pleasure in a small boat was driven upon the Coast of Normandy, where, by Duke William he was surprised, and retained until he swore to make him King after Edward the Confessor his death, West-Wittering where Ella the Saxon landed when he came to conquer those parties and gave the name to the Shore from Cimen his son. Finally Gomebridge where Charles Duke of Orleans father to Lewis the twelfth King of France, was long detained being taken Prisoner at Agincourt. Yet I have been in the Castle of Star-borough where I was shewed the said Dukes Chamber in Kent or the edge of Surrey.

KENT.



THIS is the first Province that appeareth in the South of this Kingdom, and is bounded upon the North with the famous River Thamisis; on the East with the German Sea, and Ocean ; on the fourth with Sussex and the narrow seas ; and upon the West with Sussex and

Surrey. The Chiefest City within this County is Canterbury which became famous, both for the conversion of the Saxons by St. Augustine, whereof eight of their Kings were there interr'd; also was Thomas Becket Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.

The invincible Castle of Dover is a place of the greatest strength not only of this Country, but of the whole Kingdom being the Key of the Realm, and as John Rosse, and Lidgate affirm, was built by Julius Cæsar. The Chiefest and only thing of admiration in this shire is a hole at Mottingame eight yards about, and a line of fifty fathoms plummed into it, doth find no bottom, where suddenly the ground sunk, and three great Elms therein growing, were swallowed up into the earth. This shire claimeth the præ-eminence of Christianity before all places of England; for Lucius the first Christian British King in this Island built a Church within the Castle of Dover.

There is no other memory or token of the great Battle, which was fought at Ailsford, between Hengist the ambitious Saxon, and Vortimer the valiant Britain wherein Horsa, and Catigern, brethren to both Generals were slain, then a monument of Catigern, which is nothing else but four stones pitched in the manner of the Stone Henge, on Salisbury Plain, and is vulgarly called Ciscoat house which is upon the Plain there. England's Kings

have had two Seats in this County, wherein they were wont to make some abode, in the summer time; the one for their, Court which is Greenwich, the other for their pleasure, which is Eltham. Very convenient for pastimes, and game for hunting.

There is also a place in this Shire called Tunbridge whither there is a great concourse of infirm people, who find present remedy for their maladies, by virtue of some wells lately found out which prove very sovereign.



To all my Friends that have subscribed their
Names and dwellings to my Bill.

According as you pay, or pay me not
So is my luck or unlucky Lot,
I have made use of many friends before
Age tells me now I shall do so no more.
Some friends I have, and some small share of wit
And want hath forced me to use them, and it,
I, in my best of wishes will include
Their Kindness, and my humble gratitude.

FINIS.



GEORGE PEELE'S
MERRY CONCEITED JESTS.



MERRY CONCEITED JESTS
OF
GEORGE PEELE, GENTLEMAN,
SOMETIME STUDENT IN OXFORD,
WHEREIN IS SHOWED
THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE, HOW HE
LIVED :
A MAN VERY WELL KNOWN IN THE CITY OF LONDON,
AND ELSEWHERE.

Buy, read, and judge,
The price do not grudge ;
It will do thee more pleasure
Than twice so much treasure.



Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON :
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church),
1871.



Of Peele's Jests (?) the late Rev. Alexander Dyce, in his careful and elaborate edition of Peele's Works, published by Pickering in two volumes in 1828, and a second in 1829, to which in 1839 was added a third volume, containing a reprint of *Sir Clyomon and Clamades*, 1599, says :—"The tract entitled *Merrie Conceited Iests¹ of George Peele²* professes to give an account of 'the course of his life, how he lived, a man very well known in the city of London and elsewhere.' It represents him as a low and vulgar sharper, who scrupled not to raise money by the most fraudulent methods and ridiculous rogueries ; it tells us that he resided at the Bankside, over against Blackfriars, that he had a wife, and that his daughter of ten years old sometimes assisted him in his knavish tricks ; and though it says nothing of his personal appearance, it affords the important information that his voice 'was more woman than man.' This tract I regard as a work of fiction, containing a slight admixture of truth : I apprehend that but few of the adventures³ it relates have any foundation on incidents in the life of Peele, and that his notorious name was given to its hero solely with the view of ensuring its popularity.

¹By *Jests* we are to understand *amusing doings* as well as *sayings*.

²This pamphlet (a thin 4to) probably appeared soon after Peele's death, though the earliest known edition of it bears the date 1607. It was printed again in 1626, 1627, 1657, and 1671 ; and there is an edition without a date, published by "Henry Bell," of which a reprint was given in 1809. Anthony Wood notices "his (Peele's) book of jests or clinshes, which at length was sold on the stalls of ballad-mongers." *Ath. Oxon*, vol. i, col. 688, ed. Bliss. I find it thus mentioned, among the most famous productions of the kind, in the lines prefixed to the fourth edition of *A Banquet of Jests*, 1634 :

"Pasquel's conceits are poore, and Scoggins' dri,
Skelton's meere rime, once read, but now laid by,
Peele's Jests are old, and Tarleton's are growne stale."

³The story headed "The Jest of George and the Barber" was probably founded on fact, as we meet with it dramatised in a comedy called *The Puritaine, or the Widdow of Watling Streete*, written by W. S., 1607.

Nor ought we to be surprised that such a liberty was taken with the name of a dissipated dramatist, when we remember that one of Scotland's most illustrious sons—a man of rare erudition and of true poetic genius—has been metamorphosed into 'The King's Fool,' in a chap-book entitled 'The Jests of George Buchanan,' which still finds many readers among the peasantry of the north, who receive it, with all its absurdities, as an authentic record."

Robert Bell, in his "English Poets," gives the following brief biographical sketch of Peele :—"George Peele was a native of Devonshire. His name appears in the Matriculation Book of Oxford as a member of Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College) in 1564, and Mr. Dyce, assuming him to have been at least twelve or thirteen when he was entered, places his birth about 1552 or 1553. While he was at the University, Wood tells us that he was esteemed a most noted poet. In 1577 he took his Bachelor's degree, and was made Master of Arts in 1579, after which he went up to London, and became a writer for the theatre. There is reason to believe that he appeared occasionally on the stage ; but he certainly did not follow it as a profession. His intimate associates were Nash, Marlowe, and Greene, the most profligate men of genius of the time : and in the latter part of his life he was acquainted with Shakespeare, Jonson, and their contemporaries, who were coming in at the close of his career. Peele appears to have abandoned himself to the worst excesses of the town, and to have shortened his life by dissipation, if a coarse allusion to him by Francis Meres may be credited. The date of his death is unknown ; but as Meres' reference to it was printed in 1598, it must have taken place in or before that year. He was one of the earliest of our poets who imparted form and power to the drama, was one of the contributors to the *Phœnix Nest*, and in addition to numerous small pieces and Pageants, wrote several plays, only five of which have come down to us. Of the remainder, few, probably, were printed, and these are supposed to have been destroyed in the fire of London in 1666,"

M E R R I E CONCEITED I E S T S,

OF *GEORGE PEELE* GEN-
TLEMAN, SOMETIMES STV-
DENT IN OXFORD.

Wherein is shewed the course of his life,
how he lived: a man very well knowne in
the City of LONDON, and elsewhere.

*Buy, reade, and iudge,
The price doe not grudge :
It will doe thee more pleasure,
Than twice so much treasure.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Bell*, dwelling in the Little
Old Baily in *Eliots Court*.



The Jests of GEORGE PEELE, with
four of his Companions at *Brentford*.¹

GEORGE, with others of his associates, being merry together at the tavern, having more store of coin than usually they did possess, although they were as regardless of their silver, as a garden whore is of her honesty, yet they intended for a season to become good husbands, if they knew how to be sparing of that their pockets were then furnished withal: Five pounds they had amongst them, and a plot must be cast how they might be merry with extraordinary cheer three or four days, and keep their five pounds whole in stock: *George Peele* was the man must do it, or none, and generally they conjured him by their loves, his own credit, and the reputation that went on him, that he would but in this show his wit: and withal he should have all

¹BRAINFORDE is used throughout this and the following Jest (?) for Brentford in the old copy.

the furtherance that in them lay. *George* as easy as they earnest to be won to such an exploit, consented, and gathered their money together, and gave it all to *George*, who should be their purse-bearer, and the other four should seem as servants to *George Peele*; and the better to colour it, they should go change their cloaks, the one like the other, so near as they could possible: the which at *Belzebub's* brother the brokers, they might quickly do: This was soon accomplished, and *George* was furnished with his black satin suit and a pair of boots, which were as familiar to his legs, as the pillory¹ to a baker's or collier's neck, and he sufficiently possessed his friends with the whole scope of his intent, as, gentle Reader, the sequel will show. Instantly they took a pairs of oars, whose arms were to make a false gallop no further than *Brentford*, where their fare was paid them so liberally, that each of them the next tide to *London* purchased two new waistcoats, yet should these good benefactors come to their usual places of trade, and if they spy a better fare than their own, that haply the gentleman hath more mind to go withal, they will not only fall out with him that is

¹THE PILLORY, which was a mode of punishment for crimes by public exposure of the offender, and used for many centuries in most of the countries of Europe, under various names, was abolished in Great Britain in 1837, by the statute 1 Vic. c. 23.

of their own sweet transporters, as they are : but abuse the fair with foul speeches, as, a pox, or the devil go with you, as their Godfather *Charon* the ferryman of hell hath taught them. I speak not this of all, but of some that are brought up in the east, some in the west, some in the north ; but most part in the south : but for the rest they are honest complete men, leaving them to come to my honest *George*, who is now merry at the Three Pigeons in *Brentford*,¹ with sack and sugar, not any wine wanting, the musicians playing, my host drinking, my hostess dancing with the worshipful Justice, for so then he was termed, and his mansion house in *Kent*, who came thither of purpose to be merry with his men, because he could not so conveniently near home, by reason of a shrewish wife he had : my gentle hostess gave him all the entertainment her house could afford ; for Master *Peele* had paid royally, for

¹THE THREE PIGEONS IN BRENTFORD, "is a house of interest, as being in all likelihood one of the few haunts of Shakespeare now remaining ; as being, indeed, the sole Elizabethian tavern existing in England, which, in the absence of direct evidence, may fairly be presumed to have been occasionally visited by him."—Halliwell's Local Illustrations to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Folio Shakespeare.

It was kept at one time by Lowin, one of the original actors in Shakespeare's plays, and is often named by old dramatists :—"Thou are admirably suited for *The Three Pigeons* at Brentford. I swear I know thee not."—*The Roaring Girl* ; or, *Moll Cutpurse*, a comedy by Middleton, 1611.

"We will turn our course to Brainford, westward, if thou say'st the word . . . my bird o' the night ! we'll tickle it at *the Pigeons*."—*Ben Jonson's The Alchemist*, Act v, Sc. 2.

all his five pounds was come to ten groats. Now *George Peel's* wit labours to bring in that five pounds there was spent, which was soon begotten. Being set at dinner, My host, quoth *George*, how falls the tide out for *London*? Not till the evening, quoth mine host, have you any business sir? Yes marry, quoth *George*, I intend not to go home this two days: Therefore my host saddle my man a horse for *London*, if you be so well furnished, for I must send him for one bag more, quoth *George*, ten pounds hath seen no sun this six months. I am ill furnished if I cannot furnish you with that, quoth my host, and presently saddled him a good nag, and away rides one of *George's* men to *London*, attending the good hour of his Master *Peele* in *London*. In the meantime *George* bespeaks great cheer to supper, saying, he expected some of his friends from *London*. Now you must imagine there was not a penny owing in the house, for he had paid as liberally as *Cæsar*, as far as *Cæsar's* wealth went. For indeed most of the money was one *Cæsar's* an honest man yet living in *London*. But to the catastrophe. All the day before, had one of the other men of *George Peele* been a great solicitor to my hostess, she would beg leave of his master he might go see a maid, a sweetheart of his so far as *Kingston*, and before his master went to bed he would return again: saying, he was sure she might command it at his master's

hands. My kind hostess willing to pleasure the young fellow, knowing in her time what belonged to such matters, went to Master *Peele*, and moved him in it, which he angrily refused : but she was so earnest in it, that she swore he should not deny her, protesting he went but to see an uncle of his some five miles off: Marry I thank you, quoth *George*, my good hostess, would you so discredit me, or hath the knave no more wit, than at this time to go, knowing I have no horse here, and would the base cullion¹ go a foot? Nay, good sir, quoth mine hostess, be not angry, it is not his intent to go a foot : for he shall have my mare, and I will assure you sir, upon my word he shall be here again to have you to bed ; well, quoth *George*, Hostess, I'll take you at your word, let him go, his negligence shall light upon you. So be it, quoth mine hostess : so down goeth she, and sends away civil *Thomas*, for so she called him, to his sweetheart backed upon her mare : which *Thomas* instead of riding to *Kingston*, took *London* in his way, where meeting with my other horseman, attended the arrival of *George Peele*, which was not long after : they are at *London*, *George* in his chamber at *Brentford*, accompanied with none but one *Anthony Nit* a barber, who dined and supped with him con-

¹CULLION.—[*Cullian* in the old copy.] A mean wretch ; scoundrel, rogue.

tinently,¹ of whom he had borrowed a lute² to pass away the melancholy afternoon, of which he could play as well as *Banks's* horse.³ The barber very modestly takes his leave, *George* obsequiously bids him to supper, who (God willing) would not fail. *George* being left alone with his two supposed men, gave them the mean how to escape, and walking in the court, *George* found fault with the weather, saying it was rawish and cold: which word mine hostess hearing, my kind hostess fetched her husbands holiday gown, which *George* thankfully put about him, and withal called for a cup of sack, after which he would walk into the meadows and practise upon his lute. 'Tis good for your worship to do so, quoth mine hostess: which walk *George* took directly to *Sion*, where having the advantage of a pair of oars at hand, made this journey for *London*, his two associates behind had the plot in their heads by *George's* instruction for their escape: for they knew he was

¹CONTINUALLY in the old copy, which we take to be a misprint for *continently*.

²A LUTE.—An instrument of music with strings, resembling the guitar, and formerly to be found in many barbers' sbops, for the amusement of those customers who were obliged to wait their turn.

³BANKES HIS HORSE in the old copy. *Banks's horse*, a horse named Morocco, famous for playing tricks, and the property of one Banks. It is mentioned in Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," page 178; also by Sir Kenelm Digby and Ben Jonson.

gone, my hostess she was in the market buying of provision for supper: mine host he was at tables,¹ and my two masterless men desired the maids to excuse them if their master came, for, quoth they, we will go drink two pots with my Smug Smith's wife at old *Brentford*. I warrant you, quoth the maids. So away went my men to the Smiths at old *Brentford*, from thence to *London*; where they all met, and sold the horse and the mare, the gown and the lute, which money was as badly spent, as it was lewdly got. How my host and my hostess looked when they saw the event of this; go but to the Three Pigeons at *Brentford*, you shall know.

The Jests of *George* and the *Barber*.



GEORGE was not so merry at *London* with his capons and claret, as poor *Anthony* the barber was sorrowful at *Brentford* for the loss of his lute, and therefore determined to come to *London* to seek out *George Peele*, which by the means of a kinsman that *Anthony Nit* had in *London*, his name was *Cuts* or *Feats*, a fellow that had good skill in tricks on the cards, and he was well acquainted with the place where *George's*

¹MINE HOST HE WAS AT TABLES.—i.e., Backgammon,

common abode was: and for kindred sake he directed the barber where he should have him, which was at a blind alehouse in Sea-coal lane. There he found *George* in a green jerkin, a Spanish platter fashioned hat, all alone at a peck of oysters. The barber's heart danced within him for joy he had so happily found him, he gave him the time of the day: *George* not a little abashed at the sight of the barber, yet went not to discover it openly, he that at all times had a quick invention, was not now behind hand to entertain my barber, who knew for what his coming was: *George* thus saluted him, My honest barber, quoth *George*, welcome to *London*, I partly know your business, you come for your lute, do you not? Indeed, sir, quoth the barber, for that is my coming. And believe me, quoth *George*, you shall not lose your labour; I pray you stand to and eat an oyster, and I'll go with you presently: for a gentleman in the city of great worship, borrowed it of me for the use of his daughter, that plays exceeding well, and had a great desire to have the lute: but, sir, if you will go along with me to the gentleman's house, you shall have your lute with great satisfaction, for had not you come, I assure you I had sent to you, for you must understand, that all that was done at *Brentford* among us mad gentleman, was but a jest, and no otherwise. Sir, I think not any otherwise, quoth

the barber : but I would desire your worship, that as you had it of me in love, so in kindness you would help me to it again. Oh God, what else, quoth *George*, I'll go with thee presently, even as I am, for I came from hunting this morning ; and should I go up to the certain gentlemen above, I should hardly get away. I thank you sir, quoth the barber, so on goes *George* with him in his green jerkin, a wand in his hand very pretty, till he came almost at the alderman's house, where making a sudden stay, Afore God, quoth *George*, I must crave thy pardon at this instant, for I have bethought myself, should I go as I am, it would be imagined I had had some of my Lord's hounds out this morning, therefore I'll take my leave of thee, and meet thee where thou wilt about one of the clock. Nay good sir, quoth the barber, go with me now : for I purpose, God willing, to be at *Brentford* to-night. Sayest thou so, quoth *George*, why then I'll tell thee what thou shalt do : thou art here a stranger, and altogether unknown, lend me thy cloak and thy hat, and do thou put on my green jerkin, and I'll go with thee directly along. The barber loth to leave him until he had his lute, yielded to the change. So when they came to the gentleman's porch, he put on *George's* green jerkin, and his Spanish hat, and he the barber's cloak and his hat. Either of them being thus fitted, *George* knocks at the door, to

whom the porter bids heartily welcome, for *George* was well known, who at that time had all the oversight of the pageants: he desires the porter to bid his friend welcome, for he is a good fellow and a keeper, Mr. Porter, one that at his pleasure can bestow a haunch of venison on you; Marry that can I, quoth the barber. I thank you sir, answered the porter, Mr. *Peele*, my master is in the hall, pleaseth it you to walk in? With all my heart, quoth *George*, in the meantime let my friend bear you company. That he shall Mr. *Peele*, quoth the porter, and if it please him he shall take a simple dinner with me. The barber gives him hearty thanks, not misdoubting Mr. *Peele* any way, seeing him known; and himself so welcome; fell in chat with the porter. *George Peele* goes directly to the alderman, who now is come into the court; in the eye of the barber, where *George* after many complaints, draws a blank¹ paper out of his bosom, and making action to the barber reads to the alderman, as followeth; I humbly desire your worship to stand my friend in a slight matter, yonder hard favoured knave that sits by your worship's porter, that dogged me to arrest me, and I had no other means but to take your worship's house for shelter the occasion is but trivial, only for stealing of a piece of flesh, myself consorted with three or four gentlemen of good fashion, that would not willingly have our names come in question. There-

¹BLACK in the old copy.

fore this is my boon, that your worship would let one of your servants let me out at the garden door, and I shall think myself much indebted to your worship. The kind gentleman little dreaming of *George Peele's* deceit, took him into the parlour, gave him a brace of angels, and caused one of his servants to let *George* out at the garden door; which was no sooner opened, but *George* made way for the barber seeing him any more, and all the way he went could not choose but laugh at his knavish conceit, how he had gulled the simple barber, who sat all this while with the porter blowing of his nails : to whom came this fellow that let out *George*. You whorson keeperly rascal, quoth the fellow, do you come to arrest any honest gentleman in my master's house? Not I, so God help me, quoth the barber, I pray sir where is the gentleman Mr. *Peele* that came along with me? Far enough, quoth the fellow, for your coming near him, he is gone out at the garden door. Garden door, quoth the *barber*, why, have you any more doors than one? We have sir, and get you hence or I'll set you going Goodman-keeper. Alas, quoth the *barber*, sir, I am no keeper, I am quite undone : I am a *barber* dwelling at *Brentford*, and with weeping tears up and told him how *George* had used him. The servant goes in and tells his master : which when he heard, he could not but laugh at the first : yet in pity of the poor *barber*, he

gave him twenty shillings towards his loss. The barber sighing took it, and towards *Brentford* home he goes, and whereas he came from thence in a new cloak and a fair hat, he went home weeping in an old hat, and a green jerkin.

How *George Peele* became a Physician.

EORGE on a time being happily furnished both of horse and money, though the horse he hired, and the money he borrowed : but no matter how he was possessed of them : and towards *Oxford* he rides to make merry with his friends and fellow students : and in his way he took up *Wickham*, where he sojourned that night : being at supper, accompanied with his hostess, among other table-talk, they fell into discourse of chirurgery, of which my hostess was a simple professor. *George Peele* observing the humour of my she-chirurgeon ; upheld her in all the strange cures she talked of, and praised her womanly endeavour ; telling her, he loved her so much the better, because it was a thing that he professed, both physic and chirurgery : and *George* had a dictionary of physical words, that it might set a better gloss upon that which he seemingly professed : and told his good hostess at his return he would teach her something

that should her no hurt: for (quoth he) at this instant I am going about a great cure as far as *Warwickshire*, to a gentleman of great living, and one that hath been in a consumption this half year, and I hope to do him good. O God (quoth the hostess) there is a gentleman not a quarter of mile off, that hath been a long time sick of the same disease: Believe me, sir, quoth the hostess, would it please your worship ere your departure in the morning, but to visit the gentleman, and but spend your opinion of him, and I make no question but the gentlewoman will be very thankful to you. I faith (quoth *George*) haply at my return I may; but at this time my haste is such that I cannot: and so good night mine hostess. So away went *George* to bed; and my giddy hostess, right of the nature of most women, thought that night as long as ten, till she was delivered of that burthen of news which she had received from my new doctor: (for so he termed himself.) Morning being come, at break of the day mine hostess trudges to this gentleman's house acquainted his wife what an excellent man she had at her house: protesting he was the best seen in physic, and had done the most strangest cures that ever she heard of: saying that if she would but send for him, no question he would do him good. The gentlewoman glad to hear of anything that might procure the health of

her husband presently sent one of her men to desire the doctor to come and visit her husband : which message when *George* heard, he wondered ; for he had no more skill in physic, than in music, and they were as distant both from him, as heaven from hell. But, to conclude, *George* set a bold face on it, and away went he to the sick gentleman ; where when he came, after some compliment to the gentlewoman, he was brought to the chamber, where the ancient gentleman lay wonderful sick, for all physic had given him over : *George* begins to feel his pulse, and his temples, saying, he was very far spent : yet, quoth he, under God, I will do him some good, if nature be not quite extinct. Whereupon he demanded whether they had ever a garden ? That I have quoth the gentlewoman. I pray you direct me thither, quoth *George* : Where when he came, he cut a handful of every flower, herb and blossom, or whatsoever else in the garden, and brought them in the lapel of his cloak, boiled them in ale, strained them, boiled them again ; and when he had all the juice out of them, of which he made some pottle of drink, he caused the sick gentleman to drink off a maudlin cupful, and willed his wife to give him of that same at morning, noon, and night, protesting, if anything in this world did him good, it must be that : giving great charge to the gentlewoman to keep him wonderful warm : and at my

return, quoth *George*, some ten days hence I will return and see how he fares : for, quoth he, by that time something will be done, and so I will take my leave. Not so, quoth the gentlewoman, your worship must needs stay and take a simple dinner with me to-day. Indeed, quoth *George*, I cannot now stay ; my haste is such, I must presently to horse. You must suppose *George* was in haste until he was out of the gentlewoman's house : for he knew not whether he had poisoned the gentleman or not, which made him so eager to be gone out of the gentleman's house. The gentlewoman seeing she could by no means stay him gave him two brace of angels, which never shined long in his purse, and desired him at his return to know her house : which *George* promised, and with seeming niceness took the gold, and towards Oxford went he, forty shillings heavier than he was, where he bravely domineered while his physical money lasted. But to see the strangeness of this : Whether it was the virtue of some herb which he gathered, or the conceit the gentleman had of *George Peele*, but it so pleased God the gentleman recovered ; and in eight days walked abroad ; and that fortunate potion which *George* made at random, did him more good than many pounds that he had spent in half a year before in physic. *George* his money being spent, he made his return towards London ; and when he

came within a mile of the gentleman's house, he inquired of a country fellow how such a gentleman did. The fellow told him God be praised, his good landlord was well recovered by a virtuous gentleman that came this way by chance. Art thou sure of it, quoth *George*? Yes, believe me, quoth the fellow; I saw him in the fields but this morning. This was no simple news to *George*. He presently set spurs to his horse, and whereas he thought to shun the town, he went directly to his inn: at whose arrival, the hostess clapped her hands, the hostler laughed the tapster leaped, the chamberlain ran to the gentleman's house, and told him the doctor was come. How joyful the gentleman was, let them imagine that have any after-healths. *George Peele* was sent for, and after a million of thanks from the gentleman, and his friends, *George Peele* had twenty pounds delivered him: which money, how long it was a spending, let the taverns in London witness.

How *George* helped his friend to a Supper.



GEORGE was invited one night by certain of his friends to supper, at the White Horse in Friday Street; and in the evening as he was going, he met with an old friend

of his, who was so ill at the stomach, hearing *George* tell him of the good cheer he went to, himself being unprovided both of meat and money, that he swore he had rather have gone a mile about than have met him at that instant. And believe me, quoth *George*, I am heartily sorry that I cannot take thee along with me, myself being but an invited guest; besides, thou art out of clothes, unfitting for such a company: Marry this I'll do, if thou wilt follow my advice, I'll help thee to thy supper. Any way, quoth he to *George*, do thou but devise the means, and I'll execute it. *George* presently told him what he should do; so they parted. *George* well entertained, with extraordinary welcome, and seated at the upper end of the table, supper being brought up, *H. M.* watched his time below; and when he saw that the meat was carried up, up he follows, (as *George* had directed him,) who when *George* saw, You whoreson rascal (quoth *George*) what make you here? Sir, quoth he, I am come from the party you wot of. You rogue, (quoth *George*) have I not forewarned you of this? I pray you, sir, quoth he, hear my errand. Do you prate, you slave, quoth *George*, and with that took a rabbit out of the dish, and threw it at him. Quoth he, You use me very hardly. You dunghill, quoth *George*, do you out-face me? and with that took the other rabbit, and threw it at his head; after

that a loaf; then drawing his dagger making an offer to throw it, the gentlemen stayed him; meanwhile *H. M.* got the loaf and the two rabbits, and away he went: which when *George* saw he was gone, after a little fretting, he sat quietly. So by that honest shift he helped his friend to a supper, and was never suspected for it of the company.

How *George Peele* was shaven, and of the
revenge he took.

 HERE was a gentleman that dwelt in the West Country, and had stayed here in *London* a term longer than he intended, by reason of a book that *George* had to translate out of Greek into English: and when he wanted money, *George* had it of the gentleman: but the more he supplied him of coin, the further off he was from his book, and could get no end of it neither by fair means, entreaty, or double payment; for *George* was of the poetical¹ disposition, never to write so long as his money lasted, some quarter of the book being done, and lying in his hands at random: The gentleman had plotted a means to take such an order with *George* next time he came, that he would have his book finished. It was not

¹Querry, politic.

long before he had his company ; his arrival was for more money : the gentleman bids him welcome, causeth him to stay dinner, where falling into discourse about his book, found that it was as near ended as he left it two months ago. The gentleman, meaning to be gulled no longer, caused two of his men to bind *George*, hand and foot in a chair : a folly it was for him to ask what they meant by it : the gentleman sent for a barber, and *George* had a beard of an indifferent size, and well grown he made the barber shave him beard and head, left him as bare of hair, as he was of money : the barber he was well contented for his pains, who left *George* like an old woman in man's apparel ; and his voice became it well, for it was more woman than man. *George*, quoth the gentleman, I have always used you like a friend, my purse hath been open to you ; that you have of mine to translate, you know it is a thing I highly esteem, therefore I have used you in this fashion, that I might have an end of my book, which shall be as much for your profit as my pleasure. So forthwith he commanded his men to unbind him, and putting his hand into his pocket, gave him two brace of angels : quoth he, Mr. *Peele*, drink this, and by that time you have finished my book, your beard will be grown, until which time I know you will be ashamed to walk abroad. *George* patiently took the gold, said little,

and when it was dark night, took his leave of the gentleman, and went directly home: who when his wife saw, I omit the wonder she made but imagine those that shall behold their husbands in such a case. To bed went *George* and ere morning he had plotted sufficiently how to cry *quid pro quo* with his politic gentleman.

The Jest of *George Peele* at *Bristol*.¹



GEORGE was at Bristol, and there staying somewhat longer than his coin would last him, his palfrey that should be his carrier to *London*, his head was grown so big, that he could not get him out of the stable. It so fortuned at that instant, certain players came to the town, and lay at that inn where *George Peele* was: to whom *George* was well known, being in that time an excellent poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best players in *England*: from the trivial sort he was but so so: of which these were, only knew *George* by name no otherwise. There was not past three of the company come with the carriage, the rest were behind, by reason of a long journey they had, so that night they could not enact, which

¹BRISTOW in original edition, which was the old term for Bristol.

George hearing, had presently a stratagem in his head to get his horse free out of the stable, and money in his purse to bear his charges up to *London*. And thus it was : he goes directly to the mayor, tells him he was a scholar and a gentleman, and that he had a certain history¹ of the knight of the roads ; and withal, how *Bristol* was first founded and by whom, and a brief of all those that before him had succeeded in office in that worshipful city : desiring the mayor, that he with his presence, and the rest of his brethren, would grace his labours. The mayor agreed to it, gave him leave, and withal appointed him a place, but for himself he could not be there, being in the evening : but bade him make the best benefit he could of the city, and very liberally gave him an angel, which *George* thankfully receives, and about his business he goes, got his stage made, his history cried, and hired the players apparel, to flourish out his show, promising to pay them liberally ; and withal desired them they would favour him so much, as to gather him his money at the door, (for he thought it his best course to employ them, lest they should spy out his knavery, for they have perilous heads). They willingly yield to do him any kindness that lies in them ; in brief, carry their apparel, to the hall, place themselves at

¹A CERTAIN HISTORY.—*i.e.*, Historical play.

the door, where *George* in the meantime with the ten shillings he had of the mayor, delivered his horse out of purgatory, and carries him to the towns end, and there placeth him, to be ready at his coming. By this time the audience were come, and so forty shillings gathered, which money *George* put in his purse and putting on one of the player's silk robes, after the trumpet had sounded thrice,¹ out he comes, makes low obeisance, goes forward with his prologue, which was thus :

A trifling toy, a jest of no account, pardie.²
The Knight, perhaps you think for to be I :
Think on so still ; for why³ you know that thought
is free,
Sit still a while, I'll send the actors to ye.

Which being said, after some fireworks that he had made of purpose, threw out among them, and down stairs goes he, gets to his horse, and so with forty shillings to *London* ; leaves the players to answer it ; who when the jest was known, their

¹AFTER THE TRUMPET HAD SOUNDED THRICE.—In our early theatres the performance was preceded by three *soundings* or flourishes of trumpets. At the *third sounding* the curtain which concealed the stage from the audience was drawn (opening in the middle and running upon iron rods), and the play began.

²PARDIE.—*i.e.*, par Dieu, verily.

³FOR WHY.—*i.e.*, because.

innocence excused them, being as well gulled as the mayor and the audience.

How *George* gulled a Punk, otherwise called
a Croshabell.

OMING to *London*, he fell in company with a cockatrice ; which pleased his eye so well, that *George* fell aboarding of her, and proffered her the wine : which my croshabell willingly accepted : to the tavern they go, where after a little idle talk, *George* fell to the question about the thing you wot of. My she-hobby was very dainty, which made *George* far more eager ; and my lecherous animal proffered largely to obtain his purpose. To conclude, nothing she would grant unto except ready coin, which was forty shillings, not a farthing less : if so he would, next night she would appoint him where he should meet her. *George* saw how the game went, that she was more for lucre than for love, thus cunningly answered her : gentlewoman, howsoever you speak, I do not think your heart agrees with your tongue ; the money you demand is but to try me, and indeed but a trifle to me : but because it shall not be said I bought that gem of you I prize so highly, I'll give you a token to-morrow, that shall be more worth than your

demand, if so you please to accept it. Sir, quoth she, it contenteth me well : and so, if please you, at this time we'll part, and to-morrow in the evening meet you where you shall appoint. The place was determined, and they kissed and parted, she home, *George* into Saint Thomas Apostles, to a friend of his, of whom he knew he could take up a petticoat of¹ trust: (the first letter of his name begins with G.) A petticoat he had of him, at the price of five shillings ; which money is owing till this day. The next night being come, they met at the place appointed, which was a tavern ; there they were to sup : that ended, *George* was to go home with her, to end his yeoman's plea in her common case. But Master *Peele* had another drift in his mazzard ; for he did so ply her with wine, that in a small time she spun such a thread, that she reeled homewards, and *George* he was fain to be supporter : when to her house she came, with nothing so much painting in the inside, as her face had on the outside ; with much ado her maid had her to bed, who was no sooner laid, but she fell fast asleep ; which when *George* perceived, he sent the maid for milk, and a quart of sack to make posset ; where before her return, *George* made so bold as to take up his own new petticoat, a fair gown of hers, two gold rings that lay in the window, and away he went ; the

¹ *On* trust

gown and the gold rings he made a chaffer of; the petticoat he gave to his honest wife, one of the best deeds he ever did to her. How the crosha-bell looked when she awaked and saw this, I was never there to know.

How the Gentleman was gulled for shaving
of *George*.

EORGE had a daughter of the age of ten years, a girl of a pretty form, but of an excellent wit: all part of her was father, save her middle: and she *George* had so tutored all night, that although himself was the author of it, yet had he been transformed into his daughter's shape, he could not have done it with more conceit. *George* at that time dwelt at the Bank-side, from whence comes the she-sinner, early in the morning with her hair dishevelled, wringing her hands, and making such pitiful moan with shrieks and tears and beating of her breast, that made the people in a maze: some stood wondering at the child, others plucked her to know the occasion; but none could stay her by any means, but on she kept her journey, crying, O, her father, her good father, her dear father, over the Bridge, through Cheapside, and so to the Old Bailey, where the gentleman sojourned, here sitting herself down, an hundred people

gaping upon her, there she begins to cry out, woe to that place, that her father ever saw it, she was a cast-away, her mother was undone, till with the noise, one of the gentleman's men coming down, looked on her, and knew her to be *George Peele's* daughter : he presently runs up, and tells his master : who commanded his man to bring her up. The gentleman was in a cold sweat, fearing that *George* had for the wrong he did him the day before some way undone himself. When the girl came up, he demanded the cause why she so lamented, and called upon her father ? *George's* flesh and blood, after a million of sighs, cried out upon him, he had made her father, her good father, drown himself. Which words once uttered, she fell into a counterfeit swoon, whom the gentleman soon recovered. This news went to his heart, and he being a man of a very mild condition, cheered up the girl, made his men to go buy her new clothes from top to toe, said he would be a father to her, gave her five pounds, bid her go home and carry it to her mother, and in the evening he would visit her : at this, by little and little she began to be quiet, desiring him to come and see her mother. He tells her he will not fail, bids her go home quietly. So down stairs goes she peartly, and the wondering people that stayed at door to hear the manner of her grief, had of her nought but knavish answers, and home went she directly. The gentleman was

so crossed in mind, and disturbed in thought at this unhappy accident, that his soul could not be in quiet till he had been with this woeful widow, as he thought, and presently went to *Black Friars*, took a pair of oars, and went directly to *George Peele's* house, where he found his wife plucking of larks, my crying crocodile turning of the spit, and *George* pinned up a blanket at his translation. The gentleman, more glad at the unlooked-for life of *George*, than the loss of his money, took part of the good cheer *George* had to supper, wondered at the cunning of the wench, and within some few days after had a end of his book.

How *George* read a Play-book to a Gentleman.

 HERE was a gentleman, whom God had indued with good living to maintain his small wit: he was not a fool absolute, although in this world he had good fortune: and he was in a manner an inglenook to *George*, one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that *George* had done, himself being a writer, and had a poetical invention of his own, which when he had with great labour finished, their fatal end was privy purposes. This self-conceited brock¹ had

¹BROCK, a badger.

George invented to half a score sheets of paper ; whose Christianly pen had writ *Finis* to the famous play of the Turkish *Mahomet* and *Hyrin* the fair Greek,¹ in Italian called *curtezan*, in Spain, a *margarite*, French, *une curtain* ; in England, among the barbarous, a whore ; but among the gentle, their usual associates, a punk : but now the word refined being latest, and the authority brought from a climate as yet unconquered, the fruitful county of Kent they call them *Croshabell*, which is a word but lately used, and fitting with their trade, being of a lovely and courteous condition. Leaving them : this fantastic, whose brain was made of nought but cork and sponge, came to the cold lodging of Monsieur *Peele*, in his black satin suit, his gown furred with coney, in his slippers : being in the evening, he thought to hear *George's* book, and so to return to his inn ; (this not of the wisest, being of *St. Bernard's*.) *George* bids him welcome, told him he would gladly have his opinion in his book. He willingly condescended, and *George* begins to read, and between every scene he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it. Quoth he, wondrous well, the conveyance. O, but (quoth *George*) the end is far better : for he meant another conveyance ere they two departed.)

¹THE TURKISH MAHOMET AND HYRIN (IRENE) THE FAIR GREEK.—
A play written by Peele, but never printed,

George was very tedious in reading, and the night grew old: I protest, quoth the gentleman, I have stayed over-long, I fear me I shall hardly get into mine, inn. If you fear that, quoth *George*, we will have a clean pair of sheets, and you take a simple lodging here. This house-gull willingly embraced it, and to bed they go, where *George* in the midst of the night spying his time, put on this Dormouse's clothes, desired God to keep him in good rest, honesty takes leave of him and the house, to whom he was indebted four nobles. When this drone awaked, and found himself so left, he had not the wit to be angry, but swore scurvily at his misfortune, and said, I thought he would not have used me so. And although it so pleased the Fates he had another suit to put on, yet he could not get thence, till he had paid the money *George* ought to the house, which for his credit he did: and when he came to his lodging, in anger he made a poem of it:

*Peele is no poet, but a gull and clown,
To take away my clothes and gown :
'I vow by Jove, if I can see him wear it,
I'll give him a glig, and patiently bear it.*

How *George Peele* served half a score Citizens.¹

EORGE once had invited half a score of his friends to a great supper, where they were passing merry, no cheer wanting, wine enough, music playing: the night growing on, and being upon departure, they call for a reckoning. *George* swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They, being men of good fashion, by no means will yield unto it, but every man throws down his money, some ten shillings, some five, some more: protesting something they will pay. Well, quoth *George*, taking up all the money; seeing you will be so wilful, you shall see what shall follow: he commands the music to play, and while they were skipping and dancing, *George* gets his cloak, sends up two pottles of hippocras,² and leaves them and the reckoning to pay. They wondering at the stay of *George*, meant to be gone, but they were stayed by the way, and before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This showed a mind in him, he cared not whom he deceived, so he profited himself for the present.

¹See supplementary Notes at the end.

²HIPPOCRAS.—A beverage composed of wine, with spices and sugar, strained through a cloth. It is said to have taken its name from *Hippocrates' sleeve*, the term apothecaries gave to a strainer,

A Jest of *George* going to *Oxford*.¹

 HERE was some half dozen of citizens, that had oftentimes been solicitors with *George*, he being a master of art at the University of *Oxford*, that he would ride with them to the commencement, it being midsummer. *George*, willing to pleasure the gentlemen his friends, rode along with them. When they had rode the better part of the way, they baited at a village called *Stoken*, five miles from *Wickham*: good cheer was bespoken for dinner, and frolic was the company, all but *George*, who could not be in that pleasant vein that did ordinarily possess him, by reason he was without money: but he had not fetched forty turns about the chamber, before his noddle had entertained a conceit how to money himself with credit, and yet glean it from some one of the company. There was among them one excellent ass, a fellow that did nothing but strike up and down the chamber, that his money might be heard chide in his pocket: this fellow had *George* observed, and secretly conveyed his gilt rapier and dagger into another chamber, and there closely hid it: that done, he called up the tapster, and upon his cloak borrows five shillings for an hour or so, till his

¹See Notes at the end.

man came, (as he could fashion it well enough :) so much money he had, and then who more merry than *George*? Meat was brought up, they set themselves to dinner, all full of mirth, especially my little fool, who drank not of the conclusion of their feast: dinner ended, much prattle passed, every man begins to buckle to his furniture: among whom this Hichcock¹ missed his rapier: at which all the company were in a maze; he besides his wits, for he had borrowed it of a special friend of his, and swore he had rather spend 20 nobles. This is strange, quoth *George*, it should be gone in this fashion, none being here but ourselves, and the fellows of the house, who were examined, but no rapier could be heard of: all the company much grieved; but *George* in a pitiful chafe, swore it should cost him forty shillings, but he would know what was become of it, if art could do it: and with that he caused the ostler to saddle his nag, for *George* would ride to a scholar, a friend of his, that had skill in such matters. O, good Mr. *Peele*, quoth the fellow, want no money, here is forty shillings, see what you can do, and if you please, I'll ride along with you. Not so, quoth *George*, taking his forty shillings, I'll ride alone, and be you as merry as you can till my

¹HICHOCK.—A simpleton; also a term of contempt.

return. So *George* left them, and rode directly to *Oxford*, there he acquaints a friend of his with all the circumstance, who presently took horse and rode along with him to laugh at the jest. When they came back, *George* tells them he had brought one of the rarest men in *England*: whom they with much compliment bid welcome. He, after a distracted countenance, and strange words, takes this Bullfinch¹ by the wrist and carried him into the privy, and there willed him to put in his head, but while he had written his name, and told forty: which he willingly bid: that done a scholar asked him what he saw? by my faith sir, I smelt a villanous scent, but I saw nothing. Then I have, quoth he, and with that directed him where his rapier was, saying, it is just north-east, enclosed in wood near the earth: for which they all made diligent search, till *George*, who hid it under a settle, found it, to the comfort of the fellow, the joy of the company, and the eternal credit, of his friend, who was entertained with wine and sugar; and *George* redeemed his cloak, rode merrily to *Oxford*, having coin in his pocket, where this Loach² spares not for any expense, for the good fortune he had in the happy finding of his rapier.

¹BULLFINCH. ²LOACH.—A stupid fellow.

How *George* served his Hostess.

GEORGE lying at an old widow's house, and had gone so far on the score, that his credit would stretch no farther: for she had made a vow not to depart with drink or victuals without ready money: Which *George* seeing the fury of his froward hostess, in grief kept his chamber, called to his hostess, and told her, she should understand that he was not without money, how poorly soever he appeared to her, and that my diet shall testify: in the meantime, good hostess, quoth he, send for such a friend of mine. She did, so his friend came, to whom *George* imparted his mind, the effect whereof was this, to pawn his cloak, hose and doublet, unknown to his hostess: for, quoth *George*, this seven nights do I intend to keep my bed. (Truly he spake, for his intent was, the bed should not keep him any longer.) Away goes he to pawn his apparel; *George* bespeaks good cheer to supper, which was no shamle-butcher's stuff, but according to the place: for, his chamber being remote from the house, at the end of the garden, his apparel being gone, it appeared to him as the counter,¹ therefore

¹COUNTER, &c.—A punning allusion to the Compter prison, which was situate in the Poultry, in Cheapside.

to comfort himself, he dealt in poultry. His friend brought the money, supped with him, his hostess he very liberally paid, but caviled with her at her unkindness; vowing that while he lay there, none should attend him but his friend. The hostess replied, a God's name, she was well contented with it: so was *George* too: for none knew better than himself what he intended, but in brief, thus he used his kind hostess. After his apparel and money was gone, he made bold with the feather bed he lay on, which his friend slyly conveyed away, having as villanous a wolf in his belly as *George*, though not altogether so wise, for that feather bed they devoured in two days, feathers and all: which was no sooner digested, but away went the coverlet, sheets, and the blanket, and at the last dinner, when *George's* good friend perceiving nothing left but the bed-cords, as the devil would have it, straight came in his mind the fashion of a halter, the foolish kind knave would needs fetch a quart of sack for his friend *George*; which sack to this day never saw vintner's cellar: and so he left *George* in a cold chamber, a thin shirt, a ravished bed, no comfort left him, but the bare bones of deceased capons. In this distress *George* bethought him what he might do, nothing was left him; and his eye wandered up and down the empty chamber, by chance he spied out an old armour, at which sight *George* was the

joyfulest man in Christendom, for the armour of *Achilles*, that *Ulysses* and *Ajax* strove for, was not more precious to them, than this to him : for he presently claps it upon his back, the halbert in his hand, the morion on his head, and so gets out the back way, marches from Shoreditch to Clerkenwell, to the no small wonder of those spectators that beheld him. Being arrived to the wished haven he would be, an old acquaintance of his furnished him with an old suit, and an old cloak for his old armour. How the hostess looked when she saw that metamorphosis in her chamber, judge those bomborts¹ that live by tapping, between the age of fifty and threescore.

How he served a Tapster.

EORGE was making merry with three or four of his friends in Pye-corner, where the tapster of the house was much given to poetry : for he had engrossed the Knight of the Sun, *Venus* and *Adonis*, and other pamphlets which the stripling had collected together, and knowing *George* to be a poet, he took great delight in his company, and out of his bounty would bestow a brace of cans on him. *George* observing the humour of the tapster, meant presently to work

¹BOMBORT.—A person who serves liquor.

upon him. What will you say, quoth *George* to his friends, if out of this spirit of the cellar I fetch a good angel that shall bid us all to supper. We would gladly see that, quoth his friends. Content yourself, quoth *George*. The tapster ascends with his two cans, delivers one to Mr. *Peele*, and the other to his friends, gives them kind welcome : but *George* instead of giving him thanks, bids him not to trouble him, and begins in these terms. I protest gentlemen, I wonder you will urge me so much, I swear I have it not about me. What is the matter, quoth the tapster, hath any one angered you ? No faith, quoth *George*, I'll tell thee, it is this : There is a friend of ours in Newgate, for nothing but only the command of the justices, and he being now to be released, sends to me to bring him an angel : Now the man I love dearly well, and if he want ten angels, he shall have them, for I know him sure : but here's the misery, either I must go home, or I must be forced to pawn this, and plucks an old Harry groat out of his pocket. The tapster looks upon it : Why, and it please you sir, quoth he, this is but a groat. No sir, quoth *George*, I know it is but a groat : but this groat will I not lose for forty pounds : for this groat had I of my mother, as a testimony of a lease of a house I am to possess after her decease : and if I should lose this groat, I were in a fair case : and either I must pawn this

groat, or there the fellow must lie still. Quoth the tapster, if it please you, I will lend you an angel on it, and I will assure you it shall be safe. Wilt thou, quoth *George*? as thou art an honest man, lock it up in thy chest, and let me have it whensoever I call for it. As I am an honest man, you shall, quoth the tapster. *George* delivered him his groat: the tapster gave him ten shillings: to the tavern go they with the money, and there merrily spend it. It fell out in a small time after, the tapster, having many of these lurches, fell to decay, and indeed was turned out of service, having no more coin in the world than this groat; and in this misery he met *George* as poor as himself. O sir, quoth the tapster, you are happily met; I have your groat safe, though since I saw you last, I have bid great extremity; and I protest, save that groat, I have not one penny in the world; Therefore I pray you sir, help me to my money, and take your pawn. Not for the world, quoth *George*; thou sayest thou hast but that groat in the world, my bargain was, that thou shouldst keep that groat until I did demand it of thee: I ask thee none. I will do thee more good, because thou art an honest fellow, keep thou that groat still, till I call for it: and so doing, the proudest Jack in *England* cannot justify thou art not worth a groat, otherwise they might: and so, honest *Michael*, farewell. So *George* leaves the poor tapster picking of

his fingers, his head full of proclamations what he might do: at last sighing he ends with this proverb:

*For the price of a barrel of beer,
I have bought a groat's-worth of wit,
Is not that dear?*

How *George* served a Gentlewoman.



GEORGE used often to any ordinary in this town, where a kinswoman of the good wife's in the house, held a great pride and vain opinion of her own mother-wit: for her tongue was as a Jack continually wagging: and for she had heard that *George* was a scholar, she thought she would find a time to give him notice, that she had as much in her head, as ever was in her grandfathers: yet in some things she differed from the women of those days: for their natural complexion was their beauty: now this titmouse what she is scanted by nature, she doth replenish by art, as her boxes of red and white daily can testify. But to come to *George*, who arrived at the ordinary among other gallants, throws his cloak upon the table, salutes the gentlemen and presently calls for a cup of canary. *George* had a pair of hose on, that for some offence durst not be seen in that hue they

were first dyed in, but from his first colour being a youthful green, his long age turned him into a mournful black, and for his antiquity was in print : which this busy body perceiving, thought now to give it him to the quick : and drawing near Mr. *Peele*, looking upon his breeches, by my troth sir, quoth she, these are exceedingly well printed. At which word, *George* being a little moved in his mind, that his old hose were called in question, answered, and by my faith, mistress, quoth *George*, your face is most damnably ill painted. How mean you sir, quoth she ? Marry thus, mistress, quoth *George*, that if it were not for printing and painting, my arse and your face would grow out of reparations. At which she biting her lip, in a parrot fury went down the stairs. The gentlemen laughed at the sudden answer of *George*, and being seated at dinner, the gentlemen would needs have the company of this witty gentlewoman to dine with them ; who with little denying came, in hope to cry quittance with *George*. When she was ascended, the gentlemen would needs place her by Mr. *Peele* ; because they did use to dart one at another, they thought it meet, for their more safety, they should be placed nearest together. *George* kindly entertains her : and being seated, he desires her to reach him the capon that stood by her, and he would be so bold as to carve for his money : and as she put out her arm to take the capon, *George* sitting

by her, jerks me out a huge fart, which made all the company in a maze, one looking upon the other, yet they knew it came that way. Peace, quoth *George*, and jogs her on the elbow, I will say it is I. At which all the company fell into a huge laughter, she into a fretting fury, vowing never she should sleep quietly till she was revenged of *George* his wrong done unto her : and so in a great chafe left their company.

FINIS.



* * The origin—or, to say the least, the parallel—of the *Merrie Iests* of George Peele and the Barber, and of his going to Oxford, are to be traced to “The Puritan ; or, the Widow of Watling Street, 1607,” a play falsely attributed to Shakespeare (*see* Acts iii and iv.), in which there is a character named George Pyeboard, supposed by some writers to be meant for George Peele—a *peel* signifying a board with a long handle, which bakers use to put things in and out of the oven with. To the Jest of “How George Peele served half a score Citizens,” at page 36, a parallel is to be found in a work entitled “The Groundworke of Conny-Catching, 1592,” where, giving a description of A SHIFTER, we find : “A Shifter, not long since, going

ordinarily booted, got leave of a carrier to ride his own hackney a little way from London, who, coming to the inn where the carrier that night should lodge, honestly set up the horse, and entered the hall, where were at one table some three and thirty clothiers, all returning to their several countries. Using, as he could, his courtesy, and being gentleman-like attired, he was at all their instance placed at the upper end by the hostess. After he had a while eaten, he fell to discourse with such pleasance, that all the table were greatly delighted therewith. In the midst of supper enters a noise of musicians, who with their instruments added a double delight. For them he requested his hostess to lay a shoulder of mutton and a couple of capons to the fire, for which he would pay, and then moved in their behalf to gather. Among them a noble was made, which he fingering, was well blessed; for before he had not a cross, yet he promised to make it up an angel. To be short, in comes the reckoning, which (by reason of the fine fare and excess of wine) amounted to each man's half crown. Then he requested his hostess to provide so many possets of sack, as would furnish the table, which he would bestow on the gentlemen to requite their extraordinary costs: and jestingly asked if she would make him her deputy to gather the reckoning; she granted, and he did so: and on a sudden, (feigning to hasten his hostess with the possets) he took his cloak, and finding fit time, he slipped out of doors, leaving the guests and their hostess to a new reckoning, and the musicians to a good supper, but they paid for the sauce. *This jest some untruly attribute to a man of excellent parts about London, but he is slandered: the party that performed it hath scarce any good quality to live. Of these sort I could set down a great number."*

The marrow (!) of the last of these Jests, viz., "How George served a Gentlewoman," will be found in Maston's "Antonio and Millinda," First Part, 1602, Act ii, Sc. I:

Flavia—Pray you, in ancient times were not those satin hose? In good faith now they are new-dyed, pinked, and scoured, they show as well as if they were new. What mute, Balurdo?

Feliche—Ay, in faith, and 'twere not for printing and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.

Was Marston, or the author of the Jests, the plagiarist? The latter, surely.—*Dyce.*

VINEGAR AND MUSTARD OR

WORM-WOOD LECTURES FOR EVERY
DAY IN THE WEEK,

*Being exercised and delivered in several Pa-
rishes both of Town and City, on several dayes.*

A dish of tongues here's for a feast
Sowre sauce for sweet meat is the best.

Taken verbatim in short writing by J. W.



LONDON, PRINTED FOR *Will. Whitwood*, AT
THE GOLDEN BELL IN *Duck-Lane*. 1673.



THE BOOK TO THE READER
OR HEARER.

T*IS no Tub Lecture which I teach,
But I'll tell what some women preach,
Then pray come near and hear me,
I am black ink and paper white,
Although I bark I will not bite,
Therefore you need not fear me.*

No modest woman I envy
Because I love them heartily
And prize them more than gold.
None will exceptions take at me,
But such as think they galled be,
And that's I'm sure a scold.

VALE.





VINEGAR AND MUSTARD :

OR,

A MESS OF MANDERING-BROTH,¹

BEING WORMWOOD LECTURES FOR EVERY DAY IN THE
WEEK.

I.—*Monday's Lecture,*

By a woman that had not been long married, because her husband put on his best clothes on Monday morning.

O, Brave ! What every day holiday with you ? Pray sir what day do you call this, that your roast-meat clothes must be put on ? is not this Monday. I think you had recreation enough yesterday for all the week. And not to go a rambling or a fox-catching²

¹MANDER, *v.* To cry ; to grumble.

²FOX CATCHING.—A cant term for getting drunk :—run to earth.

“No sooner was he below, but his friend arrested him at Mr. *Fox's* suit, and by all means would make him pay his groat for being drunk.”

“their throats with brandy drench'd
Which makes men *fox'd* e'er thirst is quench'd.”

Poor Robin 1738.

on the working days ; but i'faith, i'faith, I see your Knavery, as cunning and as closely as you carry it, as though butter would not melt in your mouth. Here you leave me in bed, poor soul, never asking me how I do, or what I ail. And when you rise out of the bed, you turn your backside towards me, as though I should kiss that. O unkind and most unnatural man, that doth hardly know what doth belong unto a woman, the more is my grief. Well, I would that I had somebody here that I could wish to keep me company, but indeed I observed you yesterday in the Church-yard, how you whispered with your Jacks and pot-companions, and then you shook hands at parting. I then you made the match, and to-day you are to meet, but I shall find out your haunts, and then I shall ring you such a peal, that I will make you fly and scatter like hail-shot from a gun. Well, get you gone, and come home as wise as you went (like a woodcock¹ I had like to say) hey ho, this is not the way to thrive.

¹WOODCOCK.—Proverbial, as a foolish bird ; or for a man compared to the bird. A silly fellow.

“ Oh this *woodcock* ! what an ass it is ! ”

Taming the Shrew, act i, sc. 2.

He cheats young guls that are newly come to towne ; and when the keeper of the ordinary blames him for it, he answers him in his own profession, that a *woodcock* must be plucked ere it be drest.

Overbury's Characters, M. 2,

Her Husband's Answer.

Wife, thou sayest true, 'tis not the way to thrive,
To lie in bed and 'gainst thy husband strive,
Cursing and chiding and to domineer,
'Gainst him that maintains you, and does love you
dear,

If in good housewifery you would persevere,
You must then rise and do your best endeavour,
In husband's absence for to have an eye
On servants that their business do ply.
I'd have you know I will not stand in fear
Of you, or else what clothes that I shall wear,
On Monday, Tuesday, or on any day
Or when I please to work, or go to play.
But yet I tell thee true, though thou dost bawl
Know that I am going to the Hall
Where we this day Master and Wardens choose
I being warned¹ the same must not refuse,
And where you say that I a foxing go,
I'd have you know I use not to do so;
And if that I do chance to meet a friend,
We'll drink a pint of wine, and there's an end.
You'll find me out where'er I go, you say;
But it were better you at home should stay.
Men's businesses abroad do often lie
For to get work, or bargains for to buy,

¹ I BEING WARNED *i.e.* summoned.

And wives that do lie lolling in their beds
Know not the care is in their husband's heads.
When I do rise you say I am unkind
Because that I do wear my tail behind
Sure you would have me backward from you go
Like the Turk's Bashaws, for they must do so,
So fare you well, and on me do not frown,
Lest in your wedding-shoes I take you down.

2.—*Tuesday's Lecture.*

Delivered in a Bar-Pulpit, by a right reverend fat
Hostess, to her husband in a morning next his
heart.

You make an Host of an ale-house ; yes i'faith,
thou art more fit for an hostler for to rub horse-heels,
than to take upon thee as thou dost. You forsooth
must be tattling of money, as though I were not of
age to take the reckoning myself ; but two hands in
a purse makes one of them prove a thief I am afraid.
but look to it, look to it you had best, for you know
that the brewer and the baker must be paid, and our
trading fails, for you see that we have not half so
many guests as we were wont to have before our
strong ale was put down, the more is the pity, good
man goose. Thou art such an innocent fool, that
though thou seest thy guests pot-shaken, and have
lost their memories, you forsooth must tell them
their just reckoning, without overplus, nay I doubt

sometimes too short, which makes us thrive as we do; by Lady, then you come sneaking in with your shot-pot, or your paper of tobacco, as though it cost us no money, but if they would have it, let them pay for it with a vengeance. Here I must sit up late at night, and rise up early in the morning, when you are sometimes a-bed, or else abroad at the alehouse with your drunken companions. For I could hear you the other day make a match with the brewer's clerk to go and drink half-a-pint of sack, with a pox to you, and I must sit here in the cold like Joan hold staff, and drink small beer if I will, for the devil-a-drop of your wine would you send me to comfort my poor heart withal. Here you live very jolly, and I must take all the pains and go in a thread-bare coat as I do, but I was well enough served, that might have had such good matches as I might have had when I was a widow, and to take a serving-man, one that had neither house nor home, or trade to live upon. Other men they can go into some place or office, but thou lookest after nothing, like an idle drone as thou art. Well, I say nothing, but were I not a patient woman as I am, it would break my heart-string asunder.

The Man's Answer.

I pray thee woman patient be,
and do not grow so hot,

The same cold breakfast you gave me
my palate pleaseth not.
Your tongue methinks is out of tune,
for it so much doth jar ;
I like a felon will not be
arraigned at the bar.
Horse-heels I never use to rub
your words too sharp do bite,
Indeed a Butler once I was
unto a worthy Knight :
The monies that I sometimes take
I do not waste or spend,
And though I to the tavern went,
the clerk he is our friend.
Sometimes to give a pipe or pot
by it we nothing loose,
Our guests will sooner come again
and not the house refuse.
For brewer and for baker both,
I do take care to pay,
My honest guests I'll not deceive,
what e'er you do or say.
When first I did a-wooing come
the same you well do know,
A hundred pieces of good gold
I in your lap did throw :
And since by my industry,
with yours it doth increase,

You have small cause for to complain,
then prithee hold thy peace.
I wonder what great pains you take,
you have your boy and maid,
And whatsoever you command,
You straightway are obeyed.
And with your gossips when you please,
you to the tavern go,
But what you do among them spend,
I neither ask nor know.
You have good gowns unto your back,
and waistcoats are not base,
Kirtles and scarlet petticoats
with silk and golden lace,
Your beaver-hat, laced hand'kerchiefs,
and yet you call me goose,
Unknown to me your coin you save,
and put it out to use.
A story now to mind I call
one that you know full well,
Story the broker, which of late
in Turnmill Street¹ did dwell,

¹TURNMILL—OR, TURNBULL STREET.—This street situate between Clerkenwell and Cow Cross Lane, was long noted as the haunt of the lowest classes of thieves and prostitutes.

“Turnmill-Street, the western side of which was taken down in 1856-7 for the Clerkenwell Improvements, is one of great antiquity, and of peculiar interest, from its disreputable associations, it having been infamous for centuries past.” *Pink's History of Clerkenwell*,

You did not lend him fifty pound
of which I never knew,
In hope for to have double again ?
you know I do speak true.
Both you and others of your mates,
that did their husbands cozen,
He got your coin, beyond seas went,
and made fools by the dozen.
But since there were more fools than thee
you may the lesser care,
And let no more such crafty knaves
with thee my money share.

3.—*Wednesday's Lecture.*

Taught by a sailor's wife to her husband in the
morning, who had drunk more than his share
overnight, with other good fellows that came
lately from the East Indies.

I'faith, i'faith, I thought what would become
of yesterday's work, like a drunken beast as thou
art, when thou went'st abroad with thy mates ; you
are land-sick now, and not sea-sick, with a ven-
geance to you for me. Come, hold up your block-
head, that with this warm cloth I may tie up all that
little wit that you have, I am sure that your forehead
aches, doth it not ? Yes, I do warrant you. Well,

when you have another wife she will do thus to you, do you think she will not? Come, give me some money, that I may make you a caudle, and see if that will make you any better; as bad as you are to me, I would fain recover your health once more, and set you upon your legs that you may stand again, for I am sure last night you could not, you had drunk so hard: and then when you were in bed you lay snoring and snorting like a swine as you are. I, poor wretch, could take no rest for you all that live-long night, a woman hath much comfort of such a bedfellow, hath she not, think you? I'll warrant you spent a simple deal of money yesterday at the tavern, when you were with your old companions: but poor I was never thought upon when you were jovial and merry, like a company of drunken sots as you were, and now you are come ashore, you think the world runs on wheels, and that all the world is oatmeal¹; but you'll find it to the contrary, I'll warrant you with a wanion.²

'Tis true you have been out this three years on your voyage, and have taken pains, and got some store of money, but then, thou silly beast, art like a good cow, that gives a pail full of milk, and when thou hast done kickest it down with thy heel upon the ground and spillest it all; but steer on your

¹OATMEAL *i.e.*, Swagger, jolity, &c.

²WANION—*i.e.*, with a curse.

course, you have yet a fair wind, and a smooth sea, but if you mend not your manners, and turn over a new leaf, I do intend to do, I know what I know, that which will vex every vein of thy heart, and make thee as mad as the Man in the Moon when he is three days old¹ and there is a bone for you to pick.

His Reply to Her again.

Am I awake, or do I dream,
From whence proceeds this troublous stream,
I think the woman wild,
Is this the kindness you profess?
Your tongue your heart doth plain express,
I pray thee be more mild.
Oft have I been at sea and shore,
But such a tempest ne'er before
I heard in all my life.
Thou art some spirit or ill thing,
Or else some syren that doth sing,
Surely thou art not my wife-
The hurricanes thou putttest down,
That blows up trees, and ships doth drown,
then pray thee, tempest, cease.
And if there be such storms on land,
Surely the house it cannot stand,
and therefore hold your peace.

¹MOON THREE DAYS OLD, &C :—"It is the moon, I ken her *horn*."

Why should you chafe because that I
Drink with some of my company
 with whom I was at sea.
With you at home there was no scant,
I'm sure that you did nothing want,
 You might do what you please.
What I did spend it was mine own,
And wealth with you I ne'er had none,
 your friends had nought to give.
I felt all weathers cold and warm,
Enduring many a bitter storm,
 and sent you means to live.
What though that I were ill at ease,
With change of air, being long at seas,
 I did not hurt at all.
A little drink distempered me,
But I am well again you see
 Although you scold and brawl.
Whate'er you ask almost you have,
I do maintain you fine and brave,
 fitting for your degree.
I'm sure you eat and drink the best,
Rise when you please, and go to rest
 yet you'll not quiet be.
And though you think the world too blind,
To me you proved wondrous kind,
 when I three years was gone ;
You said you heard that I was dead,

When you set horns upon my head,
 you could not lie alone.
You had two children in that space
And 'cause I would thee not disgrace,
 I married thee again,
Because that none should call thee whore,
And thou reward'st me well therefore,
 paying me for my pain.
But I'll forgive thee all that's past,
So you'll be quiet at the last,
 though toucht unto the quick
Come kiss me now and do not cry,
We will be friends, although that I
 gave thee a bone to pick.

4.—*Thursday's Lecture.*

Exercised and expressed by mistress seeming wife,
 in the chamber to her husband, sitting in her
 chair, but he would not be edified by her.

Verily, verily, thou art a very reprobate,
idolater, and one that is not worthy to enter in at
the wicket or door, nay, not to stir over the threshold
where the Elect doth dwell; thou art worthy to be
chastised and beaten with many stripes. You, (for-
sooth), will go nowhere to be edified, but to your
Steeple-houses¹, upon your heathenish days, there

¹STEEPLE-HOUSE—A church.

where they teach nothing almost but the language of the Beast, the common strumpet, harlot, and Whore of *Babylon* ; away, thou unsanctified wretch ! thy blind eyes are not opened, but you will walk still in the dark paths of iniquity and ignorance ; that in the end you shall fall into the pit of perdition. And you and the rest of the tribe of the wicked, when you are at your unsanctified Tippling Inns, your alehouses, or your taverns, and are drunken with the dregs of profaneness, where your noses are smoking like the gulf of Sodom and Gomorrah, the henbane of your heathen tobacco. I there, there I say, is the place where you utter and vent forth your despiteful reproaches against us which are the immaculate vessels. I profess, I profess, and that in sincerity, that the righteous may have their fallings and their failing, and may rise again, but for you that are not called, but persevere in your old superstitious Idolatry, which is but mere Popery, you say again and again, your learned teachers, as they build up the walls of *Babylon*, but you can deride at our sincere teachers, although they propagate, and are men of sanctity, therefore let us say or teach what we will, you are like the adder that stops her ears and will hear nothing at all, therefore you will not edify, but still run on your profane course of life ; seeing so, I conclude as I began, thou art a very reprobate.

Her Husband's Answer.

Now I am glad your learned lecture's done,
And have concluded just as you begun,
Being with reverence, as you may say,
Unto your husband, whom you should obey.
Is this the doctrine which you there do teach,
Where Ananias unto you doth preach ?
These same to you methinks are wondrous kind,
That opened have your eyes were lately blind,
Surely unto the Papists they are kin,
But I thought miracles had ceased been,
They hate a whore, and on high points do ston
(stand ?)

But 'tis none but the whore of *Babylon*.
They have their goodly gifts of countenance,
True, before, folks they will not kiss a wench,
It is the spirit that doth move them to it,
And therefore he must not refuse to do it.
To fail and fall it is sometimes your lot,
Witness so many maids with child are got
By zealous people of your ranting crew,
Which being done, this virgin up you mew,
Because the wicked thereof should not know,
You nurst her up, and so away did go,
And thus doth propagate your pure elect,
The which is too much used by your sect.
Our learned Reverend Divines you hate

And say, the language of the Beast they prate,
Because your blockish weak capacities
Cannot conceive the secret mysteries,
The which are written in God's sacred Book,
Which is the cause so many are mistook,
Yet some of you that hardly knows a letter,
Stick not to say you can expound it better ;
Your learned teachers that do all disjoint,
That knows not how to spell, to read, or point,
Are they not reverend botchers, or some weavers,
Some zealous cobblers, hatmakers, or glovers ?
These are the Saints that do the Scriptures wrest,
Nay some of them of it do make a jest :
They make a cloak of true religion,
And a false vizard o'er their face put on :
Do but unmask them, you shall plainly see
Their cheating tricks, and base hypocrisy :
The wicked for to rob they hold no sin
And careth not who lose so they do win,
And now I say (yet speak under the Rose)
Those snotty fellows that speak in the nose,
Like to the Papists silly women 'tice,
For to undo their husbands in a trice,
As by experience I have found of late,
You amongst them have impoverisht my estate ;
And therefore now I mean to mould you new,
Housewife, I'll make you leave your ranting crew.

5.—*Friday's Lecture.*

Delivered dialogue-wise between *Bold Bettrie* and *Welsh Guintlin*, two fishwives, in *Newgate Market*, upon a market-day, where they had store of audience, and great attention.

Bet. Away, away thou impudent Welsh Runt thou, thou comest from a Foreign Nation, I do not know where beyond *Pennemar* [Penmaen-mawr] a-tother side the mountains, thou meal-faced bawd thou, dost thou think to forestall me in the market place, that was bred and born in the parish, and you come to eat the bread out of my mouth, with a pox to you.

Guin. Marry hang you with a Tevil's name, the pold *Bettrie*, was stand here in spite of her pelly and her prace face, was give her fine languages was her not? Was call her *Welsh Runt*, and apple-faced pawd, and the Tevil and his tam like a shade [jade?] as her are.

Bet. Dost thou call me shade, thou whore thou? I would thou shouldst well know, that I was never such a jade as to tire as thou didst, thou common *Hackney* thou? for when thou and a fellow was a-doing I know what, thou didst cry *dig on, dig on*, which is enough, enough, in your pocky Welch language, and then the fellow told thee, he had

almost digged his heart out, that was the trick of a jade to tire.

Guin. Now her was take herself by the noses, faith law, was call herself to remembrances, how her was lie with a fellow in a tark night upon a cobbler's stall, and when the fellow's breeches were down, and he got up, whether he was ride a gallop or a trots? and then the cobbler as he was at work by candles light was hear her, and he was thrust up his awl into her blind cheeks, (with a pox to her), and when you was prickt, her was give such a kick upward, that her was threw the fellow out of the saddles all along in the dirt, and was not that the trick of a base shade, think her?

Bet. Away, away thou toad's head and garlic thou! dost thou call thyself to remembrance since thou lay in the cage by *Smithfield* Pond with two bastards, thou cage-bird thou, did you not sing sweetly there? and do you remember how thou lay'st with a fisherman for a quardern of mackerel, and when you came back again thou paid the waterman with a pox that carried you, thou bobtailed whore thou.

Guin. Thou was a base whore's bird to call her catch bird; was pray tell her how long it is ago since her did sing *pity the poor woman in Newgate*, when her should have been hanged for picking a pocket; besides her do not remember when her was

rogues and her rascals to follow after her like a pold whore as she is.

Bet. I'faith, now your Welch plood is up you will say anything, but hark, Guintlin, let me speak a word in your ear, I will not hurt you.

Guin. I but will her not bite her, nor scratch with her tooths ?

Bet. No i'faith, but are we not a couple of fools to fall out, and spoil our reputation, losing our market, and the fish is ready to stink, and the people laugh at us ; hark ! the market-bell rings, and we must away : meet me at the *Fox*, and there we'll drink ourselves friends.

Guin. Here was both her hands, her was meet her at the *Fox*, get a good fire, and call for half a tozen, come customers, and buy all before her go ; new fresh herring, quick-a-lie, quick-a-lie, fifteen a groat, was come, was come, *Bettrie.*

9.—*Saturday's Lecture.*

Exercised by a miller's wife in her husband's water-mill, instead of a barn where her tongue went faster and louder than the mill-clapper.

Many a miller, many a thief, but it is too late to repent now, the more is my grief. What, all alone ? that's a wonder that you have none of your

trollops with you. You forsooth could not stay at home last night, but you must go to the mill to work in great haste; you had your stones to pick with a vengeance, but I do wonder who helped you to pick them? Not they that should, I'm sure; and besides, you could not stay lest you should want water to grind with, but you did grind in your own water-mill. I find the old proverb true, *That much water runs by the mill that the miller's wife never knows on.* O Sirrah, who but you amongst the maids when my back is turned! I knows your tricks of old since I was a maid; I can see what pickle they are in after they have been with you—how all their petticoats are whited with meal. I those are the lasses that shall have their corn ground toll-free. I know you are as free to them of your flesh as you are of your fish; for you can give this wench a dish of trotters for restority, and that wench a dish of guts to scour her maw; whilst I, poor soul, sit at home with a dish of pouts¹; and they, to requite your kindness, one brings a plum cake, another brings a goose, and thus when you feast together, you are as safe as so many thieves in a mill. But i'faith, i'faith, I will watch your water, and I shall take you napping, which if I do, I will ring you such a peal, that all the bells in the steeple shall not out-jangle me.

¹POUT.—A sea fish of the cod kind.

The Miller's Answer.

Why how now dame, what is the cause
That you so wide do ope your jaws,
What, did some fury you affright ?
Or did you not sleep well last night ?
If it be so, then prithee tell
I'll take some course to make thee well,
Doth jealousy your pate possess
'Gainst him that never did transgress ?
And honest maidens doth miscall,
Who never did you hurt at all :
What if a dish of fish I give
Unto a friend, why should you grieve ?
Thou knowest I must work night and day,
The water will not for me stay.
I am sure there's none can say by me,
That e'er I ground their corn toll-free.
But those that have gone once astray
Think others will go the same way.
The baker he his daughter sought
I'the oven, where himself was caught.
Thou know'st I had thy maidenhead,
Before that ever we were wed.
But for the same I made amends—
Be quiet, wife, and we'll be friends.

7.—*Sunday's Lecture.*

Exercised by Mistress Whimsey, a citizen, a fantastic wife to her husband and family in morning, and at noon.

Come, I see I must rise as ill as I am, for I heard the first peal ring; you are a kind husband indeed! you could lie all night, and never turn to me, or once say, *Sweetheart, how dost thou?* But I'll think on your kindness when you would (I know what.) Why *Mal, Mal*, I say, take my clothes out of the press and air them to take away the cold dâmp, that it strike not into my body; but let them alone, and reach my silk grogram gown and my Demi-caster,¹ for I fear it will rain. Come, let me see what market your master made last night. What is here for dinner? a piece of beef, a leg of mutton, and a loin of veal. Veal—but I doubt it is ewe mutton. *Mal*, you know by the chink, do you not? And I do fear the veal is old, and of an ox-calf, but I pray let them be ready against we come from church. Come tie my shoes, and do not rumple my roses. Come husband, put on your cloak handsomely, see how like a sloven you wear it? Come boy have you my book, that you may wait upon us. *Mal*, keep *Beauty* indoors, for the paltry cur

¹DEMI-CASTER—Small cloak.

wakened me last Sunday of a good nap. Fie upon it, I thought this man would never have done, he was so tedious in his sermon. Housewife, is the cloth laid and dinner ready? For I feel my stomach come to me, but a little will serve my turn. Boy, make clean my knife, and fetch me my half pint of canary. Come sweetheart, and sit down while the meat is hot, for fear I lose my stomach. Husband, pray cut me the Pope's Eye out of the leg of mutton; I'll try if I can eat a bit of it. Let it alone, I'll cut it myself. Fie upon it, this filthy quean hath over-boiled the mutton. Come gossip, bring away the veal, that I may see how you cooked that. I thought so, you have dressed this for your master's diet. 'Tis as brown as a berry, but I should have it as white as a napkin; but like carver like cook. I think you stole this veal, for it is hardly jointed. Here man, will you eat a piece of the kidney? What, do you refuse it? the next I proffer you, you shall not refuse it. Boy, who drew this sack, *William* do you say? Go change it—stay, I will make shift with it, set it down beside me. Husband, cut me a bone there, I'll see if I can pick it. Who is that—a poor woman? *Mal* give her some pottage, but stay, is she so hasty? cannot she tarry till we have dined? Come, give thanks, for I am not well after my dinner, for I could not sleep the last night. And,

housewife, lay the breast of mutton and the pullet to the fire betimes, for I do not love to sup late.

Her Husband's Answer.

Did ever man on earth lead such a life
As I do with this creature called a wife ?
What planet reigned at thy nativity ?
It surely was fantastic *Mercury*.
Or in your horoscope the moon did range,
For thou, like her, art ever in the change.
Let me do what I can to please thy mind,
You will be sure that still some fault you'll find
Abroad, at home, a-bed, and eke at board,
Thou no good language to me canst afford.
You do not work I'm sure, but live at ease,
No food I buy that can your palate please,
Nor with you any servant long can stay,
You monthly change, or else they run away.
This is the custom and the life you lead,
To make me for to wish that I were dead.
I wish all bachelors to have a care
How they do marry, lest like me they fare ;
Yet that man's happy hath a virtuous wife,
If not, he better were be rid of life.
So now she is asleep, this is her diet,
Let her alone, for now the house is quiet.

The Conclusion.

A bachelor was weary of a single life,
Walking with a married man, did wish he had a wife,
O would I had but such a wife as thine is,
Who tall is, small is, neat is, feat is.

FINIS,



Jackfon's Recantation

OR, THE
LIFE & DEATH
OF THE
NOTORIOUS HIGH WAY-MAN,
NOW
HANGING in CHAINS
AT
HAMPS TEAD.

DELIVERED

To a Friend, a little before Execution ; Wherein
is truly discovered the whole Myftery of
that Wicked and Fatal Profefſion

Of P A D D I N G on the R O A D.



L O N D O N,
Printed for *T. B.* in the Year, 1674.



JACKSON'S RECANTATION.

HOW vain are the thoughts of such, who whilst youth and strength accompany them never consider they are a mere statue of dust kneaded with tears, and moved by the hid engines of restless passions; a clod of earth, which the shortest fever can burn to ashes, and the least shower of rheums wash away to nothing; instead thereof they bounce so high, and make so great a noise in the world, as if both the globes (those glorious twins) had been unwombed from the formless chaos by the midwifery of their brain. Such was my disordered fancy, and my actions being attended still with successes, answerable to my desires, I thought myself (notwithstanding my vicious practices) one of heaven's favourites, and by the eloquence of my own vanity, persuaded myself

that the machinations of my brain were able to unhinge the poles. But heaven thought fit I should no longer reign in pride and arrogance, and therefore committed me into hands of justice, to be punished to the demerits of my crimes. Being here confined in this terrestrial hell, surrounded with horror and despair, my conscience started out of her dead sleep, and demanded a severe account of what I had done ; guilt instantly did stop my mouth, and having not a word to say for myself, I wished my production (as my actions) inhuman ; such was my deplorable destruction, that I thought I heard the howls and hollow groans of damned souls, which added weight to one another's perpetual misery ; whilst I was in the greatest agony imaginable, a minister or rather a charitable physician for my sin sick soul, came to visit me, who knowing me a notorious offender, advised me to repent, for as yet it was not too late ; hereupon he propounded several questions, endeavouring to disburden my overloaded conscience, by extracting from me an ingenious general confession of what enormous crimes I had committed ; finding this pious man had no other design than for the benefit of my soul, and knowing withal, the impossibility of my escape, by reason of so many indictments alleged against me ; I plainly laid open the whole course of my life, not mitting any circumstance remarkable. Having

put a period to my narrative, he seemed all wonder, I perceived quickly that his amazement proceeded from the strange history of my wicked life and conversation ; this wonder was soon converted into pity and commiseration, that a man so young should be thus weeded out of the garden of the world, just as he is entered into the blooming spring time of his age : after he had thoroughly made me sensible of the dangers that attended these wicked courses (applying his corrosives before his cordials) he then acquainted me with the benefit of true repentance ; in short, it will take me up too much time to give an account of everything which was alleged for information, contrition, or consolation delivering that divine message with so much power and efficacy, that the obdurateness of my heart was able to hold out no longer, but melting into tears, I was willing to have its flintiness broken by the hammer of sacred Scripture. Finding me in so good a temper, he left me to God and myself, for the perfecting that great work he had so hopefully and happily begun. I now condemned a saying, which I once applauded, used, much by some of my dissolute companions ; *he is more sorrowful than is necessary, that is, sorrowful before there is necessity* : for had sorrow taken place, where pleasure sat regent, and jostled out all consideration of the dreadful effects that attend our evil facts, doubtless we should not

be made a shameful spectacle to mankind, and a heart-breaking to our dearest relations ; that saying of *Seneca*, I wish I had practised as well as registered in my memory ; *when I was young, I studied to live well ; when aged, how to die well.* As I was in the midst of these serious contemplations, my heavenly physician came again to visit me, to know and enquire into the condition and temperament of my soul, feeling in what manner did beat the pulse in its affection. Finding the constitution of my better part indifferent sound, and that there was great hopes of a perfect recovery, he rendered thanks to the Almighty for his infinite mercy in looking down with pity on poor sinful creatures, whom, when the law hath cast them off, and banished them from this lower world, out of his mere infinite goodness receives them into his own blessed protection. To give this holy man some real testimony of my unfeigned repentance, I shewed him the abstract of my life, drawn up a little before my apprehension, and did intend to have published it, resolving at that time to have abandoned all those destructive desperate courses which I formerly followed by padding on the highway, which resolution had I kept, my country would have received the benefit without any further detriment to me either in life or reputation. Now, since I have no other means left to satisfy in part the injuries I have done my

countrymen, let this ensuing discovery not only extenuate my manifold offences, but more especially be the medium of preventing the like hereafter : in the first place give me leave briefly to acquaint you with some remarks in the series of my short life, and in the next place, let me lay down some notable instructions for your future caution, and preservation against highwaymen, those devouring and destroying caterpillars of a corrupt and polluted nation. I say little of my parents more than that they were too indulgent to me, supplying my youthful extravagancies with money continually, in such superfluity, that my invention was frequently puzzled to find out ways for quick dispatch. These unnecessary expenses took up so much time, that there was little left for my study, so that I became as deficient in acquired learning, as my parents grew indigent in their estate by my profuseness and debaucheries : whilst with tears they lamented their poverty, occasioned by their foolish indulgence, and deploring my future sad condition, foreseeing or fearing the dismal catastrophe which inevitably attends such irregular pranks and wild practices. Death in pity came and closed their eyes, that they might not see what otherwise would break their hearts. By the loss of their breath, I found the want of their kindness, and having not that supply of money, the sole composure of the flambeau, which light me to

all those several extravagancies my disorderly passions, my disorderly will prompted me to go to, I then did cast about what course to steer. My scandalous deportment made me an exile to civil society, and the frequent disobligations I threw on my nearest relations, made me an absolute stranger to their families, whereby I was reduced to great extremity, so that necessity the mother of ingenuity, was constrained to pump every day for some new stratagem to appease a stomach in an uproar for the want of sustenance. Which wanting the accustomed pampering even to satiety, made me frequent the eating society so long, till I had eaten quite through my credit, and devoured my clothes to boot. My breeches were so jagged and tattered (that I may say without offence to the reader, though jocosely) they looked somewhat like those that are now called *à la mode*, and seemed as if my arse, according to the proverb, was hung with points: my hat broad brimmed, broader than the broadest once in fashion, in pure love and kindness would have flapped o'er my shoulders, to have hid the shame and confusion my face was in, that my own eyes (as well as others) should see my coat becullendered, or like a wellboat, and though it had as many holes, or more than *Argos* had eyes, yet wanted one to find out some pitiful soul that would intend relief to a wretch so miserable. Had

not this misfortune befel me, I should have thought it a thing impossible for a man to live so well, and so ill, in that short registry of time. But now when nothing but despair attended me, being altogether unfit for human society, and so out of conceit with myself, that I thought myself unworthy of a foreign plantation, and therefore to that end would not apply myself to some merchant; nay I could not think hell's imp, a kidnapper, would take of me any cognizance; as I walked very early (for the hardness of my lodgings would not suffer me to lie long, and modesty would not permit to be seen lying on or under a stall, unless the sun had been up to have warmed my chilly limbs, benumbed by committing incest with my mother earth. I say, being thus early up, I timely met with a long purse lying neglected in the street, whose entrance was on the middle like a wallal; and diving into the bowels thereof, I found at one end some yellow dirt or excrement, and the other white, at the sight whereof my body was seized with a general convulsion, so that I feared each member would become a traitor to each other in the discovery of this prize to the right owner, and by that means be deprived of that wanted benefit. I first consulted my hands in the concealment of this treasure, in order thereunto it was conveyed into my pocket-holes, but I forgetting my pockets were bottomless, it dropt quite through,

which I soon snatched up, and then betaking myself to my trembling legs, I got into the fields with an inquisitive eye and panting heart, and under an hedge found in this purse ten pound in silver, and fifty guineas; burying all this money, but fifty shillings, in the earth, I went and bought an ordinary suit ready made, and this I did for fear of being suspected how I came by the money, being indifferently accoutred, I removed my hidden treasure, thinking it not safely trusted anywhere but about me. Now did I think I might confidently enough take a lodging, remote from those who knew me, and having furnished myself with a chamber, I pretended to be a country gentleman's son, who came up to *London* about a suit in law, and behaved myself accordingly, not discovering the least symptom of any former debauchery, observing very early hours for bed-time; but not contented with that condition, I was dissatisfied till I was in another habit, more splendid, and that I might do it more boldly and safely, I framed a lie to my landlord, that I had cast and recovered a considerable sum from one of my father's creditors, and doubted not in a very little time to overthrow the rest. This gained me a great reputation in the house, especially seeing my money, and bespeaking a genteel suit of clothes, with all necessary appurtenances befitting persons of quality, as silver sword, &c. I now scorned the

thoughts of associating myself with those narrow-souled-plebeian-snippers, whose parents being neither able or willing to see their sons go in a garb out-shining commonalty in the time of their apprenticeship, or if there be ability and propensity thereunto, or the morose master hindering it, to obstruct their servants' pride and vanity, yet are these bondmen's boundless desires such, that though to the ruin of themselves, and the breaking of their masters) they will have these gaudy outsides to pimp for their leachery and other sensualities, having moneys in their pockets (though none of their own) to pay for it. For their habiliments they purchase by exchange of their master's goods one with another, and the money they purloin out of the box, or one of the snipping crew shall convert a piece of goods for him, into ready money, and go his share. The mercer deals with the draper, and a tailor perhaps, who hath shipwrecked his conscience, deals with them both; and the linendraper, hosier, goldsmith, &c. with such like ornamental clothing trades, are respected as very material instruments among them, nay, they will stoop so low sometimes to chaffer for belly-timber of the choicer sort, and will bid fairly to a drawer for a flower. I might amply enlarge my discourse concerning the locusts, as how they insinuate into the maid's favour, to let them out at unseasonable hours, and stay up for

them, till it be early, to the great prejudice of their master's business the next day, and at length, the wench will find for the reward of this notable piece of night service, a great belly, and when she expects to find relief from the caterwauling father, the plot is discovered, and they both turned out of doors, to their utter ruin and destruction. I shall desist saying more on this subject, but only advise the master to have a prudent and careful eye over his servants, checking by times any looseness he discovers, so shall he find his business done, when requisite, and they the benefit of their fidelity, by performing their trust at the expiration of their time.

Now to return where I left off : being gallantly equipped, I soon got new acquaintance, the most of which were intimately acquainted with the humours of the town, were incomparable at the art of wheedling, which some call complaisance, neither were they unpractised in any sort of game, but more especially cards and dice, both which pernicious tools, they have laboured with more, and taken as much pains to understand, as a seven years student hath done with *Aristotle's Organon*. One of these whom I judged had somewhat better principles than the rest, I daily accompanied, and grew in a little time, to be so familiar, that we embosomed the Arcanas of each other's concern, without restriction or suspicion, and having tried

each other's fidelity, we agreed upon a lasting league of brotherhood, and knowing that contiguity of bodies is the speediest confirmation of a desired friendship, we resolved to lie together.

Now were our thoughts and actions like the air to all, as free to one another, and although in love there should be no competitor, yet such hath our freedom been, that frequently the subject of our amours, hath been one and the same person, whom he first knew and loved (as he said) beyond any of her sex, and I wish he had still loved her without me, then had not those resistless charms enthroned in every feature of her face, so bewitched and infatuated my reason, that I undervalued the greatest danger for her sake, nor did I scruple to undertake anything for her satisfaction, as I shall hereafter declare more at large, for the reader's satisfaction, but to my great grief, she being the cause of mine, as such loose ambitious women are of thousands of men's ruin and destruction.

My new acquaintance finding me but raw and ill experienced in the crafts of this subtle world, undertook to be my tutor, and read his lectures to me every day: what his mouth did not inform, his actions instructed me in. When I was abroad, I observed his deportment to a hair, and took wonderful delight in imitating his insinuations, whereby I had wriggled myself into what tavern-

credit I pleased, without being great with the vintner, though much in his books, but by being inwardly acquainted with his wife or ingratiating myself into the favour of his daughter, if bar-keeper; for then I knew the moneys going all through her hands, she might perform her part well enough in the art of conveyance, as well as the most experienced scrivener about the town, and with lesser noise and trouble. The purchase of these favours, though at first they cost a considerable sum, yet I found by computation, the annual income recompensed the cost.

He made it his business to inquire out impotent men, who had buxom lusty wives, if shopkeepers, he commonly bought commodities of them as an introduction for his dealing in one not to be sold, because, the master keeps it for his own use, and so according to each several trade or profession, he squared his designs, so that frequently they took effect, unless the premises were prepossessed by a brother of the same quill.

The next thing he taught me, was to game, and made me so great a proficient at it, that I could nick the nicker sometimes, by which means I was taken for a brother at the ordinary, and, by frequently dining there, and conversing, and practising with the rooks, I went my share in a bubbling, and had an interest in several taverns near the ordinary, where

the poor cully was inveigled in, and afterward under the pretence of great kindness, then weeded into play, and in a thrice the woodcock deplumed, and not a sous left to give a link-boy to light him home.

In this sort, I as greedily hunted after prey ; as the devil doth after usurers' souls on their death-beds. Nor was the ordinary the only pond I fished in, for I found a play-house sometimes convenient for my purpose, also cockpits, bowling-greens and alleys, neither must a brothel be omitted, my tackling was so good, and my hooks so well barbed, that after I had struck a gudgeon, I was sure to hold him, though I suffered him to play a little in the stream.

If at any time, I casually fell into the company of any young country-gentleman, who his rich father had sent up to the city, to learn somewhat more than the ruder countrycan afford, I and my companion (that brother of mine in iniquity) did first study what humour he was of, when that was known, we had an excellent art in suiting ours to his in every thing, this artifice so endeared us unto him, that loans of money, engagements, and such easy requests (as we called them) were seldom denied ; and least at any time, he should repent him of those excesses in expence and high debaucheries, we constantly drew him into by any serious reflection upon what was past, we kept him by turns, always in a high pitch of drinking, and like a careful

guardian to some wealthy heiress, we could not endure he should be out of our sight, least falling into other company he might be snatched out of our hands, by some other Craftsby, and so we lose our expected booty.

Having thus, by much sweat and industry adapted, and wrought him to such a soft and waxen temper, that we could make him wear what impression we pleased to lay on him ; we then boldly venture abroad with him, having taught him to wear fine clothes, and to leap out of one fashion into another, so often, till he had quite lost the knowledge of himself, and the latest habit, *à la mode*. Having made our youngster believe himself in *Elysium*, and thought that he enjoyed more delights than the Turks believe their paradise affords after death, we then bethink ourselves how to conclude the play, the prologue to which, are these, our seeming kindnesses, and you would think them not small, when you shall see us strive who shall first lend him money, upon his least pretence of want thereof ; carry him to very handsome lovely women, and then with leaving him alone to the full fruition of his amorous desires : assist him in all quarrels, but most of them of our own making it challenged, secure him and his honour safe, whilst we pretendedly fight for him, and it may be return from the supposed field to his chamber (where he waits till

the danger is over) with a hand bound up in a scarf, where his rogueship, my beloved brother, begins a formal and serious speech, telling him, what bloody work there had like to have been, how strenuously and resolvedly his cause was fought, to the loss of some blood on his side, but it was no matter there is more still left at his service, and such like fair deluding pretences ; hereupon this country cock-brain, transported with the consideration of such great effects of friendship, expresseth how much he is obliged, nor can the obligation be cancelled, however he will study to be grateful, and in the first place promises to pay the chirurgeon liberally to cure a wound (was never made ;) next gives him a silver sword to wear for his sake, which the receiver promiseth shall be worn on no other account, than for the defence and preservation of the giver ; these and the like were but the petty forerunners of greater kindnesses we expected to receive, which must be effected in their proper time and season. As thus, when we prompted him to change of apparel, the mercer (who trusted him) knowing his father to be wealthy, and he heir to the estate, gave us credit also upon his account ; and now and then, by a whisper in the ear, he was advised to remember Mistress B—, or Mistress F— a petticoat, or some such thing she wanted, which was done accordingly, and delivered into our hands, but went not out of

them without a consideration. By this you may understand our gallant also was instructed in the art of whoring, and so exact an observator of his mistresses, that he was forced to keep a commonplace-book, wherein he wrote the names of those *bona robas* alphabetical digested, and that he might presently recall to his memory their several complexions, he affixed to each name a little lock of hair which he took from the person, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*. When all his money is spent, his credit gone and destroyed, and his father hearing of his extravagancies, and what dissolute, desperate company he keeps, then we think it is time to vanish, or disappear, and leave our cully in his fool's paradise, to be handled at the discretion of his creditors.

Whatever we got, by these indirect courses, we equally shared, and thus continued a twelve month together, acting many rogueries not all of a complexion ; for we were now through paced in all manner of villany ; nor could it be expected, that our actions should always meet with success ; for we were several times in gaol, and once I had like to have lost my life, for robbing a coach near *Barnet*, and without question the law had then put a period to those evil practices, had I not restored the major part of the money and goods to the right owner, on this condition, at my trial they should forbear

bringing any evidence against me, and so I was then acquitted by proclamation.

So fair a warning, one would think should have put a stop to such proceedings, but it signified nothing to me, I rather think it was the cause of my hardening, for I thought with myself, why may not I escape another time in the same manner, and that which much argumented this senseless security, was the frequent pardons granted to the most notorious malefactors, not once or twice; so that from thence grew a kind of proverbial saying, amongst the scout masters of the road, he can't be hanged (without treason or murder) who hath five hundred pounds at his command. Besides, the impudence of my fellow prisoners, did much increase my own, and made me boldly look upon my irons, and presently stare my friends in the face, who came to see me without a blush.

Being abroad again, I thought of nothing but my profit and pleasure, but pursued them with too much precipitancy; no villany lay fairly in my way, which I did not think myself fit for; and was still encouraged to go on, by my comrade; and was commonly in the van, upon any desperate exploit, having the knowledge of my weapon, and could use it as well as the best experienced master of the science in the town.

Now as ill luck would have it, my constant companion died, leaving little behind him, but his wench, whom he bequeathed to me, enjoining me to have a special care of her he so highly prized in his life time, I accepted of the legacy, and took possession immediately, without a forcible entry; for she made presently a willing surrender; '*Tis a pity she is a whore*, for impartially, I may say it, her beauty is scarcely to be paralleled, nor her disposition being highly ambitious, sensual and insatiate; to oblige them all in some measure, I performed as much as I could, expending all I had then by me, unlawfully gotten, and fearing I might lose her beloved society, for want of continuing my wonted kindness to her, by presents, treats, and dalliances, I made the last serve for all, till I had found out some less dangerous, expedient, than padding, to satisfy her enlarged desires, and that which pricked me forward, was her coldness more than usual to me, which coldness did increase my fire, making me resolve the perpetration of anything, than to be treated by her with so much indifference.

In the first place, I went and renewed my acquaintance with an ordinary, shall be nameless, and there I rooked sometimes at one table and sometimes at another, but by reason of the scarcity of fair gamesters, little was to be got, many times I

waited an hour or two before I could see one strange face come in, and if there did immediately at his appearance, the rooks are all alarmed, and though before they were busily pecking at one another for a shilling, they shall now desist their thoughts, being wholly employed, who shall first make prize of him. Now by reason of late sittings up there, and in an adjacent tavern, I frequented, in hope of booty, I was quite tired out, and resolved to go thither for the time to come upon a double account, the first was to win by play ; secondly, if little could be got that way (for I was generally known an expert Nicker) I might then observe who carried off good sums of money, and by following them in the dark, take my advantage in some convenient place, and there dispossess them of it, which I have frequently done, making choice of the darkest nights for my purpose) for winter is the proper time for a gaming ordinary.

I found it unsafe to take this course any longer, yet now and then got a considerable booty, which when I carried as a tribute of love to my fair mistress, no frown could sit upon her brow, all feigned anger was banished from her countenance, but she was all complaisance, and but that I loved her in a more than common manner, her over loving

and petulant deportment, would have raised in me a humour, rather loathing, than loving.

So various and villanous were the pranks I committed daily, that now I was forced, like a bat, never to flutter or stir abroad till the dusk of the evening ; if I did, it was the greatest caution imaginable, and then too, I never staid long in the place, for fear some or other had dogged me, in order to my apprehension ; thus did I skulk here and there like the dogs in *Egypt*, as it is reported, who when by thirst, they go to drink of the river *Nile* lap here and there, dare not stay long in a place, for fear the crocodiles, that lay lurking within the banks, should pull them into the current.

My wench seeing what straits I was put to for her maintenance, which was none of the meanest, for the whore, if she dined, with me, without something extraordinary and wine to boot, I had better at night to have lain in a tumbril, and if my over much kindness had pampered her too high with meat or drink, that was provocative (being of herself naturally solacious) with more ease I might have lain between the sheets with red-hot Proserpine, and therefore, when I perceived some symptoms which I used to mark, appear, I disappeared, and sometime after sent her word I should not lie at home : I say my Miss seeing all my stratagems would not answer

her expectation ; she resolved to desert me when I least dreamed thereof ; and now I cannot choose but rail at her whole sex, for her sake, rewarding my kindness with so much baseness and ingratitude ; for as she carried away all I had left, so she left me something that was none of my own, a swingeing clap, which laid me up in pickle above six weeks before I was cured. At the expiration of which time, walking in *Hatton* garden, I met with three or four of my old acquaintance, Knights of the Road, and all of a gang, men of such undaunted resolution and irresistible courage, that threats of death, or extreme torture (I am confident) would no ways dull the edges of their stout and matchless spirits.

After a few ceremonies, at first meeting, it was concluded, we should drink a glass of wine, and the next tavern must be our council-chamber, where in private we might consult, what was best to be done. I was demanded, how I had spent my time since my first gaol-delivery ; I told them, who blamed me much for my undertaking such mean things, as pilfering up and down and making seizures of such petty things, a generous bold soul would scorn to take notice of ; they condemned me not for keeping my whore, but that I did not keep her more under ; the thing is laudable said one to have a Miss, though he hath a very handsome wife of his own, and is agreeable to the custom and

honour of the times, and should we throw any *opprobrium* upon it, it would reflect upon ourselves.

Come said another, we trifle away time, let us fall to business, it is a good while since we shared a booty, let us lie no longer idle, and if our brother will accompany us, instead of picking up here and there crowns and angels, (a thing beneath us) let us resolve at *Have at all*; a five hours' adventure may make us possessors of five hundred pounds.

I told them I was unprovided of an horse, and other appurtenances necessary for the design; they presently told me I should be supplied, and so I was accordingly, and as well provided for our intended expedition as any of them.

The first robbery that I committed, I told was on a coach near *Barnet*; The second was this, we were four in company, and took our road towards *Maidenhead*, more for intelligence sake than for any present booty; in *Maidenhead* we dined, and towards four o'clock in summer time we travelled on for *Reading*, making a little halt by the way at *Maidenhead Thicket*, expecting there to light upon some prize; having waited an hour or more to no purpose, we proposed to distribute ourselves, and ride into *Reading* singly, and that two should lie in one inn, and two in the other, for the better benefit of observation.

My other two comrades lay in an inn, where they were intimately acquainted, and were winked at by the master of the house, the servants also being at their devotion; by whose means they understood that there was a gentleman in the house who was the next morning with his man, would set out for *Marlborough*, and that it was thought by the weight of a small portmanteau, that it must be money that caused it to be so heavy. We on the other side could make no discovery till after supper, and then we heard what our hearts desired.

An attorney was in the company, and amongst other talk, he said he was bound for *London* to be there at the Term, and asked the master of the house (who was acquainted with him) whether he had any service to command him thither, for in the morning he would set forth: whereupon said I, composing my countenance, I am sorry I have not the happiness then to-morrow to have your company, for I must ride a contrary way *Bristol*; say you sir, said he, you seem a civil gentleman, and I am sorry too; and as a stranger, I wish you so much goodwill, have a care of *Marlborough Downs*, there are a parcel of whipper snappers have been very busy there of late, hereupon I startled, and seemed to be very much concerned, the attorney perceiving that, called me, and told me

if I had a considerable charge, he willed me to secure it some way or other for I should certainly lose it ; I thanked him somewhat coldly, as if I suspected him some subtle insinuating spy, he thereupon to free me from any such jealousy, put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a bag wherein were an hundred and fifty guineas, saying, these I will so conceal in the saddle I ride upon that I will defy all the damned highwaymen in *England* to find them out. I have passed them several times in the manner, with good sums about me, and for your further belief I will show you in what manner. I gave him a thousand thanks and assured him I would follow his advice ; now did I not know without suspicion how to get out and inform my comrades of this discovery ; just in the interim a note came from them to meet me at such a place, and so pretending business in the town I went to them, where we concluded that I and my fellow should rob the *Marlborough* traveller, and they two should rob the attorney ; which the next morning was performed, the attorney thinking the devil had given them information where his treasure lay ; we came not off so well, for though we gained the booty, which was six score pound in silver, yet I was shot in the arm, and so stiffly opposed by the gentleman and his man, that had we not shot his horse in the head, and so fell

instantly dead, they had either killed or taken us prisoners ; this being done we met at the place appointed the last night for our general rendezvous.

The next time that we went upon the same account we met with a pleasant adventure, for after we had robbed several to the making up of a sum above one hundred and eighty pound, we were all strangely robbed of it by one.

Hearing some seamen were to be paid off at *Chatham* such a day, and knowing that *London* is the centre that attracts and invites them to spend their hard gotten money, we went down to *Shooter's-hill* and hovered thereabouts till evening, but got little booty ; the next day towards the afternoon we picked up a great many stragglers and robbed them of their money, some more and some less, but when there was four or five in a body, nay, if but three, we shunned them as much as they would have done us, had they known what we were. At length a parson coming from *London* fell in amongst us, whom we robbed without any respect to his coat, neither could we have judged by the meanness of his habit and the poorness of his horse with the shortness of his journey, that he could have had above an attorney's retaining fee about him ; but thinking to make some speedy sport with him (and so dismiss him) by searching his pockets, the attempt was no sooner slightly made (and had never been prosecuted) but

that he roared like a town bull, he was utterly undone, then did I search him thoroughly, and from that time afterwards in all my robberies I learned to search so strictly, that sooner might the *Pope* turn Quaker, than for any of them to conceal a penny from me ; and seeing what severities my unconscionable and cruel companions used to those seamen, who had ventured their lives for their king and country, and at last to be deprived of their long looked for reward, taught me to be as deaf too when the poor traveller cries, *I am undone*, and my heart in process of time grew flinty and not to be moved with sighs and tears.

This parson had fifteen pound about him, all which we took from him, by returned him twenty shillings, if he would engage on his word, nay swear that he would inform none he met with what had happened, or following us by Hue and Cry, or by general raising of the towns about us near adjacent.

The parson minding more the loss of his money than the breach of his oath meeting with a seaman (as we were informed afterwards) advised him to turn back if he had any money, for but a little before there were a parcel of rogues that just now robbed him of fifteen pound and will infallibly do the like to him if he proceeded farther. The resolute seaman would not believe the parson, thinking it some idle *chimera* of his own invention

and so went on his way, and the parson on his : coming up to the seaman we bid him stand ; who asked us what we meant we told him that we wanted money ; alas, gentlemen, said he, it is true I have some, which I received for my pay in his Majesty's service, and therefore it is pity to take that from me which I am carrying home for the maintenance of my poor wife and children. If he had persuaded an angel to have been his orator and pleaded in his behalf, it would have been all one, for no other sound pleased us but that of his money ; when he saw that there was no remedy, he delivered all that he had, which was sixty-five pound. Now gentlemen, said he, let me beg one request of you, and that is, since I dare not go home to my wife, and at present know not what course of life to steer, admit me into your company, you see I am limbed well enough, and I have courage and strength enough to qualify me for your occupation. We asked him whether he was in earnest, he swore a hundred oaths he was in earnest, and was ready to be tried at that instant ; insisting farther, that he was greatly in love with a trade that could get as much money in six minutes, as he could do in three years.

I was then purse-bearer ; and finding we had done enough for that day, we appointed a place to meet at, and so distributed ourselves for the present ;

only I had the charge of the seaman, who was wretchedly mounted, and therefore I needed not to fear him : besides, as we rode along, I bound him over and over again, by oaths, to stand to what promise he had made us. At length, riding in a lane, suspecting nothing in the least, he turned his little hobby upon me, and seizing my bridle before I was aware, claps to my breast a little ugly brass-barreled pistol, and swore as bloodily, as if he had been one of the trade above twenty years, if I would not instantly dismount, he would send a bullet to my heart. I saw by his frightful countenance that there was no dallying, so I dismounted and gave him my horse ; and he in kindness bid me take his : such a beast I never saw on a common, so poor, so weak, that I was thinking to commit my safety to my own, and not to his legs.

You may imagine what a sweat I was in being thus dismounted, for having committed so many robberies that day, should I be met by any of the country, they would conclude me one of the robbers, seeing a man so splendidly accoutred, riding on a beast hardly fit to feed crows and ravens.

The night coming on favoured me, and I got among my associate ; and now I shall give you leave to guess, whether their laughter or sorrow was greatest ? First, that a stout thief (for so I was

accounted) should be robbed by a hobby horse and a pot-gun. And secondly, so much money lost, when secured beyond the probability of retaking.

We heard the seaman, after he had paid himself, summoned in such brethren as had been robbed by us, and none else (but the parson) and returned them their money.

Should I enumerate all the rogueries and robberies I committed, either singly, or with others, relating in what manner they were done, I shall waste too much time, and miss of that design which I purposed to myself, which is the general good of my countrymen : wherefore I shall pass them all by, not so much as mentioning the last robbery I was guilty of near *Colebrook*, when pursued by the country, opposed and apprehended by them, to the loss of our own, and the blood of some of them ; the manner whereof is too generally known to be again repeated, and therefore leaving this, and the like stories, I shall insist on as is more profitable ; and therein discover, first, what a highwayman is ; how bound by oath ; what order is prescribed ; in what manner they assault ; and how they behave themselves in and after the action. In the next place my best endeavour shall be, to dissuade these desperadoes to desist robbing on the highway, by showing them the certainty of their apprehension one time or other ; and though they may a long time

prosper in that vile course of life, spending high, and faring deliciously, yet every bit is attended with fear : neither is their sleep less unquiet, starting ever and anon by some horrid dream ; so that I cannot say, when they go to bed, they go to take their rest ; but only to slumber out the tedious minutes of the gloomy night in horror and affrightment. I shall insist on other dissuasions, by showing them the misery of a prison ; by putting them in mind of their wretched and cursed ends, which they vainly jest at, by presuming on some examples of grace ; and the reward of their wickedness in the world to come. Lastly, instructions, not only for the honest traveller that he may pass in safety, but for the inn-keeper to distinguish highwaymen from guests that are honest : all these I shall with sincerity run over particularly.

Highwaymen for the most part are such, who never were acquainted with an honest trade, whom either want of money or employment prompted them to undertake these dangerous designs ; and to make their persons appear more formidable, and to gain respect, they dub one another colonel, major, or at least a captain, who never arrived to a greater height than a trooper disbanded, or at the utmost a life-guardsman cashiered for misdemeanour.

Having made up a party, ere they proceed to act their villanies, they make a solemn vow to each

other, that if by misfortune anyone should be apprehended, he shall not discover his complices : and that if he be pressed hard to particularize his companions, he must then devise names for men that never were, describing their persons, features, and discovering their habitations, but so remote one from another, that the danger of the trial may be over ere sufficient enquiry can be made.

And further, to procure mercy from the bench, there must be a plausible account given, how you fell into this course of life : fetching a deep sigh, saying, that you were well born ; but by reason of your family falling to decay, you were exposed to great want, and rather than shamefully beg (for you knew not how to labour) you were constrained to take this course for a subsistence ; that it is your first fault, which you are heartily sorry for, and will never attempt the like again.

Having taken a solemn oath to be true one to another, their next business is, to acquaint themselves by tapsters, hostlers, chamberlains, or others, what booties are stirring, how contained, and whither bound. But before they attempt the seizure, if any novice being in the company, then are they instructed by the more experienced, as I was at first, after this manner.

In the first place, you must have variety of periwigs planted in your lodgings ; and the like you

must carry abroad, if occasion require the necessity of changing the colour of the hair : neither must you be without your false beards of several colours ; for want of them, you may only cross* your locks athwart your mouth, which is a good disguise : patches contribute much thereto. And lest your voice should be known another time by him that is robbed, put into your mouth a pebble, or any such like thing, which will alter your tone advantageously to your purpose.

Being thus provided, a watchword must be framed, wrapped up in some common question, as, what's a clock ? or *Jack*, what shall we have for supper ? to avoid putting the traveller into suspicion ; which as soon named, you must instantly fall to your work, seizing with your left hand the bridle, and with your right presenting a pistol : This so terrifies, that he delivers instantly ; for who will trust a pistol at his breast loaded with a brace of bullets, and a mouth discharging at the same time volleys of oaths, that if he deliver not instantly, he is a dead man ? but herein you may choose to believe him, for he will be very cautious of murder, for fear of provoking the law to an implacability ; unless it be when he is beset, that rather than run the hazard of hanging, he must endeavour his escape by the death of one or more of his assailants.

Having o'ermastered them you set upon, then do you carry them into some covert, where you search so severely, that nothing can be hidden from you : if in the strict enquiry gold be found privately quilted in a doublet, or waste-band of his breeches, I can hardly forbear smiling, when I think in what manner these rogues will slave the poor man, with villain, cheating rascal, for endeavouring to preserve his own ; whilst he hath nothing else to say, but that *he is undone* : which they regard with as little, as the hangman will do them at the place of execution. Having changed your horses for theirs, if better than your own, the next thing you do, is to make them swear, neither to follow you, nor to raise the country with an hue and cry upon you. Thus having the poor traveller forlorn away, you ride to some strange place, or where you are known and winked at, and there you share what unlawfully you got, not without the cheating one another.

Now here by the way, give me leave a little to descant on their prodigality, after an attempt that proves successful. *London*, the more is the pity, is their best sanctuary ; and therefore after any robbery, they commonly repair thither ; having as many names as lodgings, and both as changeable as a whore's dalliances with variety of persons. Their next care is, to buy variety of splendid apparel ; and having bought his wench a new gown and fur-

nished her pockets with guineas, they then prosecute to the height all manner of debaucheries, which by a mistaken name they call, *The Chief of Pleasures*. And as their whore, so must the host participate with them in their gain, else all the fat is in the fire ; for the vintner, inn-keeper, &c., knowing very well what they are, and how easily they get their money, will be sure to enlarge their reckoning, and make it swell prodigiously ; neither must this be complained of, lest they refuse to keep their council any longer.

All the time they can spare from robbing and undoing poor harmless men, is spent in wine and women ; so that the sunshine of their prosperity lasts but a moment, not so long as to warm their hands by the blazing fire of their prodigality, before cold death comes and seizeth them ; and how can it be otherwise expected, the pitcher goes not so often to the well, but it comes broken home at last.

But before death takes them from this to carry them before an higher tribunal, there to answer for all they have acted here on earth, there is a punishment preceding this, which makes my soul startle at the thoughts thereof ; it is a prison wherein are contained so many tortures, woes and pains, which I do think were enough to punish without death the greatest of offences ; now since I cannot describe the horror of this hell on earth, I shall admonish all to have a care, that their evil actions compel them

not to feel the pain, and let those who have already endured the smart thereof, be deterred by those sufferings from ever again espousing such pernicious practices which may venture them into their former despicable and deplorable condition.

Having thus endeavoured to fright highwaymen, by showing them the intolerable torments of a prison, besides the certainty and shamefulness of hanging, and hazard of eternal death hereafter. I shall here take another course to scare them if possible, and therefore in the first place I shall lay down directions how to know them as they ride on the road, with rules how to shun them, or if robbed, how to pursue and apprehend them when they think themselves most secure.

In the first place when at any time you intend to travel, and cannot avoid carrying a sum of money with you, let no person know what charge you have, or when you will set forward. It is a custom I confess (but I can assure you it is dangerous) for men the day before they begin their journey, to take their leave of their relations and friends, drinking healths round to the happy return of the traveller, who suspects not the least harm in all this, whereas it hath been known that a father this way hath been betrayed by his own son, a brother by a brother, nay one pretendedly dear friend betray another, by discovering to highwaymen, when and which way

he rides, bidding them to prepare accordingly, either to meet or overtake, and for the plot so laid he goes his share.

Another way of setting they have in this manner; the gang shall ride before out of sight, leaving one lusty fellow of their company behind, who shall ride very softly expecting some person or other who shall overtake him; if three or four, he will single out one he thinks hath the most money, and pretending much kindness, whispers him in the ear, saying, that he likes not those men, and asks him if he knows them? if not, he adviseth him by all means slacken his pace, for certainly they are dangerous fellows; this timorous piece of credulity thanks him for his honest care, and takes his advice, and not long after brings him to the place where his confederates lie in ambuscado, who upon sight of them draws, bidding the other to do the like; and now begins a dangerous fight, as the traveller imagines, who through fear of blood-shed delivers his money, and persuades his champion to do the like, who with much ado at length condescends thereunto; having given him a private *item* which way they intended to ride, they set spurs to their horses, and are out of sight in an instant.

Hereupon this pretender to honesty will straight persuade you to assist him in making an hue and cry, in the carrying on of which to be sure he

will be the formost as seemingly most zealously active in the apprehension of these robbers, to no other end than to lead you quite another way, till his brethren be out of all danger. I knew one notorious rogue (but by his sly and crafty deportment was looked upon to be a very honest gentleman) suffered himself to be robbed with three more, by four of his own confederates, the robbery being committed between sun and sun, he with those three honest men sued the county, and recovered the money they had lost.

Whensoever the traveller designs his journey, let him consider the Sabbath day is a time not only unlawful, but more dangerous for robbing than any other. I need not expatiate myself on the illegality of the act, since there is a special command forbidding the breach of that holy day of rest, the violation whereof hath been frequently punished by being robbed ; for to speak the truth, that day hath been, and is still chosen by highwaymen for the best and fittest time to commit their robberies ; first because they are sensible that few travel then, but such who ride about some eminent concern, and do suppose to that end carry a considerable sum about them. In the next place, on that day the roads are most quiet, being undisturbed with great quantities of people, and therefore rob with more ease and greater security. Lastly, they know the

county will not be so forward to pursue them with an hue and cry, whereas they cannot but be sensible that a judge will hardly be induced to make the county pay the reparation of a loss sustained by him, who ought to have staid at home and perform those duties required from him proper to the day, and not wander abroad and leave his Creator's business undone, that he may do his own. If you needs must travel, you have days enough in the week to follow your urgent and important affairs, with more security, the roads being then full of good company, if you will make choice of a convenient time, and be cautious whom you entertain into your society.

The first caution is this, be shy of those who are over prone in pressing into your company ; it is more safe to entertain such who are unwilling to associate themselves with you, or if they do it is with such indifferency, that there need the urging of persuasions to effect it. Now to the intend- you may distinguish an honest man from a thief or robber, take these informations and directions : first if you suspect your company, halt a little, and in your stay observe whether they still hold on their course, or slack their pace, or it may be alight and walk with their horses in their hands, if you observe any of these, you may conclude them the justly suspected marks of an highwayman ; but these

following are infallible, the putting on a cypress hood or a vizard mask upon your near approach, are signs they presently will bid you stand and deliver, or if before they shroud their hellish looks with those disguises, stare any of them in the face boldly, and if he turns his head aside, be thence forewarned to stand aloof and provide for your preservation, neither is there any more certain *indicium* of a robber, than the incongruity of his bushy beard and face, his whispering or his more incivil prying and inquiry whether you are travelling, or about what business.

Beware of joining company with one single on the road, although you have a friend with you ; his pretence will be to insinuate himself into your good opinion, that having a charge about him, he is overjoyed to meet with two whose face and actions discover nothing but what is honest, and in a little riding will presume to call you honest fellow traveller, in a short time it may be three of his companions will overtake you, at the sight of whom he shakes and seems to be in the greatest agony imaginable ; at length he says with trembling, in troth gentlemen, I doubt me we are waylaid, therefore stand to it if you have any pistols, otherwise if you have any store of money, the best way will be to fly for it.

It may be you have those grim handfuls, deaths speedy executioners, and minding well the number of those you fear will be so bold to assault you, and finding no inequality, your courage probably may prompt you to an opposition if cause require; but you will then find quickly your supposed friend turned cat in pan, and be on the other side, and being thus over match, must either yield your moneys quietly or do worse.

Sometimes there will be one or more of these trapaning rascals, who having attired himself every way like a countryman, with rolls of hay about his legs, an old hat flapping over his eyes, with a broad leathern girdle about his middle, with great buckles, riding aside on his horse with a goad instead of a riding rod; I say this fellow shall ride in company with you, asking very silly questions, and singing a country song to some horrible tune, all to raise laughter, when by this means he hath lulled you into a senseless security, and not suspecting in the least any harm from him, he instantly assaults you and his complices come instantly into his succour, who surprising you thus unawares are without difficulty made a prey to their unlawful desires.

You see how dangerous a thing it is to travel with a charge about you in the day time, unless you have a very circumspect care not only in your inn,

but on the road, if therefore you cannot avoid travelling, and that with store of money, the emergency of your business requiring it, undertake your journey in the night, for highwaymen think that none will be so mad to ride at that unseasonable time, unless they are miserable poor, besides, it is dangerous for them to be abroad for fear of suspicion, and that is not all neither, for how can they see to take their best advantage in the dark, not knowing how many, what men, and how armed, they assault ; besides, should they gain the better of it, the obscurity of the night gives them the advantage of dropping their money into a ditch, or other place convenient.

Now to advise you for the best, at what time soever you ride, take notice that your high-pads do always keep their station upon your greatest and most beaten roads, whereby they have the advantage of picking and choosing ; now if you would be safe, make choice of such roads which are less frequented.

If you ride several in company, shun that idle custom of bustling up all together, when you come near any place noted for robbing, for by this means you are all caught, like a covey in a net, at once ; for these rogues divide themselves, and make several stands, and by this means they may set upon you before and behind ; but if you ride about an

hundred paces distance one from the other, I'll warrant your safety ; for they dare not set upon a scattered company, for fear that some escaping the country should be alarmed, and so endanger their immediate taking.

Now should you perceive them divide as well as you, and each drawing near him he intends to set upon, you have then fair warning, and running will hardly avail any thing ; but fight like men, you have two to one the odds, though not in numbers, yet in a good conscience ; which they wanting, their own guilt and fear fights against them, and disarms them : whilst thus you contend with them, there is hopes some may come into your rescue.

By the way let me tell you, I have known when we have been thus engaged, that some have come up to us, whom we have persuaded to keep on their way, and not meddle with what they were unconcerned with ; at which these base coxcombs (nay, now I must call them unworthy rascals) have quietly rid away, and left those men to our mercies, or rather to exercise our cruelties upon ; whereas had they sided with them, we must have fled before them ; for though we had courage (it may be enough) yet we durst not fight it out, when we meet with those that are bold and stout ; for in so doing we not only fight them, but the whole country.

By the way let me discover an egregious fault in some men, who will not only yield patiently to be robbed, but are content to let the thieves go clearly off, nay wish they may escape, so that the county may lie liable to make good the robbery, if they take them not by an hue and cry ; nay, such is the baseness of their principles, that they commonly double the sum, knowing that the Hundred will be willing to compound, and thus abuse the thief and county too.

But notwithstanding all these cautions, should it happen so that you are surprised by these highwaymen, over mastered, and that you must yield, give them fair words, and without a compulsive search, deliver freely some part of your money, with a wish that you had more at their service, and it may be they will trouble themselves no farther with you ; however, if they offer, show no dislike, for if you do it will but provoke them to the severity of a more rigorous search, to the discovery of what you had most cunningly concealed.

Have a special care that you let them perceive you eye them too much, it being of a dangerous consequence, for by this means they either think you know some of them, or are taking some remarkable signs and tokens how you may know them another time, which may endanger your life.

After the robbery committed, their usual charge is, not stir from the place they put you in, till they have time enough to be gone a considerable distance; and that if they find you offer to pursue them, they will swear a thousand oaths to be your death; and being desperate, for aught I know, they may be as good as their words; therefore be not too hasty in the pursuit, lest it being discovered, the foremost dropping into a by-lane, starts out upon you, seizeth you again, and if you escape cutting, you shall not binding, and so may be bound in a ditch till some commiserating passenger release you. Wherefore follow after at a distance, till you can procure a hue and cry, which you must direct not straight on, but cross the country, which is a subtle practice, and their constant custom; by this means they have the benefit of resting themselves, and refreshing their horses before the lazy hue and cry can overtake them. If closely pursued by it, they will frequently squat like a hare, and let the hue and cry pass them, and then ride back again to the place where the robbery was committed.

Be sure in your pursuit to scour the next great right and left hand road, and if you cannot unkennel them that night, set spies, and a thousand to one you shall see them come riding by the next morning.

If the purchase be great they seized upon, you may be then confident they will that night repair to

their general rendezvous here in the city, which is their great *asylum*, and chiefest place of refuge and security. The largeness of the city, and the little cognizance one takes of another therein, is the main reason why so many robberies are committed nigh *London*, and so few remotely distant from it. Now since twenty or thirty miles about *London* is the stage on which these highwaymen act their parts, I shall discover when robbed how to pursue them with hue and cry. .

If you are set upon and robbed in the eastern quarter, take not that road in which you were to *London*, nor raise the country thereabouts, for it is to no purpose ; but ride with all speed to *Holborn*, *Strand*, *St. James's*, or *Westminster*, and there search with all diligence. If you are robbed towards the north, never search any place in the city, but make all convenient speed to the *Bank-side*, *Southwark*, *Lambeth*, or *Fox-hall*¹; by thus planting themselves, they know, or think at least, they are sufficiently secure, having the city between them and you.

And now, ere I proceed, let me take notice of a great folly and abuse of the country men: When report is brought to a justice of a robbery done in such a place, presently a watch is ordered to stand

¹FOX-HALL,—i.e., Vauxhall.

at that place, at the charge of the county ; in any one so senseless, to think those highwaymen will voluntarily ride into the mouths of those who are appointed to apprehend them ? however, admit they should continue scouring the road, the watchmen are constantly fixed at one place, so that but a little way out of their sight, the highwaymen may do what he list, and meet with more booties than if the road lay unwarded ; for all travellers will covet to ride that way in which is placed a watch ; for who can imagine thieves will be so bold as to rob near them ; which they do to choose ; for well they know, that those watchmen are silly old and decrepid men, and though a dozen of them, I have seen stand with halberts in their hands, yet have we robbed before their very faces, and they stood still the while, not daring to oppose us in the least ; it may be when we were gone out of sight, they would make an out-cry, and pretend to pursue, though to no purpose.

Once we resolved to set upon the watch, which was done so effectually, that we disarmed them ; and having taken them aside out of the way, bound them ; after this we personated them in their places, and standing with our brown bills, as with authority, we stop whom we pleased, and having robbed them, bid them to be guarded by the county-watch, and to secure them, bound them in like manner.

It is now high time to inform the inn-keeper how he shall distinguish highwaymen from honest travellers; in the first place observe their curiosity about their horses, in dressing and feeding them, next you will find them asking of questions, as who owns that horse, and who the other, what their masters are, whither travelling, and when will they set out; these are infallible signs of a highwayman; nor must I omit this remark, let the hostler poise their cloak, bags, and he shall find them empty, which they carry only for show, and not to burden their horses.

Next, let the Chamberlain take notice, when he shows them to a room, that they will soon dismiss him, and after that, let him listen a-while, and he shall hear the jingling of money, and if he can but get a peep-hole for his eyes, he shall see them sharing their booty.

It will be very requisite to enquire severally each one's particular name, and let your servants do the like, by this means you find them tripping, for they may easily forget a name they borrowed that very day.

At supper-time, let some one knock furiously and hastily at the gate, then mark them well, and you shall see them start, their countenances change, and nothing but fear and amazement appearing in

each face, by which you may positively conclude them what you before did but imagine and suspect.

If in the day-time they come into your inn, you may guess what they are by trifling away their time, and staying somewhat longer then is requisite for baiting; you shall observe them sometimes looking out of the window, sometimes standing at the gate, for no other end but to mark what passengers ride by; if they perceive any person of quality to ride that way, or the garb discovers anything of a booty, you shall have them presently, in all haste, as alarmed to horse, mount presently, as if some dear friend or near relation was just rid by, whom they must endeavour to overtake.

At night they will come dropping into an inn severally, in divided companies, thereby to cross the number in the hue and cry, and will, when met subtilely, take no notice of one another, nay, to blind the eyes of suspicion, they will enquire of the host, what country gentlemen their own companions are, whether he knows them or not, and if it be convenient to join in company with them; if you find they have no jealousy of them, they will as strangers compliment one another whilst any eyes are on them, but withdraw and watch them well, and you shall find them fall into their usual familiarity and will not

only rejoice at the success of their designs, but laugh at the credulity of their landlord.

Much more might be written on this subject, but since this is impossible to discover the whole art and mystery of the high-way trade, let this suffice, for according to the proverb, new lords, new laws; so all new gangs have new orders, plots and designs, to rob and purloin from the honest traveller.



POSTSCRIPT.

READER, let me assure thee this is no fiction, but a true relation of Mr. Jackson's life and conversation. Penned by his own hand, and delivered into mine to be made public for his countrymen's good, in compensation of the many injuries he hath done them. The introduction he wrote in Newgate, after sentence of condemnation, and desired me to apologize for it, fearing he had neither wrote large enough of his true penitence, nor had laid down sufficient exhortations from the com-

mission of the like offences ; the disorder he was in, lying under the horror of a speedy and more than common execution, may plead his excuse : the plainness of his style may admit of this plea, that he aimed at (as he confessed to me) nothing but the good of his countrymen, and that as he had picked their pockets, he thought it needless to tickle their ears with the gilded straws of rhetorical expressions. God I hope hath forgiven him his sins, and may we all amend by his errors, for which he now hangs in chains at Hamstead, a sad and dreadful spectacle to all beholders, and hoping you will pass by the faults of his writing and the press, I subscribe myself a well-willer to all,

S. S.



THE
C H A R A C T E R
OF A
Town-Gallant ;

EXPOSING
The Extravagant Fopperies of
some vain Self-conceited Pre-
tenders to Gentility and
good Breeding.



L O N D O N.
Printed for W. L. 1675.



The Character of a Town Gallant.

A *Town-Gallant* is a bundle of *Vanities* composed of *Ignorance*, and *Pride*, *Folly*, and *Debauchery*; a silly *Huffing* thing, three parts *Fop*, and the rest *Hector*: a kind of *Walking Mercer's shop*, that shows one stuff to-day, and another to-morrow, and is valuable just according to the price of his *Suit* and the merits of his *Tailor*; A Spawn of *Gentility* that inherits only the *Vices* of his Ancestors, and is like to entail nothing but *Infamy* and *Diseases* on Posterity. His first care is his *Dress*, and next his *Body*, and in the fitting these two together consists his Soul and all its Faculties. His Trade is making of *Love*, yet he knows no difference between that and *Lust*, and tell him of a *Virgin* at Sixteen, he shall swear then *Miracles* are not ceased. He is so bitter an Enemy to *Marriage*, that one would suspect him born out of *Lawful Wedlock*, For he never hears *Matrimony* named but he swears and starts as bad as at the Salute of a

Sergeant, and has forty Lines *Conjugium*, *Conjurgium*, got ready by heart to rail at it. But for most delicious Recreation of *Whoring*, he protests a Gentleman cannot live without it: And vows *Mahomet* was a brave Bully and deserves to be *Worshipped*, because he had the wit to make his *Paradise* a *Seraglio*, and the Joys of the *Blessed* to consist in plump Wenches, &c. The Devil has taught him a *Chemistry*, whereby he can extract *Bawdry* out of the most modest Language, So that he makes *Cato* speak it, And turns Admonitions into obscenity, For his mind is a Room hung round with *Aretines* Pictures, and the Contemplation of them is all his Devotion: Everything with him is an Incentive to Lust, and every Woman Devil enough to tempt him, *Covent Garden*, Silk-Gowns, and *Wapping Wastcoatiers*, are equally his Game, for he watches *Wenches* just as *Tumblers* do *Rabbits*, and plays with Women as he does at *Cards*, not caring what Suit he turns up *Trump*.

All his Talk is *Rhodomontado* and *Bounce*, calling a Nobleman *Jack* as familiarly as his Foot-boy, and seldom naming a *Lord* without adding, *My Cousin*: Whatever he does he cries is *like a Gentleman*, and indeed 'tis only like it as a *Broker's* Ware is to a *Mercers*, or *Long-lane* compared to *Cheap-side*, for he is a Wit of an under Region, that does but *Zany* the truly *Brave* and *Noble*, grossly

imitating on the Low Rope, what t'other does neatly on the Higher. He confers Titles of *Honour* on all his *shabby* Companions to create himself the greater esteem with his *Land Lady* (who adores him as a more accomplished Knight than she ever met with in *Parismus* or *Amadis of Gaul*), And when he is going to take a *Run* with a Common *Crack* in the *Park*, Swears he has an *Assignation* from a *Lady of extraordinary Quality*. His *Hangers-on* call him Man of *Blood*, and by his own Report he is as stout as a *Turkey Cock*, yet he never was in any Service but building *Sconces*; nor *Duel*, but with his own Foot-boy or a *Drawer*, for he is so *Prudent* as not to exercise his Courage against any that dare *turn again*, and has got more *Bastards* than ever he made Fatherless Children, yet perhaps at first he will be *Saucy*, and bluster like the four Winds in Painting, but if you begin to be as high as he, strait the *Bubble* breaks, and then he swears,—*I Gad sir, I ever honoured you, but you are a passionate Gentleman and will not understand a jest.*

Think not because I repeat so oft *he Swears*, that I Tautologize in his Character, 'tis only to make the Picture more like the *Life*, for all his Discourses are Buttered with *Oaths*, which he uses *Euphoniæ gratia*, and is as curious in their *Newness* as the *Fabon*: In which he seems a Kinsman to the *Man*

in the Moon, for every Month he is in a New mode, and instead of true *Gallantry* (which once dwelt in the Breasts of *Englishmen*) he is made up of compliments, *Cringes*, *Knots*, *Fancies*, *Perfumes*, and a thousand *French* Apish Tricks, which render him only fit to be set on a Farmer's *Hovel* to scare away Crows. He placeth his very *Essence* in his outside, and his only Prayers are that his *Father* may go to the Devil *expeditiously*, and the Estate hold out to keep his *Miss* and himself in good *Equipage*. He thinks it the rankest Heresy in the World, to believe any Man can be *Wise* or *Noble*, that is in plain Clothes. And therefore looks down with Contempt on everybody, whose *Wig* is not right *Flaxen*; And calls the whole *Tribe of Levy* dull Fellows, because they go in *Black*, and wonders any People should think they can ever speak *Sense*, When they wear neither *Laced Cravats* nor *Pantaloons*.

To trace him *ab origine*, His breeding was under the wing of a too Indulgent *Mother*, who took a World of pains to make him a *Fool*, and attained her end at the Age of Discretion. At School he learned only how to Rob Orchards, and the Generosity of Bribing other Boys to make his *Exercise*, And stayed at the *University* just long enough to *Commence Drunkard*, and get by heart the name of his *College* to vapour with; from thence he posted to one of the *Inns of Court*, but in

four years' time, never read six Lines in *Littleton*, for he loved a *Placket*¹ better than a *Moot-case*,² and was more in his *Mercer's Books* than in *Cokes*, or *Plowden's*. For *Learning* he says is *Pedantry*, unbecoming a Gentleman ; and *Law* a thing fit only for *Draggle-tailed Gown-men*, that have no way of raising a Fortune, but by setting (two civil Gentlemen) *John-a-Noakes* and *John-a-Styles* together by the Ears : He has got a shorter Cut to all Arts and Sciences, than *Raymond Lully*, with his *Ars Mirabilis* ; and thinks the seven wise men of *Greece* mere *Ignoramuses*, to one that understands the *humours of the Town*. 'Tis but wearing *fashionable Clothes*, talking *loud*, and Laughing at all one does not *understand*, and the *business* is done.

His whole Library consists of the *Academy of Compliments*, *Venus undressed*, *Westminster Drollery*, half a dozen *Plays*, and a Bundle of *Bawdy Songs* in *Manuscript*, yet he is a shrewd *Linguist*, Impudence he calls the *Boon Assurance*, and unmanliness, the *Genteel Negligence*. He talks nothing but *Intrigues*, *Gustos*, *Garnitures*, *Repartees* and such modish *Fustian*, which he hedges in on all occasions or indeed without any, and if you bar but *forty words*, you strike him *Dumb*. He admires the eloquence of, *Son of a Whore*, when 'tis pronounced with a good grace, and therefore applies it to *every* thing ; So that if his *Pipe* be faulty, or his *Purge*

¹PLACKET.—A petticoat.

²MOOT-CASE.—A point of law.

Gripe too much, 'tis a *Son of a Whore Pipe*, and a *Spawn of a Bitch Purge*. For *New-minted Phrases* he has much enriched our language: 'Twas he brought, *I beg your diversion*, into fashion, and may have a patent for the sole use (as first Inventor) of that noble compliment, *Let me be Damned, and my Body made a Gridiron to Broil my Soul on to Eternity, If I do not Madam, love you confoundedly*.

Till noon he lies a *Bed* to digest his over-night's *Debauch* and then having *Dressed* himself, and paid half an hour's adoration to his own sweet *Image* in the *Looking-glass*, he *Trails* along the streets, *observing* who *observes* him, to the *French Ordinary*, where he swills his paunch with good *Cheer* and *Burgundy*, and tells at dinner how his *Physic* worked last night, and swears never any *Claps* plagued him half so much as that he has now upon him. Cursing his *Doctor* for a *Quacking Bastard*, that understands a *Gentleman's Disease* no more than a *Farrier*. After this the coach is called to hurry him to the *Play-house*, where he advances into the middle of the *Pit* struts about a while to render his good parts conspicuous, pulls out his *Comb*, *Carreens* his *Wig*, *Hums* the *Orange Wench* to give her, her own rates for her *China-fruit*, and immediately *Sacrifices* the fairest of them to the shrine of *next Vizor Mask*. Then gravely sits down and falls half *asleep*, unless some *petulant Wench*

hard by keep him awake by treading on his *Toe*, or a *wanton* compliment ; Yet all on a sudden to show his *Judgment*, and prove himself at once a *Wit* and a *Critic*, he starts up, and with a *Tragical Face*, *Damns the Play*, though he have not *heard* (at least *understood*) two Lines of it. However, when 'tis done, he picks up a *Miss*, and pinching her fingers in a soft *Tone*, and looks most abominably *Languishing*, he Whispers, *Damn me, Madam ! If you were but sensible, and all that of the passion I have for you, and the Flames which your irresistible Charms, and all that have kindles in my breast, you would be merciful and Honour me with your Angelical Company, to take a Draught of Loves Posset at next Tavern.* But if he finds her honest and cannot prevail, then he cries aloud, *Damn ye for a Puritanical Whore, what make you in the Pit here : The Twelve-penny Gallery with Camlet, Cloaks, and Foot-boys, is good enough for you,* And so raises his *Siege* and leaves her.

Whither he goes next I dare not follow him, for 'tis certainly a *Bawdy-house*, by what Name or Title soever it may be *Dignified* or *Distinguished* : Here he meets a Squadron of his Fellow *Gallants*, and having heightened their Spirits with jollity and Wine, they are fit for anything but *Civility* ; And when they vouchsafe to *Ramble* homewards about One or Two o'Clock in the Morning, they set up the

dreadful *Sa! sa!* more dangerous to meet than an *Indian* Running a *Muck*. In these Heroic humours hath many a *Watchman* had his *Horns*¹ Battered about his Ears; and the trembling *Constable* been put besides the Gravity of his Interrogatories, and forced to measure his Length upon the Ground. The first *man* they meet they Swear to *Kill*, and set all the *Women* on their Heads; and so they proceed till the rattling of Broken *Glass Windows*, the shrieks of distressed *Damsels*, and the Thunder of their own *Oaths*, and Execrations, fills all the *Neighbourhood* with horror, and makes them verily Conclude, That the *Devil* and all his Life Guards are going a *Processioning*.

Next Morning his *Tailor*, his *Mercer*, his *Haberdasher*, and his *Sempstress*, stands like a Guard of *Switzers* about his Chamber door, waiting his Up rising: To avoid the *Galling* of whose small Shot, He instantly dispatches a Light Horse-man to call Mr. *Glister-pipe* his Apothecary; Who encountering this desperate Band of Creditors, only with two or three *Glasses* as though that day he had *Purged*, drives them all to their Holes like so many *Foxes*. For the name of Physic is the only *Amulet* against a *Dun*, and a sufficient *Quietus est*, to any beleagured Gentleman.

Thus the *Iliads* of our *Gallants'* Accomplishments, may be crampt up in a nut-shell. His three

¹HORNS—i.e., lanthorns,

Cardinal Virtues, being only *Swearing*, *Wenching*, and *Drinking*; and if other men's lives may be compared to a *Play*, his is certainly but a *Farce*; which is acted only on three *Scenes*. The *Ordinary*, the *Play-house*, and the *Tavern*. His Religion (for now and then he will be prattling of that too) is pretendedly *Hobbian*: And he swears the *Leviathan* may supply all the lost Leaves of *Solomon*, yet he never saw it in his life, and for ought he knows it may be a *Treatise* about catching of *Sprats*, or new Regulating the *Greenland* Fishing Trade. However, the Rattle of it at *Coffee-houses*, has taught him to Laugh at *Spirits*, and maintain that there are no *Angels* but those in *Petticoats*: And therefore he defies *Heaven*, worse than *Maximine*, imagines *Hell*, only a *Hothouse* to Flux in for a *Clap* and calls the *Devil*, the Parsons *Bug-bear*, and sometimes the *Civil Old Gentleman in Black*. He denies that there is any Essential Difference betwixt *Good* and *Evil*, deems *Conscience* a thing only fit for *Children*, and ascribes all *Honesty* to *simplicity*, and an unpractiseness in the *ways* and *Methods* of the Town.

By these Extravagancies does he *Signalize* himself above Common Mortals, and counts all other *Dunghill Spirited* Fops, that are not as madly *Wild* and *Wicked* as himself. Thus is *Civility*, *Virtue*, and *Religion* hooted out of the World, and *Folly*, and *Atheism* exalted and promoted: For

this is the *Bell-weather* of Gallantry; whom our Younger *Fry* of Gentlemen admire for a *Hero*. And by these Arts does a man nowadays come to be counted a Person *well-bred*, and fit for a generous *Conversation*, though in Truth 'tis only his *Estate* that Gilds his Vanity, and his *Purse* that can Compound for his Follies; for of himself he is a *painted Butterfly*: A *Baboon*, usurping Human Shape; or (to use his own silly nasty Phrase)

Mine A—se all over. And so I leave him
behind me, till I meet him next
time, either in the *King's*
Bench Walks, or an
Hospital.

FINIS.



Poor Robin's
TRUE
C H A R A C T E R
OF A
S C H O L D
OR, THE
SHREWS LOOKING-GLASS.

Dedicated

To all { Domineering Dames
Wives Rampant
Cuckolds Couchant and
Henpeckt Sneaks ;

In City or County.

With Allowance.

London : Printed for L. C. 1678.



POOR ROBIN'S TRUE CHARACTER OF A SCOLD.

ARANK SCOLD is a Devil of the feminine gender; a serpent, perpetually hissing, and spitting of venom; a composition of ill-nature and clamour. You may call her animated gunpowder, a walking Mount Etna that is always belching forth flames of sulphur, or a real purgatory, more to be dreaded in this world, than the Pope's imaginary hot-house in the next. A burr about the moon, is not half so certain a presage of a tempest at sea, as her brow is of a storm on land. And though laurel, hawthorn, and seal-skin are held preservatives against thunder, magic has not yet been able to find any amulet so sovereign as still her ravings: for, the oil poured on flames, good

words do but make her rage the faster ; and when once her flag of defiance, the tippet, is unfurled, she cares not a straw for constable nor cucking-stool.

Her tongue is the clapper of the devil's saints-hell, that rings all into confusion. It runs round like a wheel, one spoke after another, and makes more noise and jangling, than country-steeples on the fifth of November. She is never less at ease, than when she is quiet ; never quiet, but when she is sleeping ; nor then neither : for either she talks in her dream, or awakes the whole house with a terrible fit of snoring. She makes such a pattering with her lips when she walks the streets, as if she were possessed ; and so indeed she is, with the spirit of contention. The dog-days, with her, continue all the year round ; nor can she possibly take cold : for she is ever in a heat, and holds neither pox nor plague so grievous a disease, as being tongue-tied.

She makes an ass of Aristotle, and demonstrates, that though every man be, yet many a woman is not, a sociable creature, for there is no good humour can charm her to be civil or agreeable ; no company, how affable or complaisant soever, that can long content her. She seeks occasions for railing, as eagerly as a common

barrister does to go to law. If you will not anger her, she will be angry with for thus neglecting her : and you cannot vex her worse, than to be silent, unless you sing or whistle at her folly. She interprets all she hears in the worse sense, and supplies the defect of real affronts with jealous suspicions. She is more captious, than capable of offence ; and all her neighbours bless themselves from her, wishing this Quotidiano fever of her tongue cured with a razor. Yet is not that her only weapon ; for she has hands to clap with, and nails to scratch with, and teeth to bite with, and much more furniture for war ; so that being looked upon as invincible, her bad humour gets her a privilege : for wherever she comes, she may be sure to have the room to herself ; nor needs long contest for priority of walk, or precedence at table, or opinion in argument : for the proudest gossip will quit pretensions, rather than stand the shock of her well-known rhetoric.

If she be of the preciser cast, she abuses sacred language in her railing, as conjurers do in their charms ; calls her neighbours heathen Edomites, her husband reprobate, or son of Belial, and will not cudgel her maid without a text for it. But now I speak of husband, methinks I see the creeping snail shivering in an ague-fit when

he comes in her presence. She is worse than cow-itch in his bed, and as good as a chafing-dish at board: but has either quite forgot his name, or else she likes it not; which makes her re-baptize him with more noble titles, as white-livered rascal, drunken sot, sneaking nincompoop, or pitiful lousy Tom Farthing. Thus she worries him out of his senses at home, and then ferrets his haunts abroad worse than a needy bawd does a decayed bully's. Taverns and ale-houses dread her single alarm, more than the joint attacks of the constable and watch; and his companions are content to pay his club and dismiss him, on news of her approach, rather than be at the charge of so many glasses and bottles as she will quickly salute his coxcomb with. A full glass seasonably offered, may sometimes pacify her for a moment; but immediately the ill spirit returns, and she can be quiet only just so long as she is drinking. Thus she clamours at him so long without occasion, that at last he gives her enough; and rails at him for keeping ill company, till she forces him to it; being ashamed to go into any good society, or they ashamed of him; which makes him seek blind bubbling-schools to hide himself in from her fury, and resolve to stay out all night, rather than endure a double rally.

In a word, (for I perceive our character begins to be infected with the contagious talkativeness of its subject) a virulent scold is her neighbour's perpetual disquiet, her families evil genius, her husband's ruin, and her own daily tormentor: And that you may the better know her pedigree, I'll give you a serious account of the receipt or method made use of for her production into the world, lately found in a long-concealed manuscript of Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus, as follows: viz.

That nature long since finding many of her sons oft-times bewitched to their own ruin by the charms of women, for their punishment contrived this monster called A Scold: to form which,

She first took of the tongues and galls of bulls, bears, wolves, magpies, parrots, cuckoos, and nightingales, of each a like number: The tongues and tails of vipers, adders, snakes and lizards, seven apiece: aurum fulminans, aqua fortis and gunpowder, of each one pound: the clappers of nineteen bells, and the pestles of a dozen apothecaries' mortars. Which being all mixed, she calcined in Mount Strombelo, and dissolved the ashes in a water distilled just under London bridge at three quarters' flood, and filtrated it through the leaves of Calepino's Dictionary,

to render the operation more verbal. After which, she distilled it again through a speaking-trumpet, and closed up the remaining spirits in the mouth of a cannon. Then she opened the graves of all new-deceased pettifoggers, mountebanks, barbers, coffee-newsmongers, and fish-wives; and with the skin of their tongues, made a bladder covered o'er with drum-heads, and filled with storms, tempests, whirlwinds, thunders, lightnings, &c. These for better incorporation, she set seven years in a rough sea to ferment, and then mixing them with the rest, rectified the whole three times a day for a twelve-month in a balneum of quicksilver. Lastly, to irrabiate the whole elixir, and make it more churlish, she cut a vein under the tongue of the dog-star, drawing thence a pound of the most choleric blood; from which sublimating the spirits, she mixed them with the foam of a mad dog: and then putting altogether in the forementioned bladder, stitched it up with the nerves of Socrates's wife.

Out of this noble preparation, and a crooked rib (emblem of future crossness) Dame Nature first composed a SHREW, whose posterity (as is frequent with noxious animals) has since so overspread the world, that scarce an alley or village is free from some of her lineage.

But that you may see her end as well as beginning, be pleased to peruse this

E P I T A P H.

After some threescore years of caterwauling,
Here lies A SCOLD, stopped from above-ground
bawling,
Though ill she liv'd, I dare not read her doom ;
But sure, go where she will, she's troublesome.
I wish her, in revenge, amongst the blest :
For she'd as lief be damn'd, as be at rest.



Strange and Remarkable
Prophecies and Predictions

Of the Holy, Learned, and excellent

James Usher,

Late L. Arch-Bishop of *Armagh*,
and late Primate of *Ireland*.

Giving an Account of his Foretelling

- I. The Rebellion in *Ireland* Forty Years before it came to pass.
- II. The Confusions and Miseries in *England*, in Church and State.
- III. The Death of King *Charles* the First.
- IV. His own Poverty and want.
- V. The Divisions in *England* in matters of Religion.

Lastly, Of a great and Terrible Persecution which shall fall upon the Reformed Churches by the Papists wherein the then Pope should be chiefly concerned.

Written by the Person who heard it from this Excellent Persons own Mouth, and now publisht earnestly to perswade us to that Repentance and Reformation which can only prevent our Ruin and Destruction.

And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do? Gen. 18. 17.

Licensed, November the 16th.

London, Printed for R. G. 1678.



*Strange and Remarkable Predictions of that Holy
Learned and excellent Bishop, James Usher late
Lord Primate of Ireland.*

THE Author of the Life of this excellent and Worthy Primate and Arch-Bishop, gives an Account, that among other extraordinary gifts and graces, which it pleased the Almighty to bestow upon him, he was wonderfully endued with a Spirit of Prophecy, whereby he gave out several true Predictions and Prophecies of things a great while before they came to pass, whereof some we have seen fulfilled, and others remain yet to be accomplished. And though he was one that abhorred Enthusiastic Notions, being too Learned, Rational, and knowing, to admit of such idle Freaks and Whimsies. Yet he professed, 'That several times in 'his Life he had many things imprest upon his mind, 'concerning future Events, with so much warmth 'and importunity, that he was not able to keep them 'secret, but lay under an unavoidable necessity to 'make them known.

From which Spirit he foretold the *Irish* Rebellion Forty years before it came to pass, with the very time when it should break forth, in a Sermon Preached in *Dublin* in 1601. where from *Ezek* 4.6. discoursing concerning the Prophets bearing the iniquity of *Judah* forty days, the Lord therein appointed a day for a year: he made this direct Application in Relation to the connivance at Popery at that time. *From this year* (says he) *will I reckon the sin of Ireland, that those whom you now embrace, shall be your Ruin, and you shall bear this Iniquity.* Which Prediction proved exactly true, for from that time 1601, to the year 1641, was just Forty years, in which it is notoriously known, that the Rebellion and Destruction of *Ireland* happened, which was acted by those Popish Priests, and other Papists, which were then connived at. And of this Sermon the Bishop reserved the Notes, and put a Note thereof in the Margin of his Bible; and for 20 Years before, he still lived in the Expectation of the Fulfilling thereof: And the nearer the Time was, the more confident he was, that it was near accomplishment, though there was no visible appearance of any such thing: And (says Dr. *Bernard*) the Year before the Rebellion broke forth, the Bishop taking his leave of me, being then going from *Ireland* to *England*, he advised me to a serious Preparation; for I should see heavy Sorrows and Miseries, before I saw him

again ; which he delivered with as great Confidence, as if he had seen it with his Eyes : Which seems to verify that of the Prophet, *Amos* 3. 7. *Surely, the Lord will do nothing, but he will reveal it to his Servants, the Prophets.*

From this Spirit of Prophecy, he foresaw the Changes and Miseries of *England* in Church and State ; for having in one of his Books, (called *De Prim. Eccl. Brit.*)* given a large account of the Destruction of the Church and State of the *Britains*, by the *Saxons*, about 550 years after Christ : He gives this among other Reasons, why he insisted so largely upon it ; That he foresaw, that a like Judgment was yet behind, if timely Repentance and Reformation did not prevent it : And he would often Mourn upon the Foresight of this, long before it came.

From this Spirit he gave Mournful Intimations of the Death of our late Sovereign, *Charles* the First ; of whom he would be often speaking with Fear and Trembling, even when the King had the

**Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates et Primordia. Quibus inserta est pestiferæ adversus Dei Gratiam à Pelagio Britanno in Ecclesiam inductæ Hæreseos Historia. Collectore Jacobo Usserio, Archiepiscopo Armachano, totius Hiberniæ Primate. Dublin, 1639.*

A second edition, enlarged by the author, London, 1687, with portrait.

“An everlasting monument of the author’s good services to the Church of Ireland.”—*Nicholson’s Irish Hist. Lib.* chap. iii.

For a Notice of an English Translation of this Work, made in Usher’s time or a little later, but imperfect, see “Notes and Queries,” vol. vii, p. 121.

greatest Success: And would therefore constantly pray, and gave all advice possible, to prevent any such thing.

From this Spirit he foresaw his own Poverty in worldly things; and this he would often speak of, with admiration to the Hearers, when he was in his greatest Prosperity; which the Event did most certainly verify.

From this Spirit he Predicted the Divisions and Confusions in *England* in Matters of Religion, and the sad consequences thereof; some of which we have seen fulfilled: and I pray God, the rest which he feared, may not also be accomplished upon us.

Lastly, From this Spirit he foretold, That the greatest stroke upon the Reformed Churches was yet to come; and that the time of the utter Ruin of the See of *Rome*, should be when she thought herself most secure: And as to this Last, I shall add a brief Account from the persons own hand, who was concerned therein; which followeth in these words;

The Year before this Learned and Holy Primate, A. Bishop *Usher* died, I went to him, and earnestly desired him, to give me in Writing his Apprehensions concerning Justification, and Sanctification by Christ; because I had formerly heard him Preach upon those Points, wherein he seemed to make those great Mysteries more intelligible to my mean Capacity, than anything which I had ever

heard from any other; But because I had but an imperfect and confused Remembrance of the Particulars, I took the boldness to importune him, that he would please to give a brief account of them in Writing; whereby I might the better imprint them in my Memory; of which he would willingly have excused himself, by declaring his intentions of not writing any more; Adding, That if he did write any thing, it should not exceed above a Sheet or two: But upon my continued Importunity, I at last obtained his Promise.

He coming to Town some time after, was pleased to give me a Visit at my own House; where I failed not to challenge the Benefit of the Promise he had made me: He replied; *That he had not writ and yet he could not charge himself with any Breach of Promise: For (said he) I did begin to write; but when I came to write of Sanctification, that is, of the New Creature, which God formeth by his Spirit in every Soul, which he doth truly Regenerate, I found so little of it wrought in myself, that I could speak of it only as Parrots by Rote, and without the knowledge and understanding of what I might have expressed; and therefore, I durst not presume to proceed any further upon it.*

And when I seemed to stand amazed, to hear such an Humble Confession from so great and experienced a Christian, He added; *I must tell you,*

We do not well understand what [Sanctification and the New Creature are ; It is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire Resignation of his will to the will of God, and to live in the Offering up of his Soul continually in the flames of Love, as a whole burnt Offering to Christ, and how little (says he) are many of those who profess Christianity experimentally acquainted with this work on their Souls.

By this Discourse, I conceived he had very excellently and clearly discovered to me that part of Sanctification which he was unwilling to write.

I then presumed to enquire of him what his present apprehensions were concerning a very great Persecution which should fall upon the Church of God in these Nations of *England, Scotland, and Ireland*, of which this Reverend Primate had spoken with great confidence many years before, when we were in the highest and fullest state of outward Peace and Settlement. I asked him whether he did believe those sad times to be past, or that they were yet to come, To which he answered, *that they were yet to come, and that he did as confidently expect it, as ever he had done*, adding, *that This sad Persecution would fall upon all the Protestant Churches of Europe* ; I replied, That I did hope it might have been past as to these Nations of ours, since I thought, that though we, who are the People thereof, have been punished much less than our sins have deserved, and that our

late wars had made far less devastations, than War commonly brings upon those Countries where it pleaseth God in Judgment to suffer it ; yet we must needs acknowledge, that many great Houses had been Burnt, Ruined, and left without Inhabitants, many great Families impoverished and undone, and many Thousand Lives also had been lost in that bloody War, and that *Ireland* and *Scotland*, as well as *England*, had drunk very deep of the Cup of Gods Anger, even to the overthrow of the Government, and the utter Desolation almost of a very great part of those Countries.

But this Holy man, turning to me, and fixing his Eyes upon me with that serious and ireful look which he usually had when he spake Gods word and not his own ; and when the Power of God seemed to be upon him, and to constrain him to speak, which I could easily discern much to differ from the countenance wherewith he usually spake to me ; He said thus.

Fool not yourself with such hopes, for I tell you, all you have yet seen, hath been but the beginning of sorrows to what is yet to come upon the Protestant Churches of Christ, who will ere long fall under a sharper Persecution than ever yet has upon them ; and therefore (said he to me) look you be not found in the Outward Court, but a worshipper in the Temple before the Altar, for Christ will measure all

those that profess his Name, and call themselves his People ; and the Outward worshippers he will leave out, to be trodden down by the Gentiles. The Outward Court (says he) is the formal Christian, whose Religion lies in performing the out side duties of Christianity, without having an inward Life and Power of Faith and love, uniting them to Christ, and these God will leave to be trodden down, and swept away by the Gentiles ; But the worshippers within the Temple and before the Altar, are those who do indeed worship God in spirit and in Truth, whose Souls are made his Temples, and he is honoured and adored in the most inward thoughts of their hearts, and they Sacrifice their Lusts and vile affections, yea, and their own wills to him ; and these God will hide in the hollow of his Hand, and under the shadow of his wings ; and this shall be one great difference between this last, and all the other preceding Persecutions. For in the former, the most eminent and spiritual Ministers and Christians did generally suffer most, and were most violently fallen upon, but in this last Persecution these shall be preserved by God as a Seed to partake of that Glory which shall immediately follow and come upon the Church, as soon as ever this storm shall be over ; for as it shall be the sharpest, so it shall be the shortest Persecution of them all ; and shall only take away the gross Hypocrites and formal Professors, but

the true Spiritual Believers shall be preserved till the Calamity be over-past.

I then asked him by what means or Instruments this great Trial should be brought on. He answered, By *the Paptists* ; I replied, that it seemed to me very improbable they should be able to do it, since they were now little countenanced, and but few in these Nations, and that the hearts of the People were more set against them than ever since the Reformation. He answered again, 'That it would be by the hands of *Papists*, and in the way of a sudden Massacre ; and that the then Pope should be the chief Instrument of it.'

All this he Spake with so great Assurance, and with the same serious, and concerned Countenance, which I have before observed him to have, when I heard him foretell some things which in all human appearance were very unlikely to come to pass, which yet I myself have lived to see happen according to his prediction, and this made me give the more earnest attention to what he then uttered.

He then added, 'That the Papists were in his Opinion the *Gentiles* spoken of in the 11th of the *Revelations*, to whom the outward Court should be left, that they might tread it underfoot ; They having received the *Gentiles* worship in their adoring Images, and Saints departed, and in taking to themselves many Mediators ; And this (said he)

‘the *Papists* are now designing among themselves ,
‘and therefore be sure you be ready.

This was the Substance, and I think (for the greatest part) the very same words which this Holy man spake to me at the time before mentioned not long before his death, and which I writ down, that so great and notable a Prediction might not be lost and forgotten by myself nor others.

This gracious Man repeated the same things in Substance to his only daughter the Lady *Tyrril*, and that with many tears, and much about the same time that he had exprest what is aforesaid to me, and which the Lady *Tyrril* assured me of with her own mouth, to this purpose.

That opening the Door of his Chamber, she found him with his Eyes lift up to Heaven, and the tears running a pace down his Cheeks, and that he seemed to be in an Ecstasy, wherein he continued for about half an hour, not taking the least notice of her, though she came into the Room, but at last turning to her, he told her, That his thoughts had been taken up about the Miseries and Persecutions that were coming upon the Churches of Christ, which would be so sharp and bitter, that the contemplation of them had fetched those Tears from his Eyes, and that he hoped he should not live to see it, but possibly she might, for

it was even at the door ; *Therefore take heed* (says he) *that you be not found sleeping.*

The same things he also Repeated to the Lady *Bysse*, Wife to the present Lord Chief Baron of *Ireland*, But with adding this circumstance, That if they brought back the King, it might be delayed a little longer, but (said he) *It will surely come, therefore be sure to look that you be not found unprepared for it.*

To conclude in the words of Dr. *Bernard*, speaking of this Excellent Person. ‘ Now howsoever
‘ I am as far from heeding of Prophecies this way as
‘ any, yet with me it is not Improbable, that so great
‘ a Prophet, so sanctified from his youth, so knowing
‘ and eminent throughout the Universal Church,
‘ might have at some special times more than Ordinary
‘ Motions and Impulses in doing the watchmans part,
‘ of giving warning of Judgments approaching.’

F I N I S.

THE
CHARACTER
OF
A TOWN-MISS.



LONDON,
Printed for *Rowland Reynolds* in the *Strand*,
1680.



THE CHARACTER OF A TOWN MISS.

A MISS is a Name, which the *Civility* of this Age bestows on *one*, that our *unmannerly* Ancestors call'd *Whore* and *Strumpet*. A certain *Help-meet* for a Gentleman, instead of a Wife; Serving either for prevention of the Sin of *Marrying*, or else as a little *Side Pillow*, to render the Yoke of *Matrimony* more easy. She is an excellent *Conveniency* for those that have more *Money* than *Wit*, to spend their *Estates* upon; and the most that can be said in her *Commendation*, Is, that she will infallibly bring a Man to *Repentance*. Yet you may call her an *honest Courtezan*, or at least a *Common Inclosed*; for though she is an *Out-lier*, yet she seems to be confined within the *Pale*, and differs from your ordinary *Prostitute*, as *Whole-sale* men from *Retailers*; one perhaps has an *hundred* Customers, and to'ther but *Two* or *Three*, and yet *this* gets most by her Trade. Indeed she may well *thrive*, seeing

she always carries her *Stock* about her, and every man is desirous to deal in her Commodity : For she is a Gallant *Business*, a Citizens *Recreation*, a Lawyers *Estate in Fee-tail* ; a Young Doctors *Necessary Experiment*, and a Parsons *comfortable Importance*.

The Royal Preacher calls her a *Strange Woman*, but we usually term her a *Common Woman*, and have reason so to do ; for sins that were *strange* in *Solomons* days, are *common* in ours. She is a Caterpillar that destroys many a hopeful Young Gentleman in the Blossom, a *Land-Syren* far more dangerous than those in the Sea : For he that falls into her hands, runs a *three-fold* hazard of Shipwrecking *Soul, Body, and Estate*.

She talks high of her *Family*, and tells a large story how they were Ruined by the late *Wars*. But the true History of her Life, is generally to this Effect : She is only the *Cub* of a *Bumkin*, licked into a Genteel form by *Town Conversation* : Nature gave her a good *Face*, and an indifferent stock of *confidence*, which she by prudent management has improved into *Impudence* ; like a forward *Rose bud* she openeth betimes, and lost that trifle they call a *Maiden-Head*, so early, that she cannot remember she ever had any such thing. She was scarcely *thirteen* when her Fathers *Ploughman*, and the *Squire* their Landlord (the verier *Clown* of the *two*)

went Joint Tenants to her *Copyhold* ; but proving with Child, she had the wit to lay it to the *Last*, who for his Credit, dispatched her *Incognito*, with a sum of Money, on a Carriers Pack, to be disburthened at *London*, the goodliest Forest in *England* to shelter a great *Belly* : There the *bantling* was exposed to the Tuition of the *Parish* in a *Handbasket*, and the Charitable *Midwife* (who counts *procurring* in a civil way, a necessary part of her Office) soon brought her acquainted with a *third Rate Gentlewoman*, who took her a Lodging in a Garret, and allowed her *six shillings* a Week. But making a Sally abroad one Night, picked up a *Drunken Cully*, and at a Tavern (whilst he was no less *pleasantly* employed) picked his pocket of a *Gold Watch*, and some straggling *Guineas*, and left him to pawn his *Sword* and *Perriwig* for the Reckoning. After this lucky Adventure, she discards *Monsieur shabby* (her former Customer) and her *Lofty* Lodging ; puts herself in a good *Garb*, gets a *Maid* (forgive me, for I Lye, I mean a *Shee-Servant*) whom she teaches to call her *Madam*, and your *Honour*, and hires Noble Rooms richly Furnished, about *Covent-Garden* ; there she takes State upon her, and practices every day four hours in the *Glass*, how *Greatness* will become her. Her first business is to make herself to be taken notice of, to which purpose like *Dinah*, she walks the

Streets, sometimes like *Jael*, she stands at the Door; and sometimes like *Jezabel*, she looks out at the Window: But her main *Market-place* is the *Balcony*, which she frequents as constantly as any Lady in a *Romance* and the Language of her Eyes is, *What do you lack sir?* By which she at last attracts a *Wealthy Gallant*, who with a little *Address*, obtains the mighty Honour of her *Acquaintance*; but she seems extreme Nice, Reserved and Modest, protests she would not go to a *Tavern* for a World, when the whole business is, she is only afraid of being *Pawned* there. In brief, she *Manages* him so discreetly, that she *Cheats* him into Love *Insensibly*, like a *Tailors-Bill*, wherein a man sees himself *Rooked* abominably, yet knows not where to find fault. Having thus got the *Woodcock* into the Pitfall, she resolves to *Pluck* him: When he importunes her for the *Great Kindness*, she talks of *Honour* and *Conscience*, and vows she will never *stain* her Reputation but for *valuable Considerations*: this brings them to *Articles*, he promises to allow her a *Hundred and fifty pounds* a Year, and she Swears a thousand dissembling Oaths, how infinitely she loves him, and that she will prove constant, and true to him alone, and never be concerned with any other man in the World; and the silly Fop is so fatally bewitched as to believe her; And continues a long time in that

fools Paradise of *Dotage*, whilst in the mean time she drives a *Trade* privately, with two or three more. For the *Concealing* of which from the first, 'tis the whole Employ of the little *Harlotry*, her Chamber-Maid, to study lies, Pretences and *Excuses* and she makes them pay her even to *Extortion*; to quicken her *Invention*, Sometimes she is gone abroad in her *Aunts Coach*; Sometimes one of her Consins, a *Woollen Drapers* Wife in the City is Sick and she must *Visit* her. Nor is *Madam* herself less full of Plot and *Intrigue* to *Bubble* her *Gallant*: Sometimes having *pleased* him well, she begs the best *Ring* he has on his finger, or pretends herself to be in *Debt*; and that unless he will suffer her to be scandalized with an *Arrest*, *Bound* he must be for her) to one of her *Confederates* you may be sure) for fifty pound, and the *everlasting Changling* cannot find in his heart to deny her: At other times she shall purposely give him occasion to be *Jealous*, and when he has *Raved* and *Swore*, and *Cursed* and *Ranted* for two hours as if he had been *possessed* with a hundred and fifty Devils, she shall *cleverly* wipe off the suspicion, upbraid his *Jealous Coxcomb-ship*; fall a *Sniveling*, and call herself the most *unfortunate* of Women, to love a man with so much *Passion*, that thus *abuses* her: Then he *submits*, begs her Pardon on his Knees, and *Coaxes* her with all imaginable kindness; but

still she *pouts*, looks *Sullen*, and will not let him have a bit of *that same*, till he has given her a *New Gown*, or a *Necklace of Pearl*, for Atonement, and reconciliation.

But in time, his Appetite being *Cloyed*, his purse *exhausted*, or his Eyes *enlightened*, he begins to withdraw, and she soon finds out another, a *verier fool* than he; but for Security, will not Trade, unless he *settle* an *annuity* of £300 a Year on her for *Life*; which being firmly done by an able *Conveyancer* in *Sheep-skins*, half as large as the *Premises*; Within one Month she *abandons* him for a more *Noble* and *Strenuous Gallant*. And now being arrived at the *Zenith* of her *Glory*, she has her Boys in *Livery*, her *House* splendidly furnished, and scorns to stir abroad without a *Coach and six horses*: She glitters in the *Boxes* at the *Play-house*, and draws all Eyes after her in the Street, to the shame and Confusion of all *honest Women*, and Encouragement of each *Pretty Girl* that loves *fine Clothes*, good *Cheer*, and *Idleness*, to turn *Harlot*, in Imitation of such a *thrwing Example*.

She takes upon her, more *Pride*, than would have served six of *Queen Elizabeths Countesses*; uses *Sirrah* at every word, and to a Lady of the best Quality, and Old enough to be her Mother: Nothing but—*I tell thee sweet heart!* She despises her Sister, for losing her Reputation, by being

kept by a meaner Gallant than her own ; and gets one to attempt to Steal her, that she may be thought an extraordinary Fortune.

She hath always two necessary Implements about her, a *Blackamoor*, and a little dog ; for without these, she would be neither *Fair* nor *Sweet* : The rest of her Retinue consists of her *She-Secretary*, that keeps the Box of her Teeth, her Hair, and her Painting. An *Old Trot*, that understands the Town, and goes between *Party* and *Party*, and a *French Merchant* to supply her with *Dildo's* ; or in default of those, she makes her Gallants Purse maintain two able *Stallions* (that she loves better than him) for performance of points wherein he is *Defective*. Her Skin is much Clearer than her *Conscience*, which makes her go with her *Neck* and *shoulders Bare* ; and she has reason, for her upper Parts are the *shop* of *Cupid*, and those below, his *Warehouse* : But all that you are like to buy there, is *Damnation*, and *Diseases*. She is a very *Butcher*, that exposes her own flesh to Sale by the *Stone* ; or if you please, a *Cook* that is Dressing herself all day with *Poignant Sauces*, to be tasted with the better Appetite at Night. Like a Disabled *Frigate*, that had received many Shots between *Wind* and *Water*, She is forc'd once a year to put in at *Tunbridge*, or *Epsom*, to *Wash* and *Tallow*, and *Refit* her *Leaky Bottom* : after which, she *Cruises*

up and down the Town as briskly as ever ; till *Age* spoil her Sailing, and engraves *Wrinkles*, where she once painted *Roses* : Then her former *Adorers* despise her, the World *hates* her, and she becomes a *Loathsome* thing, too unclean to enter into *Heaven* ; too *Diseased* to continue long upon Earth ; and too foul to be *touched* with anything but a *Pen*, or a pair of *Tongs* : And therefore 'tis time to *Leave* her ;—
For, *Foh, how she stinks*.

FINIS.

A Trewe

e t f e y t h f u l l M y s t o r i e

o f t h e R e d o u b t a b l e

P r y n c e R a d a =

p a n t h u s .



TO THE READER.



HIS Work is a fac-simile of a very scarce Romance, in the possession of the Editor, and is supposed to be unique, as no second copy is known to exist. It is not to be found in the Libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, or in the British Museum, nor is it mentioned in any of the valuable publications of Dibdin. It formerly belonged to an old woman near Shrewsbury. No printer's name is mentioned, but the type is very much like that used by Wynkyn de Worde. The Romance is without date, but from two paper-marks, of which an engraving is here given, some light may be thrown upon the antiquity of this singular and scarce work.

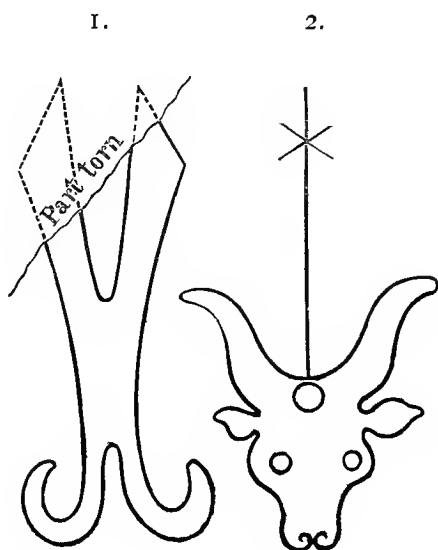
London : Re-printed by R. and A. Taylor, Shoe Lane, 1820.

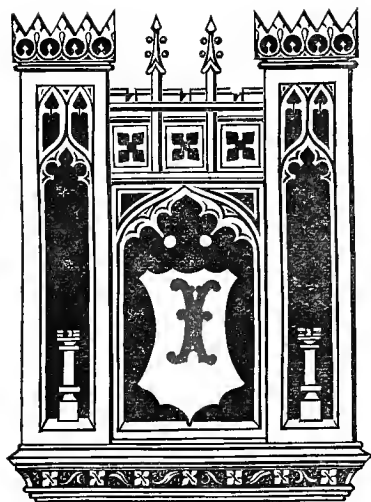
75 Copies on Plain Paper,
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2 Copies on Vellum.

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PAPER MARKS.

Fig. 1. From a fly-leaf. *N. B.* The dotted lines show the part torn off.





Auncient

daves ther lived an
hardie et a stronge
manne that hight the
valourous Prynce
Radapanthus, sonne
of the most mightie
soberaigne Kynke
Abrodonte and his
faire Queene Colli-
nella.

¶ Now on a tyme whanne the sable nighte gan
fade et the glorious sun to salew the golden dave and
gladden the herte of manne, uprose the puissant
prince Radapanthus, et having donned hys shyning
armoure, and grasped his godely sworde Fitzma-
brande, he mounted his fiery stede Gruffosnorto, and
followed by his gentil squire Pintadonte, they sallped
forth in quest of adventure. They vanced on their
journey, when towards y noon of dave they entered
into a thyeke and darksome forest, where their steps

were hindered by the thornes and brambles and muchel annoyaunce from todes and serpentes. The Prynce with hys sworde hewed his way through the bushes, when peradventure striking a stone the darknesse of the forrest disappeared, et they founde themselves in a passing large playne, but still surrounded by the forest on every side, and in the myddest thereof was a transparent lake, peleeped Belplaisant, in whych was a goodly and a faire gondelay, ppainted ful clene, with purple sayles, and at the helm sate a beautiful and a comely damesel, bedygght in azure and golde and a transparent veil over her head bespangled wyth sylber stars. The prynce was salewed in modest guise by the damesel, et with hys squire wer moste gladshomely receyved into y^e bote : they glided along the lake till they came to a passing faire river bordered on each syde with many goodlye trees, very pleasaunt to behold, as the Oke, the Elme, the Plane, the Holme, the Cheffeyn, the Beeche, the Popelere, the Hasel, the Maple, the Thorne et the Boxe, while the banks were gayly ornated wyth flowers and flourettes yfretted in divers colours, and dyspredde ober alle the plaine. Having proceeded in the bote, that glode along the wyndyng streame for a while, the Prynce Radapanthus and his squire disembarked. So soon as y^e Prynce pulled off a rose and gave it to the damsels, then all att once she wyth her bote suddenly vanished, the sky was quickly

overcaste, an aweful noize was herd, et eftsoon a stronge vapour of cloude et smoke was seen to rise out of the ground; and in the mydst therof arde a fryghtfull and mooste uncouth Gyant. He had a swarthy visage, a yellow beard, and a most sternfull visnomie; he was completely armed and mounted upon a fierie dragon. Now the gyant gan most gruffly to growl with grete discourteousness at the Prince Radapanthus, and lifting up a grete iron mace vanced towards him. But the valourous Prince, mounted on his horse Gruffosnorto, couched his lance, and with grete hardihood drave it into the dragon's maw, and being unhable to regaine the same, drew hys sword and smote off the left legg of the Gyant. The Gyant roared wyth dolourous payne, when the dragon raised hys taylor, et struck y^e Prince on the helmet, but Radapanthus with his trenchant blade strake off the dragons taylor, et having regained his launce, the dragon sank down wyth passing grete paine, y^e horse snuffed the wynd and ramped most furiously on the neck of y^e dragon, when the valorous prynce lifted up his godely sworde Firmabrande, et cleaved the Gyant thorough the myddel, from the head to the saddel. The Gyant fell downe on each side of the dragon with a tremendous crash, while the blood was despreden all over the field.



Wercome with fatigue and covered with bitter bales the Prynce fell into a swound, whan all attonce the vapour and darknesse of the air vanished, and y^e bloode which covered the field suddenly disappeared, et a gleam of light arose from out of the grounde. Then the damesel of the lake agayne stode before hym with a cup of enchanted liquor, et having besprinkled over the face of the Prynce Radapanthus, et uttered some strange et uncouth wordes, she mounted a golden chaire bedpyght with diamonds and topaz and drawn by wynged serpents: so she rose in the air et eftsoon disappeared.



Abing recovered from his swounde by the enchanted liquor, the prynce arose, mounted his horse Gruffosnorto, folowed by his feithfull squire Pintadonte, et pursued his adventure, et having vanced to the ende of the forest, his ears were greeted wyth a distant sound of musyck, which encreased still more as he drew nigh, whanne he gan to spie come ryding forth on a mylk whyte stede in rich array a beauteous ladye yclepid the renowned princess Philamante, with body gentill et middel small: she was cloathed in a mantle of grene felbett et a kirtle of blew ywrought with byrdes of sundrie colores; she was attended by ten comely et

buxome Dameselles, dauncyng and playing on diuers sortes of pleasaunt musick et followed by a dwarf with a passing great helmett on hys hed, longe spurres on his heels, and a great cloke over hys shoulders, the which trayled along the grounde. The dwarf, hight Sir Puny, was followed by a squire, carryng hys sworde, and leading a large black horse wyth golden brydel et saddel studded with pearls and musical bells of many sundrie shapes, et a shield bearing a golden appel on an azure field.



Sooner had the dwarf Sir Puny perceived the prynce Radapanthus than he vauced et salewed him most courteously, and showed hym to the moste peerless princess Philamante: the prynce was gretely astounded with the handsomeness of the princess, salewed her most buxomely, which was returned by a moste graceful and soote smile, et condescending to receive hym as her feithful knyght, in which the prince was passing glad, et so they proceeded in companye, et towards the night arrived at the court of the Emperour Primoso, the father of the princess Philamante, when he was kindly welcomed, and presented to the Emperess Bellafronte,



Ad now the golden gate of Heauen gan to open, whan gentle Phebus came joyfully forth and caste hys glitterynge beames up to y^e skie, and shote forth the gladsome dape. Arose the valourous Prynce Radapanthus, and uprose themperour and all his corte; and, lastly, uprose y^e peerless Pryncess Philamante yclad in a samite robe yfretted in golde and sylber sheene.

The royal emperour Primoso, as Frenche Clerkes say, was four foote hygh: he was royally crowned with a quintuple crown, et a lofty spire an ell longe, studded with diamond bells et surmounted by a golden phane. His majestie was cloathed in a red and yellow robe, besprinkled with shynng stars, and held in hys ryghte hand a sceptre, surmounted by a crystall ymage of Justice, yblinded et holding a sword and ballance, which scepter was never out of the emperours syght. The emperesse Bellafronte, who was seven foot high, was most gloriously crowned wyth an embattled crowne, surmounted by pynacles in topaz, et was cloathed in

ermine and purpel palle, et in a kirtle besprinkled alle aboute wyth sylber starres, et plettered with golden letters wel bemoltoed; her shoone were ornated in curious devices belike unto the Windows of Poules Church. The royall Emperour handed the Emperess into the royal halle of the royal pallace, followed by the princess Philamante, and the renowned prynce Radapanthus, attended by all the Lordes and Ladies of the corte, bedight in their best array and clad in y^e newest guise. A grande feste was prepared in the grete halle whych was covered with tapestry: here were depictured Adam and his wyf Eve, wyth a serpente: Cobyte and hys dogge; the Kyng of Aye hanging on a tree; madame Susanna and the two olde menne; Potipher and her frende Joseph, in a cote wel depaynted in diuers coloures, and Duke Josue wyth a golden sunne standyng stille; the three kinges of Colen ryding on their praucing stedes; the Prodigal son without the pygges. The Windows of the hall were ornated wyth royall glas, contayning the achievements of the renowned prynce Potomodo, grete graundefather unto the emperor Primoso: the upper parte of the halle was furnimented with auncient armour. The celynge was moste cunnynghie ycorben with antyck ymagerye and devyces contayning the cotes and genealogies of y^e emperour. At the upper end of the halle on the hiedese, under a canopp of state, curiouslie ycorben and pinacled, sat the Emperour, the Em-

peress, the Pryncess et the balliaunt Prynce; than y^e Dukes, Erles, Barouns, Knyghtes, Squires, and all the Ladies and dameselles of the Corte.

DURING the time of the feste, while the minstralls were pleying in swete concordance and plesaunt armony manie most joyfull songs, and whyle the squire Carber was holding uppe the huge knyfe and forehette to cutt the mete, a messenger ranne suddenlie into the hall in grete terror and dismaie, declaring that an huge and horribel Gyant yeleped Hurlotobumpus, was vancing to claim the hand of the peerless Princess Philamante. The whole court were throwen into great confusion et dismay, y^e minstrels surceased their plesaunt soundes, the princess much adawed fell into grete disquietness. ¶ From the marvellous puissaunte strengthe of y^e gyant, the knyghtes of y^e court were adawed; none dared to combat with him but only the valourous prince, who rose from the borde, sauns-faile, dyght on his glitterand armour, seized hys sword, and having mounted his goodly horse Gruffosnorto, proceeded in quest of Hurlotobumpus: he met him in the courte of the Palace, armed wyth a clubbe et mounted on a red roan stede. The gyant, who cared not for no manne nor yet for no woman neither, baunced with a sternful visnomie, and wyth mightie strength he lifted up his ponderous

clubb, et heaped blows on the shield of Radapanthus, whych produced dredfull soundes, et shooke the wyndowes of the pallace. The prynce staggered by the force of the blow, but eftsoones recovered: he spurred his stede, ran furiously at the gyant, and with hys godelye trenchant blade chopt him in two below the waist; the bodey with the head and armes fell with a loude et thunderand sounde belike unto a lofty Oak on the playn: the horse fled wyth the lower part of the gyant conteyning the legs et part of the body which remained fixed on the saddel.

ftsoon the news of y^e death of the gyant arrived at the hall of the Emperour, it was joyfullie hailed with grete joy by the joyfull people: themperour, themperess, and the moste peerless pryncess of all pryncesses, et the corte, greeted the valourous prince Radapanthus, et welcomed him wyth manie sweet soundes of pleasaunt music.

A few dayes after thys strange and perillous battle a right faire damesell and a goode, wyth suffused eyes, arrived at y^e court of the emperour Primoso, to demaund aide for the Ladie Mirrafonte, against a gyaunt who had wrongfully detained her and alle her knightes and ladies in her Castle as food to satisfy his

hungrie matwe, when he devoured every dape for his dinner two of her knyghts, et everie nighte a faire damsel or a fatt fryar for his soppere: the Ladie Mirrafonte is reserved for the last; et if she is not reskewed wythin three dapes, she must be doomed to deathsauns faile, to satisfy the ravenous hunger of the hungerest of all hungry gyants, who has taken possession and secured the gate of y^e castle, by placing thereat a large stone, which no man but hymself can move.

¶ The damesel havyng tolde thys woeful tale to the emperour and the court, three knyghtes arose to proffer their aide: Sir Sterrigogle, knyght of the Comet: Sir Filliguts, knight of the Cups, and y^e vaillant prynce Radapanthus. Lots being drawn for the order of combat wyth the gyant, the first fell on Syr Sterrigogle, who bore on hys shielde Azure, a goldene comet betweene seven starres Argent. Sir Filliguts bore Argent, a bend Sable three silver cups. The Prynce Radapanthus bore on his shielde, Azure, within a bordore Or, a portrait of the peerless princess Philamante.



Adapanthus et the
valourouse knights with their
squires and the damesell habvng
taken leabe of the Emperour and
all hys corte, went forth in quest
of the castle of the ladye Mirra-

fonte. They journeyed on their way for many a myle,
untill they reached a barren plaine, and at a distance
they began to spie a wall, which arose out of the
grounde, and as they proceeded forward, they suddenly
found themselves surrounded by it, et the plain, which
was brent by the heat of y^e sunne, was all aftonce
cobered by thornes and brambels that were risen out
of the grounde: they spied a flat stone with an in-
scription in unknown characters, and habvng with
grete labour lifted it up, they found many steps rudelye
carved out of the solid rock, leadyng downe to a sub-
terranean passage. The knights with the squires and
the damesel descended, untill they came to a beauteous
and splendyd cave, plighted up with golden lamps, and
in the middest thereof ranne a brilliant and transparent
ryber, that made a murmuring and soote sound. In

sundry places of the crystall streame where it ranne smooth, were seen golden and sylber fysh swymmyng et frysing all about, and in diuers parts of y^e rocks were seen issuing out great and small cascades, and wyth sundrie faire and goodlie fountaynes, which gushed out of the earth, and glided in beauteous stremes over the pebbles of ruby and topaz, intermyngled wyth curious shels. All about the cave were seene manie passing faire byrdes, gayly bedecked in diuers colores, singynge swete harmonypous music, and whyche twittered wyth their golden and sylber wynges over every part of the cave, but disturbed not the lamps, which hong around the same.



Arapt and enchanted wyth the lovelyness of the cave, et beyng wearied wyth the length of their journey, the valiant knights and the damesel rested themselves awhile. Eftsoon they arose, and pursuing their adventure through a darksome passage, they came into a spacious court, and saw a golden door guarded by two porters yclad in Lyncolne grene. The damesel hadyng pronounced manie strange wordes, threw some water at the doore, when suddenlie it flew open, et the porters vanished away. The three knights and their squires followed by the damesel, tyll they came to a splendid halle, covered with auncient tapestry and

cloathys of haudekyn, wel broidered with golde et sylber, conteyning the feithful hystory of Sir Argente et Sir Poberte. The celyng was wel corbed, and the panels yypainted with azure colores, and ornated with sylber stars bespreden all aboute.

¶ At the further ende of the halle they founde six horses of solid golde, wyth saddels and brydels bedecked wyth perles and rubys, and a faire palfrey of sylber with golden wyngs.

¶ The knightes and their squires having seated the damesel on the silber horse, tooke the golden horses and mounted them, whanne straitways a rumbling noise was heard, et the halle suddenlie vanished; the carbed celyng being changed into black clouds, and the bespangled stars having become the firmamente in the skie, a few whereof were just seen among the cloudes, and a deep and sombrous darkness covered the heavens wyth tremendous storms of thunder and lyghtenynge.

Proceedyng on their journey the prynce et his companions came into a forest, whanne they wer annoyed by the fearful roaring of beastes, as of Lyons, Beres, Libbards, and Griffons, yet pursewed they their adventure till the dawne of daye.

¶ And now hath dame Aurora rising out of the bed of her olde manne Eytans, chased the mornynge

starre, and ushered forth the golden daye : et now Dan Phebus mounting his glitterand car, hath driven on his praunching stedes, when the valorous prince Radapanthus, the tres balliaunt Sir Sterrigogle, et the redoubted knight Syr Filliguts, followed by their feithful squires and the damesel, pursewed their way, whanne they gan to spy a furious and rapid ryber, and over it a splendyd bridge wel ybattled et adorned with crystall pynacles, and at ech ende of the bridge were turrets of alblaster enlaid wpth golde ypounded with saffire, and surmounted by silver flaggs.

¶ So soon as the knights and the damesel were passed over the bridge, the squires with their horses sunk into the earth and disappeared. The prince and hys thre companions nathelless pursewed their adventure, et they soone perceived the Castle of the Ladie Mirrafonte, and advancypng nearer they gan to spie the head of the Gyant, and the top of his club over the battlements of the outer walls, watching for them. On the top of the castle was scene the forlorne ladie Mirrafonte, who from the sorrowfulness of her grete sorrow, was passing sorrowful, and she waved a flag to hasten forwarde her expected champions.



The Champions adbaunced to the gate of the Castle, whan out crept the horribel Gyaunt, wyth a grete mouth, tremendous whiskers on hys lip, and a berd of porcupines quills; his nose was like y^e horn of a rhynocerus, out of the whyche arose thre huge eyen, like burning glasses; his teeth were like the iron spikes of a Portcullis: the skull of his emptie hed was made of iron, and his eares were like the ears of an Oliphant.

The gyant was compleatly armed in copper gilt, his legs were covered with iron maple, and his feete with skins of mice; in stead of handes, moreover he had claws like the claws of Lopsters, and he helde a huge club wyth a sharpe edge, in such guise that it served alike for knocking down or cutting up.

No sooner was the gyaunt prepared for the combat gainst the right noble champions, thanne the silber horse flew off wyth the damesel, and perched on the top of an hie mountayne.



If the dredfull combat of thys dredful daye, Sing O Goddesses Olio; and thou Bellona, sister unto the god Mars, come wyth thy flaming torche, drive forth thy car with all thy furie, and nowe make the boldest hertes shiver

with astoundement, and the stoutest courage wax tender in the bowells of the mightie, for dire was the conflict. First Sir Sterrigogle, a passing strong manne, habpng couched his launce, ranne furiously at the gyant, but unhable to pierce the armoure broke his speare: the gyaunte raised hys clubbe agaynst the knighte, and smote off his hed, when the gode red blood spouted forth from out of hys necke ful hote, like a fountayne, and the bodye fell on the plaine. Thanne the moste redoubted knighte Syr Fillyguts, knight of the Silber Cups, with body rounde, and middel large, advanced against the gyant, who agayne raised his huge club, and most unhendilie chopt off the head of the golden horse; the head flew into the air, and the bodie fell downe with a golden sounde, a sound like golde: then the legs of the knight being under the horse, the gyant trampled him wyth his feete. The Prince Radapanthus habpng espyed the fate of his companions, vanced forwarde fans-faile, whan the gyant most furiously growled at the valiant prince, swearing by Mahounde and Terbagaunt, and sayd, Advance, caitiff, I am an hungred; I want my dinner: you shal be eaten stewed in onions; the Lady Mirrafonte shal be dressed for my soppere, et shall be eaten wyth apple sawce, so advance. Thou raskally gyant, sayd the Prynce, before thou thynk of the skynne first catch the hare: but behold most

discourteous et greedie brute, looke aboue you, the vultures and the kytes are waiting for your karkase. So saying he drew his sworde Firmabrande, struck a blowe at the gyant, but made no impression on hys armour. The gyant lifted up hys club, when the prynce Radapanthus eluded the blowe; the clubbe fell wyth a loude and dredful sounde on the plaine, et threw up the dust and the stones into the aire. The Prynce dismounted from hys golden steed, and with two puissaunt strokes cleaved off the legs of the gyant below y^e ankles, spite of the mouses skyns, which were charmed in vain: the Gyant who was fighting near the walls of the castle, fell against one of y^e gates, but brains havinge none, he broke his emptie skull, et knocked off one of the turrets and battlements.



Sooner was the furious gyant slain, than the whole aire was covered with a passing grete darknesse from y^e number of vultures and kytes, and other curious byrdes of prape, from far and neere, some wyth feete like dragons, some with wyngs of butterflies, and others with claws like mannes hands, and manie with large beaks like files, to cut away the gyants armour to get att the mete.

¶ The valourous Prynce daunced ynto the courte of the castle, whan he was moste courteously receiued by the most comely and debonaire lady, the Ladie Mirrafonte. Now hath the giant been deuoured, and eaten up to the bones, when the byrdes dispersed into the aire: the silber horse flew over the walls, and descended into y^e court, the Damesel alighted, and was kindlye saled by her Ladie.

¶ Radapanthus having broken open the doors of the Dungeons, released the wel fatted but uneaten knightes from their moste woefull of all woful situations, and having restored the castle into the handes of the Ladie Mirrafonte took hys leaue. He went into a passing grete halle yclepid the hall of Scandal, wherein were seen on the walls the tongues of Ladies wel benapled thereon, and much eten by the wormes, manie of the tongues were the tongues of auncient spynsters. At th'end of the halle was a beauteous caskenet, ornated with the Saffyre, the Emeralde, and the Carboncle stone, wyth the goodlye worde *Silentium* in golden letters, and within the same were seen certain tongues, well preserued, each of them habying *Prudentia* written thereon.

¶ And now hath Dan Phebus following the heeles of Dame Aurora, ushered forth the cheerfull dape, whan the puissaunt Prynce Radapanthus, having taken the head of the gyaunt, pursewed his waye to

the Court of the Emperour Primoso, et having crossed thenchaunted bridge, he was astounded to see it invisibile, et to find it wyth all the turrets and pynacles vanished awaie. The prynce entered the forest wearied wyth the weight of the iron hed, when he joyfullpe spied a glitterand car drawn by Griffons, et having mounted it, and placed the head by the side of him, pursewed his way over the forrest, et arrived before the city of the Emperour. He was much astounded when he saw the three lost squires cunningly ycorbed in alblaster ober y^e gate, and yplaced on curious tablements in nitches oberarched, and on the top of the gate the turrets and pynacles of the enchaunted brydge. The Prynce entered the gate, et arrived at the pallace, et having saled the Emperour, the Emperess, and all the corte, retired to the embowred bower of the most joyffullest of all joyfull pryncesses, the princess Philamante, who to see him was passing glad, and so she made a speech, such as never was heard before, and it finished in these wordes, Prynce Radapanthus, mine own herte swete, let us be gladsome that we are heere, and not in the gyaunts mawes, merrie and not mangled, swelling with joy and not swallowed, mirthfull mobing and not eaten up alive. Many other plesant wordes passed betweene them ; but what they seyde et what they did is not recorded in this storie.

¶Heere endeth the Hystorie of the redoubtable
Prince Radapanthus.

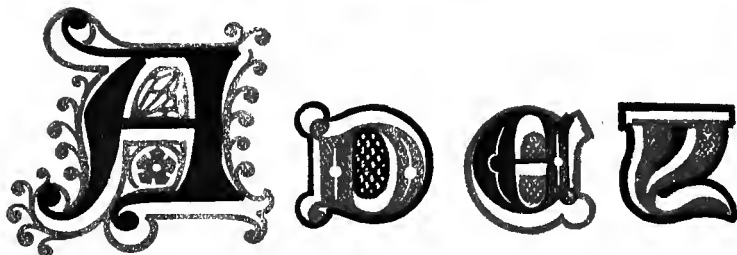
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A READABLE REPRINT OF
A TRUE AND FAITHFUL HISTORY
OF THE
REDOUBTABLE
PRINCE RADAPANTHUS.

THIS little *jeu d'esprit*, or "a trick on Bibliomanists," is a pretended reprint from a unique copy of *Wynkyn de Worde*, and written by John Adey Repton, son of Humphrey Repton, the author of *Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening*, 1794; *Designs for the Pavilion at Brighton*, with the assistance of his sons, John Adey Repton and G. S. Repton, London, 1808, &c., &c. The ornamental initial letters commencing the chapters of the foregoing version of "The Pretender" will be found to form the author's name in full, thus :





A

TRUE AND FAITHFUL HISTORY

OF THE REDOUBTABLE

PRINCE RADAPANTHUS.

IN ancient days there lived a hardy and a strong man that was called the valorous Prince Radapanthus, son of the most mighty sovereign King Abrodonte and his fair Queen Collinella.

Now on a time when the sable night began [to] fade and the glorious sun to salute the golden day and gladden the heart of man, uprose the puissant Prince Radapanthus, and having donned his shining armour, and grasped his goodly sword Firmabrante, he mounted his fiery steed Gruffosnorto, and followed by his gentle squire Pintadonte, they sallied forth in quest of adventure. They advanced on their journey, when towards the noon of day they entered into a thick and darksome forest, where their steps

were hindered by the thorns and brambles and much annoyed from toads and serpents. The Prince with his sword hewed his way through the bushes, when peradventure striking a stone the darkness of the forest disappeared, and they found themselves in a passing large plain, but still surrounded by the forest on every side, and in the midst thereof was a transparent lake, called Belplaisant, in which was a goodly and a fair gondola, painted full clean, with purple sails, and at the helm sat a beautiful and a comely damsel, bedecked in azure and gold and a transparent veil over her head bespangled with silver stars. The Prince was saluted in modest guise by the damsel, and with his squire were most gladsomely received into the boat: they glided along the lake till they came to a passing fair river bordered on each side with many goodly trees, very pleasant to behold, as the oak, the elm, the plane, the holm, the cheston, the beech, the poplar, the hazel, the maple, the thorn, and the box, while the banks were gaily ornated with flowers and flowerets fretted in divers colours, and spread over all the plain. Having proceeded in the boat, that glided along the winding stream for awhile, the Prince Radapanthus and his squire disembarked. So soon as the Prince pulled off a rose and gave it to the damsel, then all at once she with her boat suddenly vanished, the sky was quickly overcast, an

awful noise was heard, and immediately a strong vapour of cloud and smoke was seen to rise out of the ground : and in the midst thereof arose a frightful and most uncouth Giant. He had a swarthy visage, a yellow beard, and a most sternful countenance ; he was completely armed and mounted upon a fiery dragon. Now the Giant began most gruffly to growl with great discourteousness at the Prince Radapanthus, and lifting up a great iron mace advanced towards him. But the valorous Prince, mounted on his horse Gruffosnorto, couched his lance, and with great hardihood drove it into the dragon's maws, and being unable to regain the same, drew his sword and smote off the left leg of the Giant. The Giant roared with dolorous pain, when the dragon raised his tail, and struck the Prince on the helmet, but Radapanthus with his trenchant blade struck off the dragon's tail, and having regained his lance, the dragon sank down with passing great pain, the horse snuffed the wind and ramped most furiously on the neck of the dragon, when the valorous Prince lifted up his goodly sword Firmabrande, and cleaved the Giant through the middle, from the head to the saddle. The Giant fell down on each side of the dragon with a tremendous crash, while the blood was spread all over the field.

OVERCOME with fatigue and covered with bitter bales¹ the Prince fell into a swoon, when all at once the vapour and darkness of the air vanished, and the blood which covered the field suddenly disappeared, and a gleam of light arose from out of the ground. Then the damsel of the lake again stood before him with a cup of enchanted liquor, and having besprinkled over the face of the Prince Radapanthus, and uttered some strange and uncouth words, she mounted a golden chair bedecked with diamonds and topaz and drawn by winged serpents: so she rose in the air and immediately disappeared.

HAVING recovered from his swoon by the enchanted liquor, the Prince arose, mounted his horse Gruffosnorto, followed by his faithful squire Pintadonte, and pursued his adventure, and having advanced to the end of the forest, his ears were greeted with a distant sound of music, which increased still more as he drew nigh, when he began to espy come tidings forth on a milk white steed in rich array a beautiful lady called the renowned Princess Philamante, with body genteel and middle small: she was clothed in a mantle of green velvet and a kirtle of blue wrought with birds

¹BALE.—Grief, misery, sorrow.

of sundry colours : she was attended by ten comely and buxom damsels, dancing and playing on divers sorts of pleasant music and followed by a dwarf with a passing great helmet on his head, long spurs on his heels, and a great cloak over his shoulders, the which trailed along the ground. The dwarf, called Sir Puny, was followed by a squire, carrying his sword, and leading a large black horse with golden bridle and saddle studded with pearls and musical bells of many sundry shapes, and a shield bearing a golden apple on an azure field.



NO sooner had the dwarf Sir Puny perceived the Prince Radapanthus than he advanced and saluted him most courteously, and showed him to the most peerless Princess Philamante : the Prince was greatly astounded with the handsomeness of the Princess, saluted her most buxomly, which was returned by a most graceful and sweet smile, and condescending to receive him as her faithful knight, in which the Prince was passing glad, and so they proceeded in company, and towards the night arrived at the court of the Emperor Primoso, the father of the Princess Philamante, when he was kindly welcomed, and presented to the
Empress Bellafronte.



AND now the golden gate of heaven began to open, when gentle Phœbus came joyfully forth and cast his glittering beams up to the sky, and shot forth the glad-some day. Uprose the valorous Prince Radapanthus, and uprose the Emperor and all his court ; and, lastly, uprose the peerless Princess Philamante clad in a silk robe fretted in gold and silver sheen.¹

The royal Emperor Primoso, as French Clerks say, was four foot high : he was royally crowned with a quintuple crown, and a lofty spire an ell long, studded with diamond bells and surmounted by a golden vane. His majesty was clothed in a red and yellow robe, besprinkled with shining stars, and held in his right hand a sceptre, surmounted by a crystal image of Justice, blinded and holding a sword and balance, which sceptre was never out of the Emperor's sight.

The Empress Bellafronte, who was seven feet high, was most gloriously crowned with an embattled crown, surmounted by pinnacles in topaz, and was clothed in ermine and purple pall, and in a kirtle besprinkled all about with silver stars, and lettered

¹SHEEN.—Lustre, brightness.

with golden letters well bemottoed ; her shoes were ornated in curious devices like unto the windows of Paul's Church.

The royal Emperor handed the Empress into the royal hall of the royal palace, followed by the Princess Philamante, and the renowned Prince Radapanthus, attended by all the Lords and Ladies of the court, bedecked in their best array and clad in the newest guise. A grand feast was prepared in the great hall, which was covered in tapestry : here were depicted Adam and his wife Eve, with a serpent ; Tobit and his dog ; the King of Aye hanging on a tree ; Madam Susannah and the two old men ; Potiphar [s wife] and her friend Joseph, in a coat well bepainted in divers colours, and Duke Joshua with a golden sun standing still ; the three Kings of Colen riding on their prancing steeds ; the Prodigal Son without the pigs. The windows of the hall were ornated with royal glass, containing the achievements of the renowned Prince Potomodo, great grandfather unto the Emperor Primoso : the upper part of the hall was ornamented with ancient armour. The ceiling was most cunningly carved with antique imagery and devices, containing the coats and genealogies of the Emperor. At the upper end of the hall on the high dais, under a canopy of state, curiously carved and pinnacled, sat the Emperor, the Empress, the Princess and the

valiant Prince; then the dukes, earls, barons, knights, squires, and all the ladies and damsels of the Court.

DURING the time of the feast, while the minstrels were playing in sweet concordance and pleasant harmony many most joyful songs, and while the Squire Carver was holding up the huge knife and fork to cut the meat, a messenger ran suddenly into the hall in great terror and dismay, declaring that a huge and horrible Giant called Hurlotobumpus, was advancing to claim the hand of the peerless Princess Philamante. The whole Court were thrown into great confusion and dismay, the minstrels ceased their pleasant sounds, the Princess much awed fell into great disquietedness.

From the marvellous mighty strength of the Giant, the knights of the Court were awed; none dared to combat with him but only the valorous Prince, who rose from the board, without fail, put on his glittering armour, seized his sword, and having mounted his goodly horse Gruffosnorto, proceeded in quest of Hurlotobumpus: he met him in the court of the Palace, armed with a club and mounted on a red roan steed. The Giant, who cared not for no man nor yet for no woman neither, advanced with a sternful visage, and with mighty

strength he lifted up his ponderous club, and heaped blows on the shield of Radapanthus, which produced dreadful sounds, and shook the windows of the Palace. The Prince staggered by the force of the blow, but immediately recovered: he spurred his steed, ran furiously at the Giant, and with his goodly trenchant blade chopped him in two below the waist; the body with the head and arms fell with a loud and thundering sound like unto a lofty oak on the plain; the horse fled with the lower part of the Giant containing the legs and part of the body which remained fixed on the saddle.



FTSOON¹ the news of the death of the Giant arrived at the hall of the Emperor, it was joyfully hailed with great joy by the joyful people: the Emperor, the Empress, and the most peerless Princess of all princesses, and the Court, greeted the valorous Prince Radapanthus, and welcomed him with many sweet sounds of pleasant music.



N[in] a few days after this strange and perilous battle a right fair damsel and a good, with suffused eyes, arrived at the court of the Emperor Primoso, to demand aid for the Lady Mirrafonte, against a giant who had wrong-

¹EFTSOON.—Immediately.

fully detained her and all her knights and ladies in her castle as food to satisfy his hungry maw, when he devoured every day for his dinner two of her knights, and every night a fair damsel or a fat friar for his supper : the Lady Mirrafonte is reserved for the last ; and if she is not rescued within three days, she must be doomed to death without fail, to satisfy the ravenous hunger of the hungriest of all hungry giants, who has taken possession and secured the gate of the castle, by placing thereat a large stone, which no man but himself can move.

The damsel having told this woeful tale to the Emperor and the court, three knights arose to proffer their aid : Sir Sterrigogle, Knight of the Comet ; Sir Filliguts, Knight of the Cups, and the valiant Prince Radapanthus. Lots being drawn for the order of combat with the giant, the first fell on Sir Sterrigogle, who bore on his shield azure, a golden comet between seven stars argent. Sir Filliguts bore argent, a bend sable three silver cups. The Prince Radapanthus bore on his shield, azure, within a border or, a portrait of the peerless Princess Philamante.

RADAPANTHUS and the valorous knights with their squires and the damsel having taken leave of the Emperor and all his court, went forth in quest of the castle of the Lady Mirrafonte.

They journeyed on their way for many a mile, until they reached a barren plain, and at a distance they began to spy a wall, which arose out of the ground, and as they proceeded forward, they suddenly found themselves surrounded by it, and the plain, which was burnt up by the heat of the sun, was all at once covered by thorns and brambles that were risen out of the ground : they spied a flat stone with an inscription in unknown characters, and having with great labour lifted it up, they found many steps rudely carved out of the solid rock, leading down to a subterraneous passage. The knights with the squires and the damsel descended, until they came to a beauteous and splendid cave, lighted up with golden lamps, and in the midst thereof ran a brilliant and transparent river, that made a murmuring and sweet sound. In sundry places of the crystal stream where it ran smooth, were seen golden and silver fish swimming and frisking all about, and in divers parts of the rocks

were seen issuing out great and small cascades, and with sundry fair and goodly fountains, which gushed out of the earth, and glided in beauteous streams over the pebbles of ruby and topaz, intermingled with curious shells. All about the cave were seen many passing fair birds, gaily bedecked in divers colours, singing sweet harmonious music, and which twittered with their golden and silver wings over every part of the cave, but disturbed not the lamps, which hung around the same.

NRAPTURED and enchanted with the loveliness of the cave, and being wearied with the length of their journey, the valiant knights and the damsel rested themselves awhile. Immediately they arose, and pursuing their adventure through a darksome passage, they came into a spacious court, and saw a golden door guarded by two porters clad in Lincoln green. The damsel having pronounced many strange words, threw some water at the door, when suddenly it flew open, and the porters vanished away. The three knights and their squires followed by the damsel, till they came to a splendid hall, covered with ancient tapestry and cloths of baudkin,¹ well broidered with gold and silver, containing the faithful history of Sir Argent and Sir Poverty.

¹BAUDKIN.—A rich and precious species of stuff.

The ceiling was well carved, and the panels painted with azure colours, and ornated with silver stars spread all about.

At the further end of the hall they found six horses of solid gold, with saddles and bridles bedecked with pearls and rubies, and a fair palfrey of silver with golden wings.

The knights and their squires having seated the damsel on the silver horse, took the golden horses and mounted them, when straightway a rumbling noise was heard, and the hall suddenly vanished; the carved ceiling being changed into black clouds, and the bespangled stars having become the firmament in the sky, a few whereof were just seen among the clouds, and a deep and sombre darkness covered the heavens with tremendous storms of thunder and lightning.

ROCEEDING on their journey the Prince and his companions came to a forest, when they were annoyed by the fearful roaring of beasts, as of lions, bears, leopards, and griffins, yet pursued they their adventure till the dawn of day.

And now hath dame Aurora rising out of the bed of the old man Titans, chased the morning star, and ushered forth the golden day; and now Dan Phœbus mounting his glittering car, has driven on

his prancing steeds, when the valorous Prince Radapanthus, the very valiant Sir Sterrigogle, and the redoubted knight Sir Filliguts, followed by their faithful squires and the damsel, pursued their way, when they began to spy a furious and rapid river, and over it a splendid bridge well embattled and adorned with crystal pinnacles, and at each end of the bridge were turrets of alabaster inlaid with gold powdered with sapphire, and surmounted by silver flags.

So soon as the knights and the damsel were passed over the bridge, the squires with their horses sunk into the earth and disappeared. The Prince and his three companions nevertheless pursued their adventure, and they soon perceived the castle of the Lady Mirrafonte, and advancing nearer they began to spy the head of the giant and the top of his club over the battlements of the outer walls, watching for them. On the top of the castle was seen the forlorn Lady Mirrafonte, who from the sorrowfulness of her great sorrow, was passing sorrowful, and she waved a flag to hasten forward her expected champions.



THE champions advanced to the gate of the castle, when out crept the horrible giant, with a great mouth, tremendous whiskers on his lip, and a beard of porcupine's quills ; his

nose was like the horn of a rhinoceros, out of the which arose three huge eyes, like burning glasses ; his teeth were like the iron spikes of a portcullis : the skull of his empty head was made of iron, and his ears were like the ears of an elephant.

The giant was completely armed in copper gilt, his legs were covered with iron mail, and his feet with skins of mice ; instead of hands, moreover he had claws like the claws of lobsters, and he held a huge club with a sharp edge, in such guise that it served alike for knocking down or cutting up.

No sooner was the giant prepared for the combat against the right noble champions, than the silver horse flew off with the damsel, and perched on the top of an high mountain.

F the dreadful combat of this dreadful day, sing O goddess Clio ; and thou Bellona, sister unto the god Mars, come with thy flaming torch, drive forth thy car with all thy fury, and now make the boldest hearts shiver with astonishment, and the stoutest courage wax tender in the bowels of the mighty, for dire was the conflict. First Sir Sterrigogle, a passing strong man, having couched his lance, ran furiously at the giant, but unable to pierce the armour broke his spear : the giant raised the club against the knight, and smote off his head, when the good red blood

spouted forth from out of his neck full hot, like a fountain, and the body fell on the plain. Then the most redoubtable knight Sir Filliguts, Knight of the Silver Cups, with body round, and middle large, advanced against the giant, who again raised his huge club, and most unhendily¹ chopped off the head of the golden horse ; the head flew into the air, and the body fell down with a golden sound, a sound like gold : then the legs of the knight being under the horse, the giant trampled him with his feet. The Prince Radapanthus having espied the fate of his companions, advanced forward without fail, when the giant most furiously growled at the valiant Prince, swearing by Mahounde and Tervagaunt, and said, Advance, caitiff, I am an hungered ; I want my dinner : you shall be eaten stewed in onions : the Lady Mirrafonte shall be dressed for my supper, and shall be eaten with apple sauce, so advance. Thou rascally giant, said the Prince, before thou think of the skin first catch the hare ; and behold most discourteous and greedy brute, look above you, the vultures and the kites are waiting for your carcass. So saying he drew his sword Firmabrande, struck a blow at the giant, but made no impression on his armour. The giant lifted up his club, when the Prince Radapanthus eluded the blow ; the club fell with a loud and

¹UNHENDILY,—Ungently.

dreadful sound on the plain, and threw up the dust and the stones into the air. The Prince dismounted from his golden steed, and with two puissant strokes cleaved off the legs of the giant below the ankles, spite of the mouses' skins, which were charmed in vain : the giant who was fighting near the walls of the castle, fell against one of the gates, but brains having none, he broke his empty skull, and knocked off one of the turrets and battlements.



NOONER was the furious giant slain, than the whole air was covered with a passing great darkness from the number of vultures and kites, and other curious birds of prey, from far and near, some with feet like dragons, some with wings of butterflies, and others with claws like men's hands, and many with large beaks like files, to cut away the giant's armour to get at the meat.

The valourous Prince advanced into the court of the castle, when he was most courteously received by the most comely and gracious lady, the Lady Mirrafonte. Now hath the giant been devoured, and eaten up to the bones, when the birds dispersed into the air : the silver horse flew over the walls, and descended into the court, the damsel alighted, and was kindly saluted by her lady.

Radapanthus having broken open the doors of the dungeons, released the well fatted but uneaten knights from their most woeful of all woeful situations, and having restored the castle into the hands of the Lady Mirrafonte took his leave. He went into a passing great hall called the hall of Scandal, wherein were seen on the walls the tongues of Ladies well nailed thereon, and much eaten by the worms, many of the tongues were the tongues of ancient spinsters. At the end of the hall was a beauteous caskenet, ornated with the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle stone, with the goodly word "*Silentium*" in golden letters, and within the same were seen certain tongues, well preserved, each of them having "*Prudentia*" written thereon.

And now hath Dan Phœbus following the heels of Dame Aurora, ushered forth the cheerful day, when the puissant Prince Radapanthus, having taken the head of the Giant, pursued his way to the Court of the Emperor Primoso, and having crossed the enchanted bridge, he was astounded to see it invisible, and to find it with all the turrets and pinacles vanished away. The Prince entered the forest wearied with the weight of the iron head, when he joyfully spied a glittering car drawn by griffons, and having mounted it, and placed the head by the side of him, pursued his way over the forest, and arrived before the city of the Emperor. He was

much astounded when he saw the three lost squires cunningly carved in alabaster over the gate, and placed on curious tablements in niches over-arched, and on the top of the gate the turrets and pinnacles of the enchanted bridge. The Prince entered the gate, and arrived at the Palace, and having saluted the Emperor, the Empress, and all the Court, retired to the embowered bower of the most joyfulest of all joyful princesses, the Princess Philamante, who to see him was passing glad, and so she made a speech, such as never was heard before, and it finished in these words, Prince Radapanthus, mine own heart sweet, let us be gladsome that we are here, and not in the Giant's maws, merry and not mangled, swelling with joy and not swallowed, mirthful moving and not eaten up alive. Many other pleasant words passed between them ; but what they said and what they did is not recorded in this story.

Here endeth the History of the redoubtable Prince Radapanthus. Imprinted for [J.] A. R. and to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Cat and Fiddle, near unto the little north door of Paul's Church.





A R A M B L E

ON THE

COAST OF SUSSEX.



A
R A M B L E
ON THE
COAST OF SUSSEX.

[1782].

By ^hANTONY HIGHMORE.

EDITED BY
CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER :
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185, FLEET STREET, E.C., & 196, STRAND, W.C.



THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

A RAMBLE ON THE COAST OF SUSSEX is printed *verbatim* from a neatly written MS. by the late Mr. Antony Highmore, who was a solicitor and author of "The History of the Honourable Artillery Company, from its earliest Annals to the Peace of 1802—London, 8vo., 1804, Pietas Londinensis;" "The History, Design, and present state of the various Public Charities in and near London—1810;" a View of the Charitable Institutions established in and near London, chiefly during the last twelve years—1822;" and numerous other works on legal, political, and social subjects.

The MS. in question has lately fallen into my hands through the kindness of Messrs. Reeves and Turner, the enterprising booksellers of 196, Strand, W.C., and 185, Fleet Street, E.C., who, having purchased the library of the late Mr. Antony Highmore from the surviving relations, now residing at Tenby, a market town and borough of Wales, in Pembroke

shire, and well knowing my *penchant* for all works relating in any way to Sussex in general, and Brighton in particular, kindly reserved this MS. for my inspection, which, upon a perusal, I found to contain a well-written and interesting description of men, manners, and travelling in the days—when George the Third was King, and “Ere giant steam had spread its mighty hand, and with an iron cobweb girt our land,” in the shape of Railways.

The “Ramble” is written much after the style of Sterne, and might, as appropriately have been called, “A Sentimental Journey.”

The diction and punctuation of the original has been preserved throughout, so as to place the locally interesting *brochure* before the reader in print as it came into my hands in the MS.

CHARLES HINDLEY.

Rose Hill Terrace,
Brighton.

January, 1873.



To
My Worthy Friend and
Agreeable Fellow Traveller,
The following
heterogeneous Jumble
Is,

With all due respect,
and Esteem,
dedicated and inscribed,
by his humble, and
obliged Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

10th Sept., }
1782. }



PROLEGOMENON.



AM induced to tell my rambles, because I love to communicate the pleasures I receive. I have some observations to make on the manners of Men, and while I sit in my quiet corner and ruminate on the quaint whimsies of the World, let the Reader be assured, I do not forget my own.





A RAMBLE ON THE COAST OF SUSSEX.

A STAGE COACH.

IN the bleak summer of 1782, my friend Mr. N. proposed to me a ramble round the Coast of Sussex. Leisure and opportunity favoured the project, and we first took the stage to Horsham.

I have ever remarked it, as a characteristic of our country, that when many of us meet together in a compact circle, we are all silent for a long time ; whether this may proceed from distrust or mere taciturnity, I cannot determine, but the truth of the plain remark is certain. Our company was six in number—a hubble-bubble Apothecary, half asleep—an old Lady, who seemed to shew no future signs of conversation—a pair of Lovers, who saw no other objects but themselves—my friend and myself, who

were left to judge in silence of the hopes of the day.

But my physiognomy was soon put out of countenance, by the old lady, who looked out of the coach window, and told us what we could not fail to see, that it was a wet morning; this opened a dissertation which lasted full half-an-hour, on the backwardness of the season, and each knew something very wonderful to relate, about the damage it occasioned to the hay and the corn—and in less time than one may read a common play bill of a Benefit Night—the whole Island was alternately washed away, and the people languishing under all the horrors of a famine.

This gave rise—for everybody found themselves interested in the general calamity, to a series of conversations, which never rested till we stopped to breakfast at Ashtead. We were all decently accommodated with coffee and tea, except the Apothecary, who sat at a side table, and eat very heartily of a hot beefsteak and cucumber. I was inclined to condemn so gross a breakfast, but habit, constitution, and prejudice, rendered him equally disdainful of my slip-slop, as mine of his beefsteak.

Our conversation had not turned upon any subject which could prove our young couple to be real lovers—but one incident which occurred on the road at a baiting-place sufficiently satisfied me—

the young man had been silent. I got out of the coach, and when I returned to it again, and found him in my place, taking the most eager advantage of the flying moment to tell her what had been so long withheld. She listened to his conversation, with the pleasure and attention which marks the young countenance a week *before* Marriage—he offered me my seat which I smiled and refused.

Le sage entendu a demi mot, none so quick at construction and conception as those in love—they both understood me ; and the difference of the sexes were conspicuous in the downcast gravity of the one, and the modest blush of the other. At breakfast two vacant chairs stood next the lady—I purposely avoided sitting down, to mark his politeness—he offered me that nearest to her, but he was full of apprehension lest I should accept it—when I declined he pressed me to take it—I rejoined, ‘that for the same reason I had given him my seat in the coach, I could not think of accepting the seat he offered.’

Oh ! thou Tyrant of the human heart !—that softenest with thy silver wand the rudest object of the rustic wild ; how did I recall with more than sainted rapture all the quick sensations that flew spontaneous, uncontrolled, to both the countenances of my fellow travellers !

I will not delay the reader—suffice it to say that we arrived at Horsham.

HORSHAM¹

Is a Borough Town—and of some extent—but I shall not make it my business, to enquire or to tell the Reader, whether its—Burgesses are corrupt or free!

Our first business in this town was to procure a single-horse chaise. We were directed to a house at the corner of a lane, a few paces without the town. An old lady met us in the passage, and acquainted us that her chaise was not at home—we desired further recommendation—when the voice of a pretty woman from an inner room directed us to a

¹HORSHAM is a parliamentary borough, union, and market town, parish and polling place for the Western division of the county, 37½ miles from London by railway and 35½ by road, 22 north from Brighton, and 9 from the Three Bridges station, on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, in the Hundred of Singlecross; Rape of Bramber. Diocese and Archdeaconry of Chichester, and the rural deanery of Storrington. Benefice, a Vicarage, valued at £750; Patron, the Archbishop of Canterbury; Incumbent, Rev. John Fisher Hodgson, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, and rural dean and surrogate; the Revs. J. Arthur, Henry Scott, M.A., of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and Henry Thomas Waters, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, are the curates. Parish clerk, William Randell: date of earliest Parish Register, 1540; acreage, 10,770; gross estimated rental, £33,033; rateable value, £27,387; the population in 1811, 3,139; in 1871, 7,831. The principal landowners are Major Aldridge and Robert Henry Hurst, Esq., M.P. of Horsham Park and Goldsmith Building, Temple, E.C., 6. Ovington Gardens, S.W., Oxford and Cambridge and Reform Clubs, London, S.W. Seats—Denne Park, Charles Gilbert Eversfield, Esq.; Coolhurst, Charles Scrase Dickins, Esq., J.P.; Holbrook, Right Hon. Sir William Robert Seymour Vesey Fitz-Gerald, G.C.S.I., J.P.; Hewell's Manor-house, Henry Padwick, Esq.; Springfield Place, Hon. Mrs. Peiham; Wimblesbury, John Braby, Esq.; Roughton Park, Thomas Sanctuary, Esq., J.P.

Mrs. Taylor—on turning towards the sound, through the opening of an oaken door, I saw what Nature ever prompts me to admire—unaffected beauty in complacent smiles—I entered the room, and found by her employment, that she was a *Belle*—Fashion will ever govern the sex. She was giving the last advantages to a Sunday cap, and had neglected the regular form of her evening head dress, which exposed to my view such a favourite lock of curling auburn, that once inspired the inflamed admirer of Belinda. It was a specimen of the faces I was afterwards to behold in the County of Sussex.

The women of Kent, have a life and vivacity, that sparkle with the additional attractions of black and piercing eyes—while those of Sussex, have a gentle delicacy that meliorates the passions, and gives peculiar influence to the sensibilities of Love.

Having engaged for our *Voiture* by the directions of this lady, we returned to our hotel, and slept well, after a hearty supper, a cheerful glass, and enlivening song.

On Sunday morning having quitted the Church, which is the remains of Saxon grandeur, we took the road to *Steyning* in our chaise.

The farmers here, use large quantities of burnt lime for manure—but whether it is from taste or accident, I know not, the kilns for burning it, are all built in an antique style; and standing in low

parts of the ground, under hedges, and overgrown with ivy and the leafy luxuriance of Nature, it might be no difficult project to puzzle some musty Antiquarian who was unacquainted of their use. In like manner, to the great diversion of my friend, I stopped to contemplate what I imagined to have discovered in an obscure corner :—it was built with white stone defaced by weather, and crusted with moss, an arch in the centre—a round window over it, and the corners turned to make room for two massy buttresses. ‘This must have been some place of Arms,’ said I—‘surely we are in the neighbourhood of some Roman station,—yonder is another like it ; thus at small distances they had relays of Arms.’— —‘Yonder ploughboy can give you the best history of them,’ returned my friend—I was surprised—‘Ask him, added he’—I scented a joke, but was resolved to enjoy it—‘That’s a lime kiln, Sir, said the country booby.’

I hope the Reader will laugh at me, as much as Mr. N——, for then he will be happy.

Thus it is that Ignorance when it presumes to know things beyond its latitude—and prejudice when it leads the mind astray amid the follies and caprices of fancy—often blunders upon an error,—which they might have avoided.

STEYNING.¹

The road from Horsham to this place is as even as a floor; and the surrounding prospects, cannot fail to elate the heart, which carries out with it none of the toils and anxieties of business.

And this was our case.

I cannot stay to describe this Town; for I have other things in view—having praised our landlord's wine, at the Chequers,² and mended our tackle, we took the road to Brighton.

As we drew near this gay summit of Pleasure and Fashion, Mr. N. asked a few questions about dress—I was a traveller and could boast of no wardrobe—I had a round broad slouch, that covered half my face—a laced old waistcoat—an older dirty white coat—riding breeches, and a couple of boots on—this, besides a good store of linen, was

¹STEYNING is a Parish and Market-Town in the Hundred and Union to which it gives name in the Rape of Bramber, distant about five miles north from Shoreham, having a Station on the Brighton, Shoreham, Steyning, Henfield and Horsham Railway, 53 miles from London. Benefice, a Vicarage, valued at £400, with residence and 31 acres of glebe, is the gift of Charles Lucas, Esq. Incumbent the Rev. Thomas Medland, B.D. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Parish Clerk, John Cuckney. The register dates from the year 1565, but the records of the Churchwardens' accounts dates from 1519. Acreage 3,383, gross estimated rental £9,030, rateable value £7,713. The population in 1811, 1,210 in 1871, 1,820. The principal landowners are Rev. John Goring, Sir Charles Goring, Bart., the Right. Hon. H. B. W. Brand, Esq., J.P., and Mrs. Ingram.

²THE CHEQUERS INN still exists and is at present kept by Mr. Frederick Joyce.

all I could muster : My companion was dressed in a trim tail wig—somewhat dishevelled by the Sea breezes, *and a Leeshore*—a complete suit of deep mourning, and Bath beaver great coat ; with a pair of black silk stockings, by way of best bib and tucker.

He grew ashamed of me—he looked at our equipage—Our mare came forth from her team—long hairs hung round her fetlocks and heels—her main had been suffered to follow the wildness of Nature—and her tail, though originally docked, curled in ungain ringlets, that bespoke the company she was accustomed to keep. Our harness had never tasted the brush or the oil, and was spliced in several places—and the carriage itself, the neatest part of the whole, was rusty and torn by the wind and the sun ; and the lining, *quondam* green, had partaken of the same fate which befell its associates—Ingenuity is the mother of Invention. It is true Jockeyism said Mr. N., to pay no regard to your carriage when you *set behind* a good horse—take my scissors and crop those loose hairs, now, while nobody is passing the road, and we shall enter Brighton, in the dusk of the evening, with wondrous *eclat*.

I followed his advice,—the old *mare*, to be sure, was a good *horse*—and the genteel effect it produced by clipping the superfluous hair, seemed to make the

jade proud of her superiority. We fancied she would return to Horsham, like the Monkey who had seen the World. She trotted on so briskly that we came rattling into the town, as if we had been seated in a tandem or gig.

BRIGHTON.

We passed the Church on the left hand—the general lot of this building!

We were sent to three different Inns without any hopes of obtaining admittance; but at last we put in at the George, and went to seek for apartments—and found very satisfactory accommodation at a house in the New Buildings.² The following day was appointed for the Dress Ball, and this gave rise to the following

Consultation :—

Two Lawyers were met together, and each used his talent of reply and rejoinder.

N. I thought *you* would have desired to go every where.

H. I thought you would have desired to go no where.

¹THE GEORGE INN, in West Street, now in the occupation of Mr. Henry Picknell.

²THE NEW BUILDINGS.—The first houses on the South Parade, the east side of the Steine south of St. James's Street, began to be erected in 1780-1; and in a few years the whole of them, as well as the extensive range of buildings which forms the North Parade and Marine Parade, were completed.

N. I imagined you would have come provided with the most fashionable dresses.

H. I considered ourselves as mere travellers, and came as I am.

N. We cannot go to the Ball to-morrow.

H. We may look at the room in the morning—and go to the play on Tuesday.

It is just so that the weak taciturnity of the English often forego their interests as well as pleasures, merely for want of a previous understanding, when a question would save the difference.

THE STEINE.

After bathing in a very rough sea, I went to the Steine—the wind and the morning, kept many at home.

The Steine is a broad grass plat where the company take the air, and the fishermen dry their nets—it is at the East end of the town, and is bounded by the Duke of Cumberland's white house towards the Sea¹—a row of new buildings to the

¹THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S WHITE HOUSE was situated at the Southern extremity of the Steine, near the spot on which the Royal Albion Hotel now stands. Here Dr. Russell—the Founder of Brighton—took up his residence from 1750-59, and the house was subsequently known as “Russell House.” The worthy Doctor was succeeded by Drs. Relhan and Awsiter. The house afterwards becoming the residence of the Duke of Cumberland, George, Prince of Wales, paid his first visit to Brighton, and became the

East—the South Downs to the North—and the Town and Shergold's¹ Rooms to the West.

I was yawning at Bowen's² over the first volume of Cecilia,³ when in came a Lady whistling a cotillion,

illustrious guest of his uncle in 1782. The year after he repeated his visit, and took up his abode at a house belonging to the late Thomas Kemp, Esq., which visit led to his purchasing the place for the purpose of forming a marine residence by building the Pavilion, which was commenced in 1784 and completed in 1787; thus began the second epoch of Brighton's prosperity.

¹SHERGOLD'S ROOMS were at the Castle Inn Tavern, which stood on the West side of the Steine. In the season from August to March, Assemblies were held every Monday. Miss F. Burney, in her Diary, writing under the date of Monday, Nov. 4th, 1782, has :—"The ball was half over, and all the company seated to tea. Mr. Wade [the master of the ceremonies] came to receive us all, as usual, and we had a table procured for us, and went to tea ourselves, for something to do. When this repast was over, the company returned to their recreation. The room was very thin, and almost half the ladies danced with one another, though there were men enough present, I believe, had they chosen such exertion; but the Meadowses at balls are in crowds. Some of the ladies were in riding habits, and they made admirable men. 'Tis *tonnish* to be so much undressed at the last ball."

²BOWEN'S LIBRARY was at the south end of the Steine. Mrs. Thrale, writing to Miss F. Burney—afterwards Madame D'Arblay—from Brighton on the 14th of July, 1780, says :—"I write now from Bowen's shop, where he has been settled about three days I think. And here comes in one man hopping, and asks for Russell on Sea-water; another tripping, and begs to have the last new novel sent him home to-night; one lady tumbles the ballads about, and fingers the harpsichord, which stands here at every blockhead's mercy; and another looks over the Lilliputian library, and purchases Polly Sugarcake for her long-legged missy."

³CECILIA or Memoirs of an Heiress, a novel in 5 vols., was written by Miss F. Burney, and published 1782, the year of our author's visit to Brighton; and, being but "just out," would be one of the last and most fashionable

and flanking her whip against her petticoat—she wore a purple habit lined with pink silk, and a hat which recalled to my mind the rich tiara of the great Tom Thumb.

“The town was very full,” she said, “but the ‘weather very unfavourable. The Duchess had ‘been confined to her room with a fever ever since ‘she had been there,”—and then looking at the raffles, but subscribing to none, tossing into confusion a whole counter of books, and asking the price of all without purchasing any—and calling Shergold a foolish fellow for having a *Dress Ball* in the Evening, though she knew he could not help it—turned swiftly round on one peg-heel, and whisked out of the shop with, *tol de rol, tum tum!*

Such are the light liberties which women are permitted and choose to take, while the men,

novels of the day. Miss F. Burney, writing to Mrs. Phillips, February 25th, 1782, says:—“My work is too long in all conscience for the hurry of my people to have it produced. I have a thousand millions of fears for it. The mere copying, without revising and correcting, would take at least ten weeks, for I cannot do more than a volume in a fortnight, unless I scrawl short hand and rough hand, as badly as the original. Yet my dear father thinks it will be published in a month! Since you went I have copied one volume and a quarter—no more! Oh, I am sick to think of it! Yet not a little reviving is my father’s very high approbation of the first volume, which is all he has seen. I totally forget whether, in my last, I told you I had presented it to him? but I am sure you would never forget, for the pleasure you would have felt for me, had you seen or heard him reading any part of it. Would you ever believe, bigoted as he was to ‘*Evelina*,’ that he now says he thinks this a superior design and superior execution?”

like the boors of a Northern County, stand suspended in amaze and expectation of what next is to be the object of their caprice ! Every eye followed this lady to the farthest corner of the Steine—now walking, now skipping, talking to the fishermen spreading their nets, and alternately singing to herself ; then tripping away as if on some urgent business—till at last we lost sight of her as she turned up North Street.

O ! Woman ! Woman !

Every one of us who remained in the Library—as soon as she was out of sight, looked round at each other—had all sentiments we knew not how to express—and in the dead silence which reigned, we returned to our several readings.

AN INCIDENT.

After breakfast we set forwards in our dainty equipage for an airing — indeed it was justly so called for we found much difficulty to stand it—we passed along the verge of the Clift to Rottingdean—a neat village in a vale, and shaded by a very large number of trees — We drove through the village when not being acquainted with the road, we determined to ask of some people we saw at a little distance.

When we approached them we could discover that it was a family parting.

Some Colin of a neighbouring vale, had won the heart and hand of the fair villager of Rottingdean; they were both mounted on a white horse and were leaving the Father's house—silver locks that had weathered out the storms of many a Winter, were drooping together on the venerable heads of the Father and Mother. They looked with anxious tears to the darling of their hopes, and as she waved her hand from her husband's pillion—the old man, with trembling accents, wept and exclaimed—"God bless my children!"

Ah! you who flutter in the gay circle of pleasure, or who live unknown to every other sensation, but traffic and gain, little can ye conceive the benign satisfaction of these heartfelt pleasures, which result only from the Language of Nature! Pure and unsullied sincerity is the honour of manhood; and he who is most nearly touched with the edge of sensibility, is the most manly, because he proves himself to be the true Child of human Nature.

In contemplating this scene, we both forgot the question we had stopped to ask: but this was recalled by the old lady, who desired to know if we wanted the Squire. We told her our business—and we pursued her directions.

The above incident re-called to my mind the

following lines of the amiable and gentle Poet, Dr. Langhorne :—

“ O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of Joy and Woe !
That magic charm which makes e’en sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the partaken Tear !
Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heaven impart,
The soft endearments of the social heart !
Long to your lot may every blessing flow,
That Sense, or Taste, or Virtue, can bestow !
And, oh, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,
To teach that prudence which itself admires !

Such were the sensations to which we found ourselves open. Such was the situation of our minds through the whole ramble, that we looked round for objects to enliven, to gratify, and to improve it.

Nature spoke to us in her most persuasive Language—she shewed us her Wheatsheaf— and her Autumn Horn ;—she introduced us to all the rich productions of the earth—gave us new wonder and new delight at every different view—and taught us a Lesson of more “ Soul-felt ” Piety than all the force of precept, or the highest strains of philosophy could inspire ! Who is not devout in the wide expanse of Nature ? Who is not grateful, in the midst of her bounty—who is not amended by the sublime luxuriance with which Nature everywhere abounds ?

Yes—when yon lucid Orb is dark,
And darting from on high ;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find ;
And moral rhapsodies like these,
Give vigour to the mind !

[*Cunningham's Contemplatist.*]

THE LIBRARY.

In the afternoon, while my friend was otherwise engaged at home, I went to Bowen's—where I accidentally saw the Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself. Its character had long given me a strong inclination to read it, and the present leisure favoured me.

It is a relic presented to the world by Mr. Horace Walpole. It is the life of a real Knight of La Mancha—if any Reader is fond of a series of the most romantic Adventures, or takes delight in true Quixotism, he will find in this book as true a son of Amadis de Gaul, as ever with renowned flame of valour encountered a windmill, or vented fury on a flock of sheep.

We know very well in what sense to take Cervantes' wit—but when we are gravely told in a formidable preface—that the whole history is no less

true than it is extraordinary—I confess, for my own part, I have compassion for the object of so much sensibility, so much sympathy, and so much heroism !

A FAMILY PARTY.

While my friend was catering for our evening repast, I took my hat in order to stroll, or rather, as it is the fashion, to *lounge* up one street and down another—when I accidentally overtook a homespun party, one of whose faces I had discovered, leaning back, at the window of the Brighton coach, and the servant maid in the basket—they thought, they should appear to have travelled in style, with their woman with them. The party consisted of the mother, her friend, two daughters, and the servant.

The older part of the train had passed the age of pleasures—and the eldest daughter had become prudent enough to teach her younger sister, who was just begun to grow round—the necessary walk of propriety.

The daughters led the way, in stiff silence, and the mother and her friend were engaged in conversation on the goodness of the one, her dutifulness and propriety—and the promising hopes they entertained of the other, who was rising into notice under the sisterly care of the former. Like the very essence of a family party, this seemed to have begun

just before I came up with them, and having now concluded,—a solemn silence prevailed.

Of all things I shun a family party—each one knows the others tale, as it were,—each feels himself deadened by the idea that the other would not pay attention to his conversation—and therefore says nothing :—it is the same cause which places a man and his wife at different parts of the room in company—and when they walk out together with their neighbours, makes them divide alternately—that each may pick up something new for their evening chat. This is owing, in England, to a cold taciturnity—in foreign nations, perhaps, to something worse.

I walked slowly on the opposite side of the street, to observe them—they frequently turned in seeming search for somebody, or else to see who was admiring them—they were all females ;—at length, “ there he is” said the youngest Miss — and was springing forwards to meet a young man who had just turned the corner of Middle Street—but her sister caught her by the sleeve and told her how rude it was to express any joy or surprise, and more especially to run !—then looking round to her mother and her aunt for approbation—they smiled upon her, and the mother said—“ Clary is always so observant and so clever—oh, she was brought up at a very good school in town.”

The young man having joined them, I could easily see that he was the hopes of the family, whom the younger part of it were taught to look up to as the repertory of all that is knowing.

I was interrupted in my further observance of them, by the clock striking seven, and I knew my friend would be waiting impatiently for his tea — so I took my leave of this party without much regret, and so will the reader ;—though I met them again the day following, walking on the Clift in the same marshalled parade somewhat embellished, by the young hopeful who led the van.

A PROCESSION.

In the days of chivalry, when the soul of valor animated every thought, when the field was marked with the sanguine streams of fatal feud—and female honor was entrusted to the Hero's care—then was the beauteous form of woman familiarized to noble deeds, and graced with her presence, and her smiles the feats of valiant Arms ;—such were my exclamations at a party which we met, near Preston, on the following day.

At a small distance, through the bushy trees, we could discover a lady mounted on a tall white palfrey, and ever and anon she nodded her lofty plumes, in confidence of full command—she preceded, in the pace of grandeur, a high phaeton, or

lofty char, which bore the semblance of a mighty lord, and two fair damsels of a courtly mien.

The effect which this procession had, moving in quick regularity through the chequered shade, could not fail to produce the ideas above described, and when they drew near, we were no less charmed with the extraordinary beauty of their fair leader, than we had already suffered in our imagination.

If such a sight produced this effect on us, it may be judged how it affected the villagers—"the hammer and the flail stood still"—the distaff forgot its order—and infancy stood aghast!

A BOOK.

As we come to the entrance of a forest, there were two gates very near together, which I got out of our chaise to open—having passed through one of them I was surprised at the rude appearance of a man tending a large herd of swine. I accosted him.

"What place d'ye call this ; honest friend ?"—he answered with a guttural sound—as if he did not understand me—I asked him a second time—and he bawled to his hogs.

There is such a difference in dialect that it may perhaps, thought I, be a reason why he should not understand me,—so attempting the rough ploughman.

What place is this?

Fors Fiel, answered he,—by seeing the adjacent forest, and looking round and finding we were in a field, I construed his lingo into “Forest Field.”

His countenance was a mixture of spleen, costive sourness, and rustic ignorance—no doubt he passed many and many a day without seeing or speaking to any human creature (for I am positive he could not be a husband) and had no other conversation or ideas, but those which were engaged by his brutal herd.

It afforded some entertainment to us, on our way, to fancy his uplifted hands at the gay procession we had just met.

I could not have supposed it possible to find such ignorance.

Our Excursion afforded us every rural satisfaction, and our ideas framed a suitable conversation to the pleasure we enjoyed.

THE REHEARSAL.

After our return while Mr. N. was engaged in ordering the dinner, and I had finished my duty as Groom of the Stable—I took a lounge into North Street, where the doors of the Theatre were open for a rehearsal. I penetrated behind the scenes—where I stood as long as my patience would permit, to hear Mr. B..... * blunder over his part of.....in

*Query?— Mr. Brunton, sen.

The Way to Keep Him—in a small room below stairs, there was a collection of Ladies and Gentlemen who were all equal in dramatic merit.

I perceived I was too late for a full rehearsal—but as I stood at the door, the following scene presented itself.

I think I could imitate Smith, in Richard, says a tall thin raw-boned Scotchman, whose shirt came slyly peeping through his ragged elbows.

“I think you could my dear,” says his fat wife, with her arms akimbo. “Come let’s see,” says a fiddler in the corner, who complained of a whitlow on his thumb.

A circle was made, and the great King came running forwards, brandishing a crabstick, and in a hoarse voice that betrayed his country.

“Ma hoorse, ma hoorse, ma kendom for ma hoorse.” You’re wrong says another, “Its a horse my kingdom for a horse.” The Scotchman defended his error, the quarrel rose high, for the other was a Genius and this was a Scot, till Mr. B. sent down word that he was not perfect in his part, and begged they would make no more noise to interrupt him.

Mrs. Baddeley was to have performed Mrs. Lovemore in The Way to Keep Him—her indisposition was to prevent her appearance, and Mrs. Wilmot was desired to try if she could not sing the song. Three times she began the first line—while

the fiddler without a thumb was only playing the symphony—once she was too low, then she was too high, then she was too hoarse—she was angry with herself, and declared “she would not sing it;”—a simple Strephon whose eyes had never beheld any other object, since I had been at the door, bent down upon one knee, and taking one of her hands—“Implored her to sing it, for she sung it so sweetly last night.” “Go you foolish dog,” said she, and gave him a swinging box of the ear; there was a general laugh, and the two lovers took themselves off. This produced a general break up, and I was not a little entertained to hear the large wife of the Scotsman declare she was now quite perfect in her part, and would play Ariel in the *Tempest* next Saturday.

THE THEATRE.¹

In the evening we went to the play. The company consisted of a few smart women—a silk

¹THE THEATRE at this period was in North Street, a remnant of which, until very recently, stood at the back of premises now occupied by Mr. Cunditt, jeweller, its erection dating back to 1774. But owing to the rapid increase of the population and visitors, another Theatre was erected in 1778 at the upper part of Duke Street, of which Mrs. Thrale, writing to Miss F. Burney from “Brighthelmstone, Wednesday, July 19, 1780,” says:—“The players this year are rather better than last; but the Theatre is no bigger than a band-box, which is a proper precaution, I think, as here are not folks to fill even that. The shops are almost all shut still, and a dearth of money complained of that is lamentable.” It must be borne in mind that even in 1780 July was early in the season, which did not commence until August. The town went on increasing in its importance that in 1807 the Duke Street “band-box” of Mrs.

man from Cheapside and his family, a couple of rakes, who had lost their money and their wits, in the Boxes—servants in the Gallery—and ourselves and other such in the Pit.

A Comedy at a Country Theatre always proves the worst entertainment—and the most sublime passages of Tragedy never fails to produce the most immoderate bursts of laughter—an *oh!* groan in Tragedy—or an *ah!* sigh in Comedy, certainly spring from the same source of pathos—and therefore have similar effects—to call Heaven and Earth to witness—by fetching down the Sun with the right hand, and raising Satan with the left—are energies of the tragic Muse that cannot fail to aid the cause of her younger sister; or to thunder out the vengeance of Fury, haste, and fear in the broad emphasis of provincial dialect—is a most noble source of the gay-sublime.

But my attention was wholly absorbed, during the Play and the Farce, of the latter of which I have totally forgot the name, upon a lady who sat near me, and whom I must introduce to the Reader.

THE THEATRE—*The Fair Inconnue.*

Her complexion was as fair as delicacy might be—and agreeably accompanied with a dress of com-

Thrale had to yield in its turn to another Theatre, and on a much more extensive scale, erected in the New Road in 1807 on the site of the present and fourth Brighton Theatre, the property of Mr. Henry Nye Chart.

plete white—her countenance was animated only by the meliorating tenderness of soft sorrow—her eyes spoke the language of a throbbing heart, and ever and anon, she pressed her hand with ardour to her bosom, as if to stifle by compression some infelt pang ; and whenever she could catch a soft note from the orchestra, or a tender expression from the stage—her cheek glowed like a fair lily tinged with roses.

The effects of sympathy are as certain as they are poignant—and to meet with another who seems to undergo our own sensations, always sets a value on the object, and constrains our esteem before we can be informed of its merit,—we fancy, or choose to see, a merit that is obscured to other eyes—and we pass into a chain of reflection, which while it softens the rude hardihood of man, ennobles and refines the heart.

I confessed that this was the first instance in which I had ever been charmed at first sight,—I felt a foolish pain, which, though I knew it was my duty to dispel, I was loath to part with, and anxious to encourage. My friend expressed his surprise that I was dull—‘I was only reflecting’ answered I—‘Reflect another time,’ said he—‘Here’s to Lord Rodney.’

THE BATHING.¹

On the morning of the following day, I went down to the beach to bathe.

Another machine accompanied mine into the sea, and the doors of each were opened together—

¹THE BATHING.—Sea-bathing may justly be said to have laid the foundation of Brighton's prosperity. It was the primary cause which induced so many distinguished visitors to resort here,—some for health, and some for pleasure,—and ultimately secured for it the honour of being chosen as a Royal residence. In the present day, when other elements of attraction exert their influence—our unrivalled marine drives and promenades, the unlimited accommodation obtainable in the palatial residences and magnificent hotels which adorn our sea frontage, the fashionable society always to be found here, &c.,—bathing, though indulged in as much as formerly, has become a subsidiary attraction, or, rather, it is merged in the general combination of local attractions, and has lost that prominence which formerly attached to it. Still, as connected with the “Past,” and being so intimately associated with the early history of the town, some particulars respecting it will not, perhaps, be deemed uninteresting.

It will be needless to go back to any primæval epoch to ascertain when Brighton was first resorted to as a bathing-place. The pretty fishing village had, doubtless, acquired a reputation, though necessarily a limited one, for its bathing facilities. There is every reason to believe that such was the case. In what other place would be found such a glorious sweep of sea, where the water is always clear, and, as an old writer says, “without any mixture of ooze, or of muddy fresh streams,” running into it. The shore, too, was deemed “most commodiously adapted for sea-bathing; the bottom is sandy; and as its descent is gradual, the tides do not rise so suddenly as to render bathing dangerous.”

These natural advantages were undoubtedly strong recommendations to Brighton as a resort for bathing; but they would probably have failed to secure for it that pre-eminence which it ultimately attained had it not been for Dr. Russell. To that justly esteemed and highly gifted man, Brighton is indebted for its position as the “Baïæ of England.” He had long before seen the great advantages resulting from sea bathing in scrofulous and other diseases, and his work, entitled “A Dissertation on the Use of Sea Water,” in which

when to my jocular surprise out jumped a man of extraordinary size, whose back which stood towards

numerous cures were cited, soon attracted the attention of the Faculty. Patients were accordingly sent here from all parts of England; and as the scanty accommodation which the town then afforded was soon absorbed, houses began to "increase and multiply," especially in proximity to the sea-front.

Among the visitors to Brighton at this period (1775-85) were Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and their family, who occupied the house (removed when the Grand Concert Hall was built) immediately opposite the King's Head, in West-street. It is interesting to learn that Mrs. Thrale and her daughters were ardent devotees to sea-bathing; it was, doubtless, the chief reason why they came to reside here. Among the papers, &c., disposed of at the sale of the effects in October, 1857, of the late Mrs. Mostyn (of Sillwood Lodge, Brighton, and the last surviving daughter of Mr. Thrale) was a letter from Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, in which she gives the "leviathan," who was ill at the time, a cordial invitation to come to Brighton, for the express purpose of sea-bathing. This very characteristic letter was as follows:—

"Brighton, 2nd October, 1777.

"Dear Sir,—Here we are, not very elegantly accommodated, but wishing sincerely for you to share either our pleasure, or our distresses. 'Tis fine bathing with rough breakers, and my Master longs to see you exhibit your strength in opposing them, and bids me press you to come, for he is tired of living so long without you; and Burney says if you don't come soon he shall be gone, and he does love you, or he is a vile —. But one woman in the water-to-day.

" *Una et hæc audax*

" Was your most faithful and obliged,

" H. L. THRALE.

Johnson, it is well known, though he derived some pleasurable results from sea-bathing, did not like Brighton. He considered Mr. Thrale's house down here at "the world's end;" and as to the town itself and the Downs (over which, by the bye, he delighted to gallop, when his health permitted), he said it was a "country so truly desolate, that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope." Despite all his prejudices, however, the Doctor came to Brighton—it needed sterner stuff than even he was made of to resist Mrs. Thrale's charming invitation—though he came a month later than it was wished, and stayed here but three days.

Still stronger evidence of the pleasure which Mrs. Thrale and her daughters took in sea-bathing—a pleasure which was shared in by Frances

me was as broad as the machine he had just stepped out of—it was something like the dolphin and the sprat swimming together—he withstood every wave with the sturdy boldness of a first-rate.

‘Why don’t you go and bathe in the German Ocean,’ squeaked I—‘Why so,’ said he, in a voice which suited his muscles.

‘Because you want room *here*.’ He was a good natured man—and so we laughed at one another.

Burney herself—is afforded by the following letter, quoted from the “Diary and Letters of Mdme. D’Arblay :”—

“Wednesday, Nov. 20th, [1782].—Mrs. and the three Miss Thrales and myself all arose at six o’clock in the morning, and “by the pale blink of the moon” we went to the sea-side, where we had bespoke the bathing-women to be ready for us, and into the ocean we plunged. It was cold, but pleasant. I have bathed so often as to lose my dread of the operation, which now gives me nothing but animation and vigour. We then returned home, and dressed by candle-light, and, as soon as we could get Dr. Johnson ready, we set out upon our journey in a coach and a chaise, and arrived in Argyll-street at dinner time.”

What a graphic picture of ladies bathing in the olden time does this interesting letter give us. Fancy Mrs. Thrale and her charming daughters, accompanied by their gifted guest, going down to bathe “by the pale blink of the moon” at six o’clock on a November morning, and returning home to dress by candle-light ! How many ladies of 1872 are there to be found who would take pleasure in emulating the bathing tastes of their fair sisters of 1782 !

P.S. We learn from Inspector Terry that at the present time there are in front of Brighton alone (irrespective of those at Hove) no less than 254 bathing machines : 145 ladies’, and 109 gentlemen’s. *A Peep into the Past Brighton, from the Brighton Herald of June 29. 1872.*

BRIGHTON—*The Discovery*.¹

It was the last ten minutes we could spare at this place. My friend met me at the corner of a

¹THE DISCOVERY—of Froissart's Chronicles, there were two early editions published, each in two vols. folio, 1523-5. But as the "treasure" which our author rescued from "an old sugar hogshead" only weighed six pounds, the copy must have been very much mutilated, or he only obtained one volume, and that, as he admits "mutilated." The following from Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature, gives a description of Froissart, together with the prices realized for different copies that have been sold by Auction :—

FROISSART, Sir John. The Cronicles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne, Portyngeale, Scotlande, Bretayne, Flaunders : and other Places adioynynge, translated out of Frenche into our maternall Englysshe Tonge, by John Bouchier Knight Lorde Berners. Lond. by Richard Pynson, 1523-5. folio. 2 vols.

Middleton's edition is frequently mistaken for the present one, and the latter part of Pynson's is often perfected by leaves of Middleton's impression. Constable, 574, date 1525, 22*l.* 10*s.* Alchorne, 102, two leaves reprinted 26*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* again, Sotheby, June 1856, 27*l.* Towneley, pt. i. 65*l.* 42*l.* Roxburghe, 7988, date 1525, morocco, 63*l.*—Hibbert, 3135, 32*l.* Puttick, June 1858, 40*l.* *Collation*.—Vol. I. comprises ccc. li chapters, and cccxxi leaves, numbered besides title, preface of Lord Berners, and table, 10 leaves not numbered. On the recto of the last leaf is Pynson's colophon, and on the reverse a woodcut,—Vol. II. comprising the second and third books, ends at ol. cccxx. (paged wrong) cccxix. At the commencement is the title, a preface Lord Berners, and a table, 8 leaves.

FROISSART, Sir John. The Cronycles, &c. Lond. by W. Myddylton and R. Pynson, 1525. folio. 2 vols.

Jadis, 207, 12*l.* 12*s.* Steevens, 1698, 17*l.* Inglis, 797, 18*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Dent, pt. i. 1314, russia, 20*l.* White Knights, 1583, morocco, by Roger Payne, 34*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Stanley,—russia, by Roger Payne, 38*l.* 17*s.* resold Sir M. M. Skyes, pt. i. 1240, 42*l.* *Collation*.—Vol. I. Lond. by William Myddylton, fol. cccxxii. besides title, preface and a table of the contents o cccll chapters.—Vol. II. The third and fourth Book. Lond. by Richard Pynson, 1525, fol. cccxx (by mistake numbered cccxix) beside title and a tabel

street, and directed me to a shop, where I should see a curious book.

I found a mutilated copy of the famed Chronicle of Froissart translated from the French by the order of Henry the 8th of England. It was condemned, with a large number of others of equal value, to be lugged awkwardly from the mouth of an old sugar hogshead, to the last slavery of folding up threads, tapes, sugar-plumbs, and rappee! I put on the Hero and resolved to rescue this victim from so merciless a fate—it had been purchased at the rate of two pence per pound. I ordered it to be instantly put into the scale, and upon its weighing only six pounds, carried off a treasure in triumph, on paying down One Shilling.

Oh! could the shades of great men look up from their peaceful fields, and see the hard lot which their labours share, they would tell a lesson to surviving Genius, that even daily example has not been able to teach it! There would the shade of Froissart reproach the barbarous hand of vulgar Ignorance—and here too would mighty Camden 'harrow up the Soul' pointing to his torn Britannia,

of the contents of the ccxlix chapters. There appears to have been three editions of Froissart's Chronicle, one by Pynson himself; another with Pynson's name, but supposed to be a pirated edition; and a third by W. Middleton. Copies are frequently found made up from the three editions. Mr. Utterson, in his reprint of Pynson's edition, says 'Middleton's impression is line for line with Pynson's.'

as it hung in piecemeal suspended on a nail, for the like or baser purposes!

WE TOOK THE ROAD TO ARUNDEL.

Leaving the villages of Tarring and Littlehampton, Goring, and others along the Coast, on the left hand; the first place we came to worthy of ours or the reader's notice, was

OLD SHOREHAM.¹

The houses of this once famous Borough have been suffered to decay in ruins, since the inhabitants left it for their new City,—but the Church is still preserved and from its tower commands a delightful prospect;—I left my friend in the chaise at the Bridge Gate—while I prowled about the Church yard in search of something to amuse the reader—

¹OLD SHOREHAM is a Parish of the Hundred of Fishergate, Rape of Bramber, adjacent to New Shoreham, its Post-Town and Railway Station, 56 miles from London and about 6 west from Brighton. It is a Vicarage valued at £458 with residence, is the gift of Magdalen College, Oxford, and held by the Rev. James Bowling Mozley, B.D. Parish Clerk, James Kent. The register dates from the year 1565. Buckingham House and Park, the seat of H. Bridger, Esq., is a short distance north of the town. The Duke of Norfolk is lord of the Manor. The principal landowners are H. Bridger, Esq., and the Rev. R. P. Hooper. The area of Old Shoreham is 1,870 acres, gross; estimated rental £3,167, ratable value £2,867. The population in 1811, 219 1861, 282.

and the first object was a Notice in form affixed on the Church door.

‘ Old Shoreham, Sussex, Agust

15 day, 1782.

‘ Pursons qulyfed to sarve on the

‘ Jury at the Sises are as follows

‘ Couluen¹ Bridger, Sq.,

Thamas Ellisian.’

.....²

On the North side of the Church, obscured and overgrown with ivy and wild ash, I discovered the ruins of an old Tower, which was supported by alternate arches with Saxon impost, which had formerly served for a porch—on one side, was a small aperture which led to a winding staircase—curiosity inclined me to ascend it—the top of it was open to the sky, and no platform remained to secure a standing—the danger of the situation made me the more expeditious in my view ;—I could discover no traces of any inscription, emblem, or date—and descended with caution :—there is, however, a satisfaction in poking about these remains of former grandeur, which rouse the feelings, and awaken recollection—it serves to teach us the moral of the passing hour—and to see the ruin of earthly projects !

¹That is Colvill Bridger.

²Here, unfortunately, one other name has been cut away from the MS. by the binder.

A REMARK.

I confess it is now out of time, but in the business of our Brighton visit, I forgot to remark—That on the beach below that part of the cliff where Alderman Bull's house¹ stands—there are the fallen ruins of an old Tower,² that stood in the Centre of the Town—I have mentioned this only to show how much the sea has encroached in this County as well as in that of Kent.

¹ALDERMAN BULL'S HOUSE.—Mr. Bew in his "Diary" writes, Tuesday, September 7th, 1779 :—" Am viewing my worthy friend, Mr. Bull's house, or rather box, upon the Clift, between Ship Street and Black-lion Street.—He beckons me in, and shews it throughout. It is one pretty room to the height of three stories, with a semicircular window comprising most of the front, and on each floor overlooking the sea all ways, which makes the situation most delightful. The ground whereon it stands is copyhold—indeed the ground in and about Brighton is mostly so—measuring nearly eighteen feet square. The fine is both certain and small. About fifty years ago, this piece of land was sold for four pounds ; thirty years since, a purchaser gave eleven ; and about this time two years, the Alderman bought it for one hundred pounds to build upon." The premises here referred to are 35, King's-road, those in the occupation of Mr. Edmonds, boot and shoe maker. In the same Diary, date Monday, September 7th, 1778, he remarks : " Mr. Alderman Bull, of London, is building a house on the Clift ; a semi-circular window is in each story. Am told he meets with many obstacles in the execution of his design.—Surely it is to the interest of these people (meaning the inhabitants) to have such men become resident among them ; but he is denied a convenient entrance to his building. A cellar window to the adjoining house projects before his street door."

Mr. Bew afterwards lived in East-street and was dentist to George IV., and, in conjunction with Mr. Frederick Vining, became lessee of the Theatre Royal, Brighton.—*Erridge's History of Brighthelmston.*

²AN OLD TOWER, *i.e.*, The old Block House, built by Queen Elizabeth

We crossed the new bridge, at Shoreham ferry,¹ and with great difficulty dragged through a very bad road to Arundel.

ARUNDEL.²

This Town stands upon the rise of a very steep hill, with the Church on one side, and the Castle on the other, at the summit—it takes its name as I apprehend from the River Arun which runs at the foot of it—and the older houses which once formed the whole town standing in a dell or dale.

The Church is large and built in the Saxon style, in the form of a Cross. The adjoining cloisters have nothing remaining but the outward walls, and

¹THE BRIDGE AT SHOREHAM FERRY was erected in 1781, at the cost of 5,000*l.*, the money raised by a tontine. The tolls payable at the bridge were considerable, but ceased on the expiration of the tontine, when the bridge reverted to the Duke of Norfolk.

²ARUNDEL, a parish, borough, and market town in the Hundred of Avisford and the Rape to which it gives name. It is a post-town, has a Railway Station, and is distant about ten miles East of Chichester. Union Arundel, population in 1811, 2,188; in 1871, 2,956. Benefice, a Vicarage, valued at 222*l.*; Patron, the Duke of Norfolk; Incumbent, Rev. G. A. F. Hart, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Date of earliest Parish Register, 1560. Acreage, 1,968. Chief landowner, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord of Arundel Castle and Barony.

This ancient and grandly historical town is one of the most interesting on the Southern coast. It derives its name from its situation on the river Arun—"Arun, which doth name the beauteous Arundel." *Drayton's Polyolbion*. Its aspect is very noble and picturesque.—*M. A. Lower's Sussex*.

so we as a part of the Vicar's Stable Yard ! I thought with Cunningham,—

“ How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
“ That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way !

“ In the crush'd wall, a time corroded cross,
“ Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay !”

We were tracing the tombstones of many a
‘departed Saint, and Mother Dear’—when we copied
the following for the sake of its Poetry !

In memory of
Elizabeth, Wife of
NATHAN PLEAS;
Who on the 10th of July 1769,
Her Soul to God she did resign ;
With Illness long she was perplex'd,
Until her age was Sixty-Six.

ARUNDEL—*The Castle.*¹

In the afternoon we paid our visit at the Castle
—an old rambling large house—with nothing worth

¹THE CASTLE.—Of the origin of the Castle nothing is known. If we ask the question, who was its original founder ?

“ Oblivion laughs and says :
The prey is mine.”

Domesday Book mentions the existence of a Castle here before the Conquest. The herring-bone masonry of its older walls has induced some antiquaries to believe that they are of Saxon work ; but this is no safe criterion. The circumference of the building, not including the outworks, is oblong, 950

seeing, except a few bad pictures of the Fitz Allen's who were formerly the possessors of the estate ; an

feet long by 250 feet wide, and encloses $5\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The walls are from five to twelve feet thick, and the ground plan resembles that of Windsor Castle. Its circular Keep is raised on a mound partly natural, but more artificial, in the style of many fortresses both in England and Normandy. The walls, which are strengthened with buttresses, are from eight to ten feet thick. Beneath it is a small subterraneous room, and above it formerly stood an oratory dedicated to St. Martin. This keep was flanked by an oblong tower, guarded by a portcullis, in which was the present entrance, approached by a long flight of steps. By these steps and a sallyport it is connected with the great gateway. It has a plain circular arch under a square tower, containing two chambers of state, in which the Empress Maude is traditionally said to have been received. The outward gateway was added in the reign of Edward I., and was fifty feet high. A full architectural description of this grand pile, as it anciently existed, would be beyond our scope. But we must mention, as a part of the legendary lore of Sussex, the tradition of the building known as Bevis' Tower having been occupied by that renowned giant when he consented to become warder to the Earls of Arundel. His weekly allowance of provisions consisted of an ox, two hogsheads of beer, and bread and mustard *ad libitum* !

"His steed, "Hirondelle," was thought to have given name to the town, the arms of which are still a swallow (Fr. *Hirondelle*, a swallow) ; and his great sword "Morglay" was long preserved in the armoury of the castle. A mound in the park was considered as the giant's grave. In the great hall which stood on the western side of the court, Henry Fitz-Alan, the last Earl, gave lordly banquets. This hall and the castle generally suffered so greatly from the siege of 1643, from artillery placed on the tower of the church, that the noble proprietors seldom resided here until about 1710, when Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, erected a brick house within the area. In 1800 the remaining walls of the hall were removed. The chapel of St. George, founded on the S.W. side of the castle before 1275, was forty feet long, and remained till the edifice was partly rebuilt in 1796. It was to have been an establishment for six priests, but the funds were afterwards appropriated to the College of the Holy Trinity hereafter referred to.

The military history of this renowned castle is minutely recorded in our chronicles. William Rufus, on his landing from Normandy, occupied it in 1097. There was a siege in 1102 by Henry I., when Robert de Belesme

old broad-iron-blade Sword of State ; and the *Chapel*.

Here we entered with due decorum and reverence—the Altar is very richly gilded, and from the ceiling, near to it hung a lamp. My friend asked the reason ‘of its being kept burning, when nobody was there ?’

The Old Lady Abbess told him because ‘*They* believed that *He* himself was always there, in that

surrendered it to the King and retired into Normandy, but the fortress suffered no detriment. In 1139 the Empress Maude, with her illegitimate brother, Robert Earl of Gloucester, landed at Littlehampton, and was received at the castle with great courtesy by Queen Adeliza. King Stephen shortly after appeared with his forces before the castle, and demanded the person of the Empress, but after a time Maude was permitted to withdraw to Bristol. King Edward I. visited this grand abode in 1302. For 500 years the castle was left in comparative peace.

The second siege of Arundel Castle took place in December, 1643, by Sir William Waller, who, as Vickers says, “Finding the castle gate shut fast, set a petard to the gate and blew it open ; and so most resolutely entered the castle.” Details of this memorable siege appear in Vol. xx. of the “Sussex Collections,” and still fuller in Dallaway’s *Rape of Arundel*. See the account given in the former work, and the sad death of Sir Wm. Springett. Dugdale says that the castle was taken Dec. 9th, 1643, and retaken by Waller, January 6th, 1644.

It is beyond our scope to give full particulars of the great families of Montgomeri, D’Albini, Fitz-Alan, and Howard ; but they may be found in Dallaway’s elaborate *History of the Rape of Arundel*. He, anxious to do honour to his patron, Bernard-Edward, Duke of Norfolk, gives the minutest account of those families.

Arundel Castle abounds in family portraits and other pictures of more or less historical interest, but the one which will be sure to attract the observation of the visitor is that of Charles I., by Vandyke. It may be considered to be one of the finest works of that great master,—*M. A. Lower’s Sussex*,

very Tabernacle (pointing to it), and we cannot leave Him in the dark."

I spent some time in looking over one of the Books of Service I found there—and was surprised to find it so peculiarly similar to our own ; but still differing in verbal interpolations and exclusions which shewed in every page the strong difference of Faith ; —but surely that profession is most suitable to the Divine Author of all good—which esteems all men acceptable who are all sincere. We have no right to condemn for prejudices !

THE RUINS.

We traversed these silent remains with more satisfaction.

Reader, figure to yourself the vestiges of a proud staircase leading to the apartments over the gate, and from them across a battlement to around Archer's Tower. In the centre was a staircase that led into a dark chamber—on the left hand, we ascended a winding staircase which opened to a platform that extended round the inside of the tower, for the archers to take their stand—near the narrow apertures, and niches for their place of arrows.

The antiquity of this building is its chief ornament :—but reflection is again called forth, when we see a company of harmless birds take shelter in

the former seat of warfare, and the timid rabbit sport harmless and undisturbed at its base! We discovered so large a break in one part of the wall, that we judged it could not stand the blasts of many winters, and it seemed that

“Time the hoar Tyrant, though not moved to spare,
“Relented when he struck its finished pride;
“And partly the rude ravage to repair,
“The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.”

On the next morning we pursued our way to Steyning.

THE WOOD.

Turning on the left, when we quitted Arundel and crossed the bridge, we took the road through Findon, and from thence through a long wood, which afforded us a morning repast of filberts that hung in clusters as we passed along a shady grove, turned off from the side of the road. I got out of the chaise to enjoy it.

I had not time to follow its unknown track—the leafy pathway did not seem to be the frequent traverse of human footsteps—all silence reigned save but the twittering of a single robin. I was open for the most romantic pleasures, and I fancied it lisped a name which ever rested tenderness in my breast—it flew away—and I had no other resource,

but to pursue its lesson; and on a soft ash just turning from the road, where no prying eyes of passengers would penetrate, save but of those, who having read this simple tale and ‘there shall pass in future bye,’ I graved that name, which silence best records

STEYNING.

Here we only stopped to dine—and then pursued our return to Horsham.

HORSHAM.

Having returned our chaise, I looked in at the Bookseller’s—not more to see the books, than the smart female figure, which traversed the floor in very quick paces. She was dressed in a white gown tied with pink ribbons—could not boast much height, and what she wanted in beauty she made up with taste, fashion, and manner.

I found by her mode of speech, she was not unused to lively conversation.

The companion was a notable sort of a looking girl, and rather inclined to be pretty.

The Conversation.

“You have some well chosen books here Madam,”

“Yes, Sir, but I never read—I perceive you are a reader, and I have long wished to meet with, a person of judgment, who could put me into a course of reading, instructive and entertaining.”

“I should have supposed, Madam, from your choice of Language, that you had already seen the best Authors in the lines you mention.”

“No ; I never met with a Man of Taste yet, Sir,—and as to the Woman, you know ——

I spoke of Miss Seward, Mr. Hayley, and our modern Writers ; — she was unacquainted with them all.

I mentioned Swift, and Sterne—she had heard their names, but knew nothing of their works. I recommended to her the *Sentimental Journey*—she readily took it down from the shelf. I observed she would find not only amusement but much *use* in reading Mr. Sterne.

She desired I would explain the word *use*—this at once proved she was not unacquainted with him.

I added that the chief use of all such writers is, that they have made us look more into Nature
[the Lady smiled.]

than could possibly be taught by the stiff writers of former times, who clouded their researches with the gloom of barbarous pedantry—

[the Lady looked grave.]

These shew us Nature in all her shapes and fancies—tell us what we are and what we feel—

[oh delightful ! said the Lady.]

and prevent us from passing over the many effusions of sensibility which before them were never known. In the same class you may take Shenstone—Gay—and Cunningham—in Poetry—all these have their peculiar line of excellence, and should be preceded by the native warblings of Thomson.

At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of an officer, who came to return the first volume of Cecilia.

It gave a new turn to our conversation.

“Are these all Novels, you have been recommending to me, Sir?”

“Am I so romantic in my ideas, Madam? and are the susceptibilities of Nature only to be found in Novels?”

“Surely not, Sir, though I know it is a common practice, if we ask any of you for a book, you always recommend a Romance—Women are supposed to know nothing else but the foolishness of Love.”

“Not so, Madam, though I confess—the Ladies are generally more versed in the Arts of Love and Address, than we are.”

“Sir?”

“When I say Arts, I do not mean so base a word as Artifice—for which I see you have mistaken

my meaning. It is certain that the power which always accompanies a woman, is exerted with more success over our's, than over her own sex; for excuse me, *they* know its source—and I see plainly that I need not tell *you*, that caprice, spirit, beauty, vivacity, and a quick resolve, will now and then shake the little basis of a man's happiness to the bottom—hence it is we become dupes to the form which expresses a noble sentiment—we view the object with a prejudice that blinds every Argument and all this time we forget the essentials of Temper, Situation, Character, or Fortune.”

“Fortune! Sir; is that a proper word to conclude your observation? I should have expected from *you* a contempt of *fortune*. Women do not marry for fortune, Sir.”

“I suppose,” returned I, “that such weak researches are equally rewarded in both parties—but they are not the causes of our early attentions.”

“I know not what opinions to gather from your conversation”—added the Lady—“whether you are an advocate for the *belle passion* as it's called, or not—for my own part I assure you, that if people love from sincerity, then it is by no means to be laughed at,—if they love from necessity, they deserve it.”

“I am happy to find you perfectly of my own mind,” Madam. “Everything that tends to enlarge the heart, should claim our warmest zeal. Had I

twenty children, I should wish them to form attachments the moment they became susceptible ; this keeps young people out of harm's way—teaches them to open the hand and the heart together—teaches them to glow with philanthropy and emulation—and let's them know they were born for others more than for themselves—I assure you I am far from laughing at the trifles of love—they all tend to a good end—besides, there are many foolishnesses in love, which none but the parties themselves can enjoy, and therefore others cannot pretend to examine them ; and these are naturally produced after a course of intimacy.

“ And pray, Sir, thence, since we have engaged so deeply in the subject, what are your sentiments about attachments at first sight ? ”

“ That they cannot be founded in esteem—that they have not true and pure affection for their basis, and that the same caprice which produced it may cause another, and so on. Nothing decays sooner than rapture—it is instantaneous. Affection is formed by a gradual progress—mere passion springs from a sudden emotion—and thus it is, that affection becomes more lasting.

“ I think so, returned she, “ but the intimacies you mention, are not proper to be admitted. Why so ? Because a woman must not be seen too often in the company of the same man, lest she should

lose her character ;—and, besides, men are all so apt to catch at a chance expression a woman may drop in conversation, and make use of them.”

“ Make use of them for what, Madam ?”

“ Oh ! for the purposes of Human Nature, Sir, as you was saying just now.” She remained silent, and screwed herself up to aid her last argument.

“ I should not mistake you for a prude, Madam ; and yet what you now say puts me on my guard. Indeed, our present conversation seems to give you a better character.”

“ A better character, Sir ! Can there be a better character than prudence ?”

“ Certainly not, but you mistake Prudery for Prudence—they are nearly allied, but not the same. I always rise into impatience at the name of Prude—Prudery is the offspring of a cold heart—that if it ever feels the impulses of Nature, curbs and stifles the emotion—and when their day is passed, the objects of it, give themselves up to the keenest pangs of spleen, dissatisfaction, and misanthrophy.”

“ A fine picture truly, Sir.”

“ Such a one, Madam, as does not suit your face or figure.”

“ I am sorry to have so long intruded upon you—but your conversation has led me into a rudeness for which my absence must excuse me.”

I returned to the Inn, where I found my worthy friend waiting for his supper.

He called my mind from its late rambles, to the dry office of settling our Current Account. We had spared few expenses — that would gratify our Journey, and we counted a balance only of four shillings.

Like Gil Blas, I counted the ducats into the crown of my hat, three times, but could not increase their number.

In the evening we called in the Landlady, and told her our Case. It was a piteous one—but we promised to repay to the coachman the amount of our expenses, when we arrived in London. She was rude and illiberal—and we dismissed her.

The chagrin of such a dishonour which she seemed inclined to put about through the Town, kept me awake for some time after I went to bed—but this was corrected in the morning.

While the horses were harnessing I walked to the Causey¹—where I was surprised to see a door

CAUSEY, *i.e.*, Causeway, a way raised above the natural level of the ground—a pavement.

“In a picturesque street called *The Causeway* is a building of the 16th century, for many generations the property of the Hurst family.

Horsham has been a Parliamentary Borough from 1295, but by the Reform Act it has lost one of its members. From very early times Horsham had a ‘merchant’s guild,’ which proves it to have been a place of some commercial importance.”—*Mark Anthony Lower’s History of Sussex.*

open, and a lady and little boy, taking leave of her family.

I accosted her at a few paces from her own house.

I presumed that she was going to Town ; and said that myself and an older friend were to be her companions. She answered in the affirmative. I said I had a strange request to make to her, that necessity, and perfect necessity, obliged me to make—that we had taken a short tour round the Coast of Sussex, and spent more money at Brighton than we ought to have done—that our finances—

[Sir ! said she, and retreated back]

were much reduced—the Woman of the Inn had behaved very illiberally, and I requested of her, as she was going to town, and I could there return her civility, to lend me one guinea, or half-a-guinea. She hesitated—thought it a strange request to a woman—and at that time of morning.

Her fears were natural—I gave her my address—she did not know me, but knew my neighbourhood. I said I felt myself in an awkward predicament—that it hurt me to think of leaving a town under a very unfavourable stigma—and that my name was well known and my character would bear her strictest scrutiny.

She said I did not carry an unfavourable appearance—but if she was wrong, she hoped I would

excuse her caution—and produced her half-guinea, not in a little stew whether she would ever see it again.

I assured her of its being safe, and giving her my politest thanks, I pass'd by my friend, and with some bustle in the house, called for change of half-a-guinea.

I narrowly paid the bill without granting a farthing over, tho' the half-pence were very few—and gave the servant half-a-crown, and the ostler as liberally in proportion. I deemed this politically right.

We got into the Coach and drove off.

THE UNDERSTANDING.

I introduced the lady to Mr. N. as the person to whom we were obliged—and we then entered into some discussion of our birth, parentage, life, character and behaviour—and had the satisfaction to find that she was acquainted with some of our most particular friends.

She made many apologies for her hesitation and fears, and had increased her confidence in us so much by the conversations which passed on the road, that at breakfast she press'd another guinea upon us, which my friend thought proper to accept.

After our arrival in London we had offered to set her down any where in our coach, which she accepted, but this was afterwards declined at the Inn, where her relations came to meet her.

In the afternoon I waited upon her, and returned her favours—she renewed her apologies. I expressed my desire to be of any service to her in Town—offered to conduct her, or to take care of her son, to any of the public places, or to introduce her to my own family, who would be happy to see her, from her civility to me—all which she politely declined.

CONCLUSION.

And thus ended our week's career—during which time no troubles arose to sully our enjoyment save those I have already mentioned—and I wish the honest Reader may never encounter worse. I will not say anything about friendship, because I have already proved its good temper. Accommodableness is the soul of travelling—particular people who *must* and *will* have their own way should stay at home. In this, as in all the other situations of life, if mankind would give up a little of their whims, they would receive a larger portion of interest in quietness and self-enjoyment, they would avoid the jostles which they meet with, and would see their friends blessed with a happy complacency.

Such was the case. Such was the principle we both established, and we entered upon our journey with hope, and pursued and finished it with satisfaction.

And thus in gratitude I make the following
Inscription :—

To Mr. N.....

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of Joy and Woe,
With cautious Steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain Scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other Comforts cease,
Like a kind Angel, whisper peace,
And Smooth the Bed of Death.

[Cotton.]



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